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TO THE PUBLIC.

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IN the hands of the present Proprietors, the MONTHLY MAGAZINE has always been devoted to the Constitution. But, with the rise of stronger public emergencies, more direct exertions are called for: if great political hazards are threatened, they are to be repelled only by increased public vigilance; if the old barriers of the State are shaken by open violence or treacherous friendship, the most secure and legitimate defence is in a Press guided by constitutional knowledge, by zeal for the country, and by that British pride of principle which scorns alike the frowns and the influence of corrupt authority.

Those declarations have been often made before; but the time compels a stern sincerity. Our principles are British, in the strongest sense of the word. We have not adopted them for fee or reward; nor will we abandon them for fee or reward. The country, at this hour, is in imminent danger. A convulsion, that may crush its whole system, is threatened. A new element of discord is about to be introduced into our Constitution; and every means—from the basest corruption of the base, to the most insolent intimidation of the high—is at work. Events are ripening with a tremendous rapidity, that nothing can counteract but the boldest resolution, the most extended fellow-feeling, and the most vigorous, straitforward, and faithful fidelity to the Constitution.

Let what will come, we shall do our duty as men, while we have the power of speaking to our fellow-subjects. If chains are forging for us and them—if we are to be tortured and persecuted by triumphant Popery—we shall still put our trust in the righteous cause, and still feel that the life of man cannot be more nobly expended than in the service of freedom.

M. M. *New Series.*—VOL. VII. No. 39.

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## THE DANGERS OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

FROM the memorable day when James the Second, a tyrant, a hypocrite, and a traitor, proclaimed "His Majesty's most gracious declaration to all his loving subjects, for liberty of conscience," England has seen no day of danger equal to the present. The mask was worn long; but it has now been daringly thrown off; and, if we do not feel the tremendous hazard in which stands every thing dear to us as men, as freemen, and as Christians, we must be alike incapable and undeserving of freedom.

After a long course of ministerial disguises, carried on by arts which we do not hesitate to pronounce the basest that ever disgraced the character of British statesmen; after speeches studiously couched to convey "the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hope;" after a long series of every miscreant contrivance to lull the honest suspicions, and disqualify the manly resistance of the country; the measure came out full-blown at last, with the high and the haughty triumphing before it, and the mean and the dastard creeping with wretched subserviency in its train, the whole succession of the cold-blooded sycophancy that had waited only to know which was the more lucrative side; and, for the sake of honour, decency, and the name of the church, we grieve to say it, among the most menial of those menials—the very vilest of that reptilism, which less excites indignation than disgust—was a Churchman! This miserable apostate had been for twenty years scribbling in all directions against Popery, calling heaven and earth to witness against its innate abomination, and declaring that its immutable principles were alike ruin to Protestantism, and degradation to man. "No compromise with this misbegotten atrocity, the invention of monks for the shame and subjugation of the human mind!" was his perpetual outcry. On the strength of this ostentatious zeal, the contemptible hypocrite laboured himself into some ephemeral repute with the public friends of the church. His powers were at best nothing beyond the ordinary calibre of a pert pamphleteer; his pamphlets lasted their week, and then went down to oblivion; but he gained his object—the notice of persons of rank: and he fondly imagined that every petty performance of this kind brought him a step nearer the object of his pitiful soul. But the steps were slow, and there began to be a probability that he might never accomplish another. Then came the *conviction*. In a quarter of an hour's closeting, the film was taken from his eyes; he discovered that all the principles of his previous years were smoke—that he had been scribbling on the wrong side of the question—and that the best thing he could do was to shew the zeal of a convert, and swear on the other. "*Hæccine fieri flagitæ.*" If— But he is undone—sunk for ever! He at this hour hides his head in the obscurity fit for him. Repentance he will never feel; remorse he feels already. Peter's generous nature wept; but Iscariot went and hanged himself.

Then comes the sanctified Minister—equally contemptible, equally a slave, and equally undone; but with more effrontery than his colleague in shame, for he still talks of principle. Well; we believe him to have, at this hour, as much as he ever had—to be as honest, sincere, and dignified. But he can deceive no more; and he is, therefore, useless in his vocation. "Othello's occupation's gone!" Never shall man again be tricked by his sallow smile; his gracious bow shall go for nothing; and even his notorious mediocrity shall no longer save him from being suspected.



Next comes in this gallery of diplomacy, the lawyer. This slave was one of the most open-mouthed of the assailants of Canning, a man whose faults were worth all their virtues, and whose abilities threw all their pert and pettifogging souls to a distance immeasurable. Canning was of their own school, but he scorned them down through all their degrees of littleness; he used them, but he used them as tools; his sneer was at their service, and undisguised contempt was their perpetual portion.

The lawyer, once vehement and voluminous to the full extent of his brief, has suddenly discovered, like the minister and the parson, that all his protestations of last year were good for nothing but to be protested against this year: and sheltering himself under the public conception of a lawyer's integrity, has declared that he acted only—in a professional way.

Next shines out the solemn and heavenward physiognomy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. What, and is he gone too? The fervent saint who was sent to Ireland to keep the little viceroy's papist propensities in order? the depository of the anti-catholic conscience of the Cabinet? the orator who always lost his breath, and deprived the world of the half of his harangue, when the subject was that "abhorred anomaly the attempt to bring in papists to domineer over the British Legislature?" Ay, he is gone. Conversion has been wrought upon the protestant-pagan. His belief is now *sterling*, and long may he live, to be an *example*.

Herries, that staunch friend of the constitution too, has discovered his *mistake*, and fills a place in the cabinet collection of portraits: a collection, which we defy the world to equal. One picture is still unfinished, the fiercest and subtlest physiognomy of them all: a face of the most daring and remorseless ambition, busied in the most tremendous game that can be played by man. The player is evidently in the last stage of desperation, and determined to make one throw which will either extinguish him finally, or place him beyond the reach of chance for ever. But the picture, though urged on with a furious rapidity, may never be finished; and some future wanderer through the halls of state, may find an empty frame, and a fatal inscription.

But a few weeks will now conclude all, and we shall either see England driven to extremities which no man of sense and feeling can anticipate without horror, or this mean, incompetent, and apostate ministry cast out, in the midst of an universal uproar of triumph from a rescued people. But we call upon our country to reflect upon the utter ruin which those few weeks may bring, for as sure as there is a Providence above us, so sure shall we be *slaves*, if papists are suffered to set foot within the Legislature. Popery hates protestantism with a *perfect hatred*, denounces it as *damnable*, declares every protestant, at the present hour, in a *state of damnation*, declares that every protestant is actually a *rebel to the Pope*, declares that all oaths to heretics are but temporary and capable of being dispensed with by command of the church, and finally declares that it is fitting to destroy the body for the good of the *soul*, and make proselytes by fire and sword.

What dependence is it possible to place on men who hold those iniquitous tenets, and who have followed them up in all times and places, where they had the means, by the most cruel, persevering, and horrid inflictions? They refuse the bible to the people; they are at this hour seizing bibles abroad, and burning them at the foot of the crucifix—at

the foot of the image of that insulted Being who came on earth to inculcate benevolence, and whose last command was that the scriptures should be promulgated to all mankind!

But the ministry have not waited for even the few weeks that may deposit the Constitution in their hands; and one of them has been commissioned to make the astonishing, but totally superfluous announcement, that he **MUST BREAK IN UPON THE CONSTITUTION OF 1688**. If he do, may he meet the fate that the act deserves. Another has been sent for from the land of his congenial papistry, to put the doctrine into shape, and to astound our ears by the monstrous conceptions that are ready for all emergencies in the brains of a place-hunting lawyer. For Lord Plunket we have long had the deepest scorn. This is the man whom Mr. Tierney, *to his face*, described as making the most degrading efforts to pick up some of the crumbs of office, ay, and well content to be a dog under his master's table for the purpose—as a “ship in distress, roving about with anchor a-peak to find a snug harbour on either side to drop it in;”—as pretending fear in order to palliate his meanness in acting the mendicant, and “first taking a panic, and next taking—a place.” So much for this miserable old man, who, after procuring for himself a title—such are titles now—and saddling the country with his own provision, and that of his family, to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds a year! comes over to get something else, and tell England that she knows nothing about her constitution—that the constitution is not exclusively protestant, and that the introduction of popery is scarcely more than an easy and salutary return to the principles of English freedom!

We shall now give a short detail of what the Law of England says, and overthrow the time-serving lawyer.

What was the actual nature of the Pope's supremacy from which the Reformation delivered us? The ecclesiastical code of England and of Europe once contained the following principles:—

“1.—He that acknowledgeth not himself to be under the Bishop of Rome, and that the Bishop of Rome is ordained by God, to have primacy over all the world, is a *heretic*, and *cannot be saved*—nor is of the church of Christ.

“2.—The Bishop of Rome hath authority to judge all men—but no man hath authority to judge him, nor to meddle with any thing that he hath judged—neither emperor, king, people nor clergy. And it is not lawful for any man to dispute his power!

“3.—Prince's laws, if they be against the canons and decrees of the Bishop of Rome, are of no force or strength.

“4.—All kings, bishops and noblemen, that suffer the Bishop of Rome's decrees in any thing to be violated, are accursed, and for-ever culpable before God as transgressors of the catholic faith.

“5.—The Bishop of Rome may excommunicate emperors and princes, depose them from their states, and assoil (absolve) their subjects from their oath and obedience to them.

“6.—He is no manslayer who slayeth a man that is excommunicated.

“7.—The collation of all spiritual promotions appertaineth to Rome.

“8.—The Bishop of Rome may unite bishopricks, and put one under another at his pleasure.

“9.—There can be no council of bishops without the authority of the see of Rome.

"10.—The Bishop of Rome may open and shut Heaven to men.

"11.—It appertaineth to the Bishop of Rome to judge which oaths ought to be kept, and which not.

"12.—The see of Rome hath neither spot nor wrinkle in it, and cannot err."

Such was the state of universal slavery into which popery had sunk mankind, and from which we were delivered by what we cannot consider as less than the merciful interposition of God.

The first legislative act of the Reformation, was the denial of the papal supremacy (25 Henry 8, c. 1); this was demolished by Mary, of bloody memory.

The true basis of English religious liberty was the act (1 Eliz. c. 1), entitled, "An Act to restore to the Crown the ancient jurisdiction over the estate, ecclesiastical and spiritual, and abolishing all foreign powers."

By this Act, all public officers, ecclesiastical and temporal, must take the Oath of Supremacy; which oath, amended by subsequent acts, and finally settled at the accession of George the First, is as follows:—

"I, A. B. do swear that I do, from my heart, detest and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position, that princes excommunicated or deprived by the pope or any authority of the see of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever; and I do declare that no foreign prince, person, prelate or state, or potentate, hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm. So help me God."

This oath was required from members of parliament within four years of its original enactment. By the Act (5 Eliz. c. 11), "Every person who hereafter shall be elected or appointed a knight, citizen or burgess, or baron of any of the five ports, for any parliament or parliaments hereafter to be holden, shall, before he shall enter into the parliament-house, openly receive and pronounce the said oath before the Lord Steward or his deputy—and he which shall enter into the parliament house without taking the said oath, shall be deemed no knight, and shall suffer as if he had presumed to sit without any election." By an act after the Restoration of Charles the Second, the oath was appointed to be taken by the temporal peers.

By the Act (13 Eliz. c. 2) "The bringing in of papal bulls, &c. as exciting disturbance, was made high treason." By the Act (27 Eliz. c. 2) against Jesuits and designing priests, it was declared (third section), "That it shall not be lawful for any jesuit, or ecclesiastical person whatever, being born within the dominions of England, who shall be ordained or professed by any authority or jurisdiction derived from the see of Rome, to come into or remain in any part of this realm, or of the dominions thereof, other than for such time and such occasions as are expressed in this Act, and that every such offence shall be adjudged high treason."

Those laws completed the original code of the Reformation in England. Their purpose was the debarring from all power of evil to the Constitution all men who were not exclusively British subjects. The oath of supremacy, and its following acts, is against a divided allegiance, for there is no doubt to be entertained that the papist offers his allegiance to two powers at the same time—the pope and the king—and that the papal is the paramount one.

The reign of Elizabeth had been one continued but triumphant re-



sistance to a series of popish efforts for the Queen's assassination—for the seizure of the throne, and for the extinction of the Reformation. The Stuarts, naturally treacherous, feeble, and despotic, naturally leaned to popery—but its encroachments were at length found so alarming, that under Charles the Second—himself a papist, an Act was passed (30 Car. II., sec. 2) "For the more effectual preserving the King's person and government, by disabling Papists from sitting in either House of Parliament." The Act recited that, the law for preventing the increase and danger of popery, had not the sufficient effect, by reason of the liberty taken of late by some papists to sit in Parliament; it therefore required, among other stipulations, that every member of either house, should, before taking his seat, take the oath of supremacy.

The Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, was a papist, and a bill was brought in to exclude him from the throne—it passed the Commons, but was thrown out by the Lords. The notoriously popish prejudices of the king, and the open popery of his next heir, now filled the nation with the most justified alarm—and the celebrated Lord Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, and leading the defenders of the Constitution in the House of Commons, determined to resist the succession. This he unhappily, in a rash and unwise despair of better means, proposed to effect by force—a measure which nothing but direct self defence can justify, in any instance, and which in matters connected with religion, has uniformly undone the righteous cause. Argument, appeal, all legal opposition, every effort of persuasion and remonstrance, are open to the friends of truth; but when those are exhausted, there is no wise nor hallowed resource, but patience and prayer—the work of time and the will of Providence. If Russell had adhered to his legitimate means, he would, within five years, have seen the Constitution restored, and even invigorated, and this whole magnificent boon unpurchased by the price of a drop of blood. Russell was put to death in 1683, on the constructive treason of intending to depose the reigning king, an obvious and scandalous fiction.

Russell died with the spirit of an English noble, and the feelings of a patriot on the great question of his time and ours. The paper which he delivered to the sheriff, on the scaffold, contained this memorable and true declaration of the incompatibility of popery with the British constitution.

"I have lived, and now die in the reformed religion, a true and sincere protestant, and in the communion of the church of England. I wish with all my soul all unhappy differences were removed; and that all sincere protestants would so far consider the danger of popery, as to lay aside their heats, and agree with me against the common enemy.

"For popery, I look upon it as an idolatrous and bloody religion, and therefore thought myself bound in my station to do all I could against it. And by that I foresaw I should procure such great enemies to myself, and such powerful ones, that I have been now for some time expecting the worst. And blessed be God, I fall by the axe, and not by the fiery trial (persecution). Yet, whatever apprehensions I had of popery, I never had a thought of doing any thing against it basely or inhumanly; but what could well consist with the Christian religion, and the laws and liberties of this kingdom. I have always loved my country more than my life. *I did believe, and do still, that popery is breaking in upon this nation, and that those who advance it, will stop at nothing to carry on their design.* I am heartily sorry, that so many



Protestants give their helping hand to it. But I hope God will preserve the Protestant religion, and this nation!" Signed, "William Russel."

Such was the language of a whig, when whigs were men of honour; and of a Russel, when the name had not been prostituted to the lowest mixture with the most vulgar faction.

James II., a papist, abolished the oath of supremacy and the several tests appointed to keep papists out of public trust; he received the popish bishops at court in their robes, he carried on a negociation with the Court of Rome, and he placed the government of Ireland in hands devoted to the papists. His course was short: he was driven from his throne by the united and indignant resolution of his people.

The first act of William, which is the corner-stone of the constitution of 1688, (1. W. and M. c. 1.) declares that "In all future parliaments the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and the declaration required by (30. Car. 2.) for 'disabling papists from sitting in parliament,' shall be taken and subscribed by every member of both Houses." The penalty for sitting without having so sworn, being 500*l*. The next step was to exclude them from the throne. By the ninth section of the Bill of Rights, (1 W. and M. st. 2. c. 2.) it is declared, "That all and every person who is, or shall be reconciled to, or shall hold communion with the see of Rome, or shall profess the popish religion, or shall marry a papist, shall be excluded, and be for ever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the crown and government of this realm and Ireland. And in all such cases, the people are absolved of their allegiance, and the crown shall descend to the person or persons being Protestants, who should have inherited the same in case the persons so reconciled were dead."

By the tenth section of the same Bill, every king and queen of England, is required on the first day of the meeting of the first parliament, next after their accession, sitting on the throne in the house of peers, in the presence of the lords and commons, or at their coronation, to subscribe and audibly repeat the "declaration" required of the members of both Houses by the last mentioned act. By the Coronation Oath established at the same period (1 W. and M. c. 6.) the monarch is sworn, "To maintain to the utmost of his power the laws of God, the true profession of the gospel, and THE PROTESTANT REFORMED RELIGION, AS ESTABLISHED BY LAW." And secondly, "To preserve unto the bishops and the clergy of the realm, and the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law *do*, or *shall* appertain to them."

Nothing in human obligation can be clearer than that the construction of this oath was not intended to be left to the new version of any future monarch; nor its validity to the caprice of a vote of parliament. The men who tendered the oath to William, had given the throne to him and his successors, on the principle, that by this change of the dynasty they had secured themselves and their descendants *for ever* from the possibility of being the slaves of a popish government. They must have known the many adventitious circumstances that might influence a parliamentary majority; and it is a mere contradiction to common sense to suppose that they had expelled a king, encountered the most formidable personal risks, and provoked battle with the whole of popish Europe, simply to impose an oath, which half-a-dozen voices more or less might at any moment turn into a nursery tale.

The oath is obviously distinguished into two parts. The former pledging the monarch to maintain "the laws of God, the true profession

of the gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion, as established by law." Those three are placed in one class, they are *principles*," and *unchangeable*.

The second clause refers to the rights and privileges of the clergy, things in their nature liable to legislative change, which the monarch is bound to preserve in such powers as *do* or *shall* appertain to them. No similar provision for contingency applies in the former clause; which, as strongly as words and the texture of a solemn obligation can make it binding, is *unalterable*. The oath was regularly taken and regularly observed, in its palpable sense, by the Brunswick succession.

In 1778 the laws against popery began to be relaxed (18 *George III.* c. 60) as far as related to the apprehension of Jesuits, popish bishops and priests, and the inheritance of estates by papists. In 1791 the act (31 *Geo. III.* c. 32.) took away the prosecution against Papists and Papist ecclesiastics, authorised Papist schools and chapels, and allowed Papists the profession of the law. In 1817 the army and navy were opened to them. But in Ireland, in 1793, by the weakness of the Irish government, and the liberalism of faction, had been given the first fatal privilege of voting for members of Parliament, by the popish peasantry—a guilty and factious measure, which plunged the whole of the lower orders into increased poverty, rendered them objects of every inflammation of treason, and, finally, prepared them for the insurrection of 1798.

The more daring attempt is now to be made, to give the furious, and ignorant, and disaffected agents of the Popish priesthood, seats in the legislature. The blow will be fatal to either the constitution or the peace of the empire. It will either break down Protestant liberty, or rouse a spirit of angry repulse, whose results cannot be contemplated without horror. There are in the empire two men, either of whom could avert the crisis. The Duke of Wellington could, by refusing to carry on the popish bill, extinguish the evil at a word. A gesture from him, would instantly bring back Mr. Peel's opinions into their old train, clear the Chancellor's visual nerve, and make the whole tribe of the Goulburns, Dawsons, Herrieses, Sugdens, and other vermicular adherents to the good things of the Treasury, creep back the way they came. But this the Duke of Wellington will not do. He has not adventured so far for nothing. He must carry the Popish Bill, or must fly from office, and be undone.

The King can do it. By one declaration—by one syllable, he can overthrow all designs against the constitution, and save the country from the most tremendous struggle that it has known since the days of Edgemoor, Marston Moor, and Naseby. By decision *now*, he may break up, even more than parliamentary hostility. Men are beginning to consider for what ulterior purposes England is now to be startled from her quiet. They call the Popish question only a cloak—they scoff at the idea, that fear of the braggart harangues of Irish Popery can have required the sacrifice of the constitution. They see ministers themselves at length loftily protesting against all idea of intimidation. They see the militia staffs broken up, the yeomanry extinguished,—a military cabinet, and they ask in low tones, but with wondering faces, to what do all these things tend? Solemnly and, affectionately, and anxiously, they call upon the protection of their King.

But if in England men look to desperate changes and as desperate effects upon the public mind, what must be the result in Ireland? We dare not shape to ourselves the catastrophe that may be hurried

on there by the attempt to controul the feelings of a Protestant people, possessing the whole intelligence manliness and education; masters by birthright of almost the whole landed property of the country; men bound together in an untameable abhorrence of the vileness and vices of popery, every recollection of whose hearts points to the ancestors who achieved the revolution in England, crushed rebellion in Ireland, drove the popish slaves of James from one field of battle to another, until at last, on the stone bridge of Limerick, the last spot in Ireland left to the foot of renegades, they forced the signature of that glorious treaty which sent the popish army to live and die, mercenaries in France, and consigned the baffled adherents of popery in Ireland to the obscurity and impotence fittest for the slaves of priesthood.

Of those Protestants there are thousands and hundreds of thousands, men who will not shrink from the side of the constitution, let come what will. A single petition from the Protestants of Ireland, contains **SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND NAMES!** Let ministers hear this, and think of what they are doing. We shall tell them, that the voice of the Protestants of Ireland is the voice of truth, wisdom, and self-preservation; and let ministers ask themselves, are they prepared to stifle it? or have they the power, or is there any power on earth that could stifle it? We say, may God avert the trial of that question!

Let ministers look to the declarations at the great Protestant meeting in Dublin, on the 13th of February; and, when they read the speeches delivered there, ask themselves whether such men either deserve to be put under the heel of an insolent and idolatrous priesthood, or can be put under that heel. Let them see how the nervous language of Sir A. B. King was received.

"My Lord, we are not come here to whine and whimper over the funeral pile of the Constitution—(Cries of hear, hear.) My Lord, we are come here one and all, I trust, I hope, determined every man, if necessary, with our lives—(cries of "yes, yes")—to support the Protestant Constitution in Church and State.—(Renewed applause.) If, my Lord Mayor, this then be your sentiment, let us now rally round the embers of the dying Constitution—(Applause). Let us endeavour from them, while they still remain, to ignite a spark of fire which may kindle into a blaze of feeling that shall enlighten and illuminate the whole land—(Loud cheers for some time.) Then shall the voice of the people be heard, and I trust that our watchword will resound throughout the nation, and that all will unite in defence of our Protestant Constitution.—(Cries of "Nor Surrender," throughout the whole assembly). What is it we are now called on perhaps to fight for?—what called on to protect and defend? Our lives, our liberties, and our revered religion—(Cheers.) My Lord Mayor, I shall not longer trespass on your kindness and patience, and that of this assembly, than by expressing my hope and conviction, that you will this day, before your departure from this meeting, call on our revered Sovereign, and surely that call will not be made in vain—(cheers, and cries of "we will")—to stand forward in defence of that Constitution for the preservation of which he holds his throne—(Renewed cheers.) I am satisfied, my Lords and Gentlemen, that if we make that application to his Most Gracious Majesty, our beloved Sovereign, the head of the House of Brunswick—(applause)—that House which has been called to the Throne of these Realms for the maintenance of the Constitution of 1688, to maintain and uphold those principles—the call will not be made in vain—(hear, hear)—and that a Sovereign of that family will not hear his people's voice in vain. Gentlemen, if you speak to our beloved Sovereign, in language couched with that respect, that veneration, and that honour which becomes us, and which he so strongly



deserves, I again repeat, that such language addressed to him, and carrying the sentiments of his people, cannot be heard in vain"—(Applause.)

Lord Frankfort de Montmorency's speech, though brief, was couched in language to which nothing but frenzy would refuse an ear.

"I must address a few words to the Protestants, assembled here, the descendants of those illustrious men who sealed the Constitution with their blood—(Loud applause.) Yes, my Lord and Gentlemen, they bled for that free and glorious Constitution, and are we not ready to do the same?—(Loud cries of "yes, we are.") I am called on, imperatively called on, to make use of strong language. It is necessary for us to defend the Constitution if it should be attacked. The country has been lulled into most dangerous security, and that by the basest measures—(Loud cries of hear.) I am certain that the Throne, notwithstanding all that has yet been done, will demonstrate its attachment to the principles which has placed its present possessor thereon. If it have been deceived, I am sorry for it; but it becomes our duty, and we will speak out in the language of determination and truth to rouse the nation and the people."

Lord Longford, castigated the scandalous meanness of Mr. Peel, in language which ought to make the apostate hide his head for ever.

After a succession of able addresses, the Reverend Charles Boyton, one of the Fellows of the University, and who has distinguished himself, from the first, by his vigour and manliness, took a view of the question in all its details, with an energy worthy of his character and his cause. We regret that we must restrict ourselves to a single brief passage. But the whole speech must be read and felt in every part of the empire.

"I shall proceed to show you a few specimens of their private conduct which had the same result, and which will show you, that while as a government, they never interfered with this factious body, they were, as private individuals, in close and continued intimacy with the leaders of the Association. I speak notorious facts—ay, facts, as notorious as that sun which now shines above us—that a leading Roman Catholic barrister, occupying a high legal situation in this country, the highest which a Roman Catholic can now hold, has been the confidant, the confidential adviser of the two last vice-regal Administrators in Ireland; and I would mention, too, that this man was the intimate companion and bosom friend with the leading disturbers of the country.—(Cries of "Hear, hear.") I say, that during Lord Wellesley's administration, he was the right-hand man of the Viceroy; and I assert, that during Lord Anglesey's government, he was a leading friend and adviser of his Excellency.—("a groan for Lord Anglesey," which was given on the instant.) And I say, that during all this time this person was in close connection with O'Connell and Sheil. I would refer you for proof of the position, which I have laid down, to a fact which at the time was quite notorious in Dublin, that when the Marquess Wellesley came to this country, this very gentleman ordered the waiters at the hotel where he stopped, to deny access to him to all persons except Mr. O'Connell, and the Attorney-General for Ireland. I would even go still further, to show the exertions which have been made in favour of the Roman Catholics of this country. Not very remote from the place where I stand is a Popish mass-house, which is now designated as a church; that Popish mass-house was made the receptacle of vice-regal dignity."



## THE THEATRES.

It is unquestionably no more than fair to Fawcett's management of Covent Garden, to say, that he has conducted the season hitherto with a very unusual degree of activity. This is in the style of his former master, Harris, who certainly had all the merit of never suffering the theatre to go to sleep; his expedients might be open to criticism, but he was never wanting in expedients. If a comedy failed, there was a melo-drame ready to fill up the breach, with invincible knights, and princesses in despair. If Young was sick, or Macready sorrowful, Madame Saqui was summoned to walk, like the queen of the monkies, up a rope at an angle of forty-five degrees, or Monsieur Tournetête to cling to the roof like a colossal spider. Frederic Reynolds too, was a tower of strength. If his pleasant farces were not forthcoming—and they seldom were a day behind their time—Reynolds had a dog to astonish all the sportsmen, by his pointing at partridges in a field of stage stubble; or a horse to overwhelm the *élèves* of the five hundred boarding schools round London, by walking the *minuet de la cour* better than any of them; or a learned pig that beat Hoyle at whist, and made Philidor, in two games out of three at his own chess board, tremble for his laurels. And, let the wise men of the world, who know every thing by instinct, say what they will, this is the true way to carry on a theatre. Harris had too much to contend with in the enormous debt which the enormous ostentation of building an enormous theatre laid on his shoulders; but, he did wonders, for he contrived to keep his theatre in perpetual popularity: his company was the best that the whole force of dramatic ability could supply. He had playing at one time, and frequently in one performance, Young, Charles Kemble, Macready, and Miss O'Neil, with a crowd of the best *remplaçants* and subordinates, and his own indefatigable exertion, personal punctuality, and unwearied good humour, complete as large a round of managerial qualifications as could be found on the stage.

In looking over the memoirs that have been within these few years published by actors and dramatic authors, we see perpetual pangyrics on the generosity, and honour, the personal good sense, and the public activity of the elder Harris. We allude to him now, merely as the model which every modern manager ought to have before his eyes. With this intelligent man, the author was the first object. It was a fixed principle, to cultivate the intimacy of clever men and turn their powers to the stage. When once they had exhibited decided ability for the drama, they might look upon themselves as secure of the manager's services for life. It was Harris's rule, to have at least four comedies in preparation at the commencement of every season, and to bring them out in succession, but not till the actors were most thoroughly prepared, and the most favourable junctures had occurred. For those labours he allowed the most liberal remuneration. He drove none of those harsh bargains that so often make it a humiliation for a gentleman to have any thing to do with the stage. If the performance merited the public approbation, there was no vulgar limit to its reward. Colman has for one play received 1,000*l.*, and probably more in other instances. Cherry received for "The Will," 1,300*l.* Holcroft received 1,100*l.* and 1,300*l.* Morton, received 1,000*l.* for "Town and Country," even before it was played. In one instance, O'Keefe had produced an opera in extreme haste at Harris's suggestion, who was in want of an immediate performance. The sum to be paid was six hundred guineas. The opera failed totally, and at once. O'Keefe, a nervous man, overwhelmed with its ruin, which

seemed to him to involve his own with the manager, fled from the theatre and threw himself upon his bed in despair. He was roused by Harris's arrival shortly after, who cheered him, talked of the disaster as a mere accident owing to the haste with which his production was urged; and ended, by pouring out the six hundred guineas on the table.

The man who could do this, deserved to have the best ability of able men at his command, and he had it. The theatre never was in so flourishing a state since the days of Garrick. Covent Garden, with its comedies, and a comic company (though that was first-rate) fought and conquered the grand dramatic army of Drury Lane, with the Kembles and Siddons at its head, and with only, at least, the name of Sheridan to make it the centre of fashion, and the centre of wit together. Still Harris vigorously fought his battle, and when he retired from the management through age, he retired with 80,000*l*.

But there was in his conduct more than the mere official drudgery of a manager. He cultivated society at home. He felt that he might take rank among his fellow men by his personal merits, and his house received with honourable and accomplished hospitality a large succession of individuals fitted to give distinction to any rank. He thus at once made his profession popular, and acquired for himself the active civilities and polished intercourse of the learned, the witty, and the influential. Sir Joshua Reynolds had done this before him, and found its advantages in the best sense of the word, in the cultivation of his own understanding, in the pleasant opportunity of bringing intelligent and valuable men together, who, but for that casual intercourse might never have met, and in the added information and personal pleasure to be found in many and highly instructed minds.

But who does this now? Sir Thomas Lawrence, at the head of his profession, and with the duty incumbent on him of promoting and keeping it in public honour, sees the example of Sir Joshua pass away, without an attempt to emulate it. The lives of all the other heads of professions are strictly, almost sullenly, private; from the highest rank to the most common, all in this point, are the same. Yet this is impolitic. Those chiefs of the staff, those leaders of the intellectual forces of the country, should feel that their situation imposes on them the duty of publicity, and that the most natural way of ennobling a profession, is to bring its professors into frequent contact with able men; at present, all those leaders are obscure, from a love of keeping in the back ground. Not one man out of a thousand knows any thing of their existence, and of course, their own opportunities are equally narrowed. Mr. Davies Gilbert is known among the Royal Society as the gentleman who sits in their chair, and there ends the knowledge. Sir Henry Hallford has too many pulses to press in an evening, to trouble himself with calling his equals about him. Sir Astley Cooper, by nature a jovial fellow, yields to the force of custom, and shuts himself up by his fire-side. A solemn dinner once a year, or an evening levee, at which he preposterously orders his visitors to appear in bags and swords, satisfies the Chancellor's duties in this point; and so goes on the round, dull and undelighted, beggarly and obscure, until painters, poets, lawyers, and physicians, sink into the common dust, to be not more forgotten in the churchyard, than they were in society.

The principal novelty of the season has been "*The Nymph of the Grotto*," written by Mr. Diamond, and composed by Liverati and Lee. We give this, as it is given by the papers, but the originality of the

writing seems to have consisted in a translation from the French, Mr. Diamond's proverbial resource; and the originality of the music in compilation from half-a-dozen old operas. Of course, a few additions have been made, and sufficient changes, to avoid direct plagiarism. The denial is at once vulgar and useless, for we prefer the French to any thing that we can expect from the regular workers for our stage; and we think, that nine-tenths of our present school of composers, puffing personages as they are, are infinitely better employed in copying airs from old operas, than attempting new ones of their own. The opera has succeeded to a certain extent, for the scenery, the music, and the acting were all pretty. There was some pretty dialogue in the more sentimental parts, and though the leading idea, of a man falling into any kind of love with a being presumed to be of the male sex, is repulsive in the extreme, and should be shrunk from on the stage, as much as it is abhorred in real life, yet the dénouement was prettily contrived, and the audience were pleased to see that the nymph was a nymph after all. The opera has since gradually expired.

A comedy by Mr. Lunn next appeared. The author is an ingenious man, and with no slight theatrical talent, but his comedy was either "too broad or too long;" and the "Widow Bewitched," was performed but a few nights. It was treated with considerable negligence in the papers, and in some instances with severity—this tone we regret. The difficulty of producing a comedy must be very great, from the very few instances in which we see the attempt made, and the fewer, if possible, in which we see it succeed. There has been but one performance of this kind successful to any extent within the last quarter of a century. Of course if the play do not please the audience, the audience will extinguish it; and there is no reasoning with pit, box and gallery, on that subject or any other. But criticism should look out for the good as well as the evil—and authorship, a thing easily cast down in the better order of minds, might be cheered to superior efforts by the feeling, that let actors, managers and audiences do what they may, it will be sure of justice at the hands of men, whose opinion spreads beyond the ephemeral decision of a theatre. We hope to see Mr. Lunn exerting himself with additional spirit in the service of the drama. "Yelva," a translation from the French, perished on the second night.

In this general mortality of the present generation, it occurred to the clever manager, to try what could be done among the dead of the past; and the "Beaux Stratagem" was dug up. Farquhar's pleasantry has been proverbial, and as his indecency kept pace with his humour, he wanted nothing for the richest popularity with our jocund forefathers. But with all his merits, and he obviously had very remarkable ones in the powers of his dramatic conception, his day is past, in every sense of the word. The "Beaux Stratagem" lingered a few nights and disappeared. The "Recruiting Officer," a much more poignant and objectionable affair, followed in its reproduction, and in its fate. What the manager will *exhume* next we can only conjecture. But he may take our advice as to the plays of the last century, and let them alone.

The manager of Drury Lane has exhibited his usual activity. But authorship has not prospered among his ranks, and nothing but increased good fortune among those gentlemen can revive the public gratification. Caswallon, Mr. Walker's tragedy, is gone. With some excellent situations, and some very good acting, it had not the general power essential to holding a permanent place upon the stage. Shakspeare, the ever-



lasting Shakspeare, has been tried; and "Cymbeline" has given opportunity for new displays of Young's force, and Miss Phillips's tenderness. A little farce, by Peake, "A Day at Boulogne," has the merit of being English, and in this day of smuggling, a little fair trading between Boulogne and the Port of London, is so much a novelty that we honour the trader with peculiar promise of popularity. Yet the day at Boulogne is not destined to be a long one, and Mr. Peake must speedily make a second voyage.

On the 21st, a drama, compiled from the French, by Morton, and with the dialogue by Kenny, was performed with, we are glad to say, very considerable approbation. The title is, "Peter the Great; or the Battle of Pultowa." The piece opens at the period when Peter (Mr. Young) is preparing to repel the attack of Charles XII. The adherents of a banished nobleman have formed a plot for his destruction, and have induced the exile's son, Alexis (Mr. J. Vining), to place himself at their head. The plot is discovered to the King by means of a paper found on an old soldier, Swartz (Mr. W. Farren), whom Peter pardons, and then goes in disguise, and alone, to the place at which the conspirators had fixed their meeting. As soon as Alexis has quitted them, the Czar discovers himself, shoots the ringleader, and the rest of the traitors are seized by the guard. The next scene, in which the Czar pardons Alexis, and places him at the head of the conspirators as his officer, is effective. Peter is cut off from his army, and obliged to take refuge in the house of the miller Addlewitz (Mr. Liston), recently married. The miller is from home; Peter secures the assistance of his wife and mother (Miss Love and Mrs. C. Jones),—puts on his clothes, and not only passes with the Swedish soldiers for the miller, but endeavours to persuade Addlewitz on his return that he is not himself. This is a well-managed part of the play, and was most favourably received. Charles himself appears; relieves an exhausted sentinel, and takes his place; some Cossacks come in pursuit of the Czar, and avow their intention of murdering him if they fall in with him. Charles, who commands them to abandon this design, is attacked by them, and rescued by Peter, who then discovers himself, offers to treat for peace, and upon Charles's refusal, returns to his own army to continue the war. Charles is wounded at Pultowa, and his army dispersed. Among the prisoners is Dorinski, a Russian nobleman, who has joined the enemy. He is the father of Paulina (Miss E. Tree), who has been brought up by her maternal grandfather, Swartz, and is betrothed to Alexis. He is condemned to death; his daughter learns her relationship to him for the first time, attempts to effect his escape, and failing, sends Swartz with a ring which Peter had given her when she assisted him to assume the disguise of the miller, to implore the Czar's clemency. The prisoner is led to execution, but is pardoned by Peter, and the lovers are married.

All this is very good for the kind of thing that melodrama aims at—there is a great quantity of bustle, and some degree of interest. Peasants of the most generous hearts—soldiers of the most enthusiastic valour—officers of the most brilliant sentimentality—and heroines all for love, and sometimes, for a little more than the tolerated language of *la belle passion*, are abundant. Miss Love, to whose share those vivid conceptions seem to be apportioned by some peculiar privilege, gave them all with all her liveliness, and was hissed for doing her duty to the utmost on the occasion. But the speeches were not hers, and we are by no means of opinion that so pretty an actress should be answerable for any conceptions but her own. We missed Farren, who is invaluable in old men of



every species, from the king to the cobbler; Swartz is not equal to his powers. Cooper's Charles exhibited the judgment of that manly performer. Liston, in the miller, had his jokes in full variety; but Young, as the Czar, had certainly the monarchy of the piece. Young's grave comedy we have always thought fully equal to his tragedy, able as that is; and the little humorous touches thrown into his part were given with great skill. Miss Tree, who has been lately rather languid, exhibited herself to remarkable advantage, and with the exception of her "Christina" in the "Little Queen," which is as beautiful a sketch of youthful passion contending with royal pride, as we have known on the stage, we have not seen this very intelligent actress more triumphant. The play was received with very general applause.

The Italian Opera has gone on with tolerable success—but we have not room for dilating on it now. Pisaroni is the leading singer; and so far as power of voice and knowledge of her art go, she is a first-rate performer—beauty is not among her qualifications, but the world has been already sufficiently prepared on that point; and as voice is the first qualification for the opera, we have no right to be discontented. The new contrivances of the stalls in the pit, are convenient, but the system is un-English, and we shall not object to M. Laporte's feeling its effect in due season.

#### SPECIMENS OF HOTTENTOT POPULAR POETRY;

TRANSLATED BY PETER BOREALL, M.P.R.S.T.

MR. BOWRING has for a long time possessed the office of master of the ceremonies to the productions of the barbarous Muses. His specimens of the Russian, Dutch, Servian, and Polish poetry, have convinced an enlightened public that the charms of melody are equally dear to the slave of a despot, and the stern lord of himself—to the polished inhabitant of the city, and the wild wanderer of the desert. His researches were, however, confined to Europe. The gentleman, whose translation forms the subject of the present article, has conducted us to the unexplored regions of Southern Africa, and has shewn us that "the stormy spirit of the Cape" has had worshippers as valuable as the "dweller in Delphi"—that the Table Mountain has been as consecrated a haunt of the Muses as the summits of Parnassus.

The greater part of these melodies have been written subsequent to the settlement of the Europeans, and consequently do not furnish us with a perfect view of the natural state of the Hottentots; but Mr. Boreall states that some original poems, of great antiquity, are in his possession, though, from their obsolete style, he has not been yet able to overcome all the difficulties of translation. We were not a little amused by the application of magisterial titles to the wild animals of Africa: the buffalo is designated "his worship;" the lion, "captain;" the hyena, "a tax-gatherer;" the cameleopard, "a gentleman;" the jackall, "a hanger-on at the Stadt-house;" birds of prey are called "merchants;" and a vulture, "governor-general." Indeed, we were for some time afraid that we had picked up a political satire, in which the *res gestæ* of my Lord Somerset were enshrined in immortal verse.

"Complaints were made by all the crowd,  
But each request was disallowed;  
The lordly vulture with disdain  
Survey'd the minor wretches' pain,  
And swore that neither print nor press  
Should tell the tale of their distress."

On reading farther, we found, however, that "print or press" meant merely the traces of desolation left by a suffering crowd. We shall select one or two of those melodies, as specimens of the literature of this interesting people; and our first shall be the description of a hunt, somewhat different from the absurd sport of our fox-and-hare-hunting gentry:—

*THE BULL HUNT.*

His lordship the bull is asleep by the lake,  
 He'll astonish the hunters as soon as he'll wake;  
 Now calm as the storm-cloud that rests on the hill,  
 His roaring to-morrow the ether shall fill:  
     Bullaboo, bullaboo!  
     When they come in his view,  
 By my conscience, the hunters will look very blue!  
 There's Quashee and Smashee have found out his lair,  
 Our kraal never witnessed so gallant a pair;  
 With their dogs, that are smart as the dogs of excise,  
 His worship the smuggler they soon will capsize:  
     Bullaboo, bullaboo!  
     Their rifles are true;  
 Betimes in the morning you'll meet with your due.  
 The dogs in the morning burst into the brake,  
 In the blood of his worship their fury to slake;  
 They barked, and he roared; they bit, and he kicked;  
 And his fiercest assailants he craftily nicked:  
     Bullaboo, bullaboo!  
     When at you he flew,  
 Sky-high from his forehead the bull-dogs he threw.  
 The bull from the thicket then solemnly walked,  
 But earth shook beneath him as onward he stalked;  
 And Smashee exclaimed, with a terrible call,  
 "You must dance, Mr. Bull, when I open the ball:"  
     Bullaboo, bullaboo!  
     Your lordship he slew,  
 And that night all the village were feasting on you.

ODE XV. l. 28.

Our last specimen shall be from one of their amatory poems. The reign of love is, it appears, not as limited as the domination of other sovereigns, but equally pervades the civilized and uncivilized classes of society:—

I have got for my love a baboon,  
 And the fat of a newly-killed sheep;  
 A ram's-horn made into a spoon,  
 A bull's-hide on which she can sleep:  
 And if a young lizard I find,  
 Of the booty you shall have a part;  
 So now to your lover be kind,  
 And give him a piece of your heart.

We close the volume with sentiments of respect for the learned translator; for we have seldom enjoyed a greater treat than from the perusal of his unpretending little volume. We sincerely hope that his future labours may meet with public approbation, and that his forthcoming specimens of the Ashantee and Caffrarian poetry may remunerate the toil of translating from languages, whose beauties have been hitherto so little appreciated.

## MINE HOST'S LAST STORY.

"You are an Englishman, I believe, Sir?"

I looked up, startled, at the face of the speaker; but Carmelo's eyes, bent upon me with a sad and thoughtful expression, and the words he uttered, seemed no longer unmeaning. I did not question him in return, as my first impulse prompted me, but quietly left him to the unravelment of his own thoughts in silence, if they were too sacred for disclosure, or by such gradual exhibition as his mood chose to indulge in. The old man laid his pipe upon the table before us, and, rising from his seat, paced once or twice the whole length of the chamber; then suddenly fixing his gaze upon a rude picture that leant against a retiring panel, on one side of the little lamp for ever illuminating his patron saint, he seemed absorbed in contemplations, the spirit of which was of no happy character. He returned to his seat—his features unfixed, his look dim and quivering; and when he examined his pipe, and railed against the exhausted tobacco, the tone of his anger was heightened and falsified, to conceal the tremulous accents in which otherwise he would have expressed himself. This depression was not customary in my excellent old host. His name was more often coupled with supper-songs, and the quotations of merry roysterers, than used as a fit appendage to a love-tale or twilight sentiment. But his heart was human; and, in that strange, capricious atmosphere, the succession of whose storms and sunshine no philosophic laws have availed to regulate, he lived as other men, subject to the raging of its Dog-star—to the soft influences of its Pleiades. It was a dark moment with him, and something of sympathy forbade me to interfere with it. I was rewarded.

"Sir," said he, after a long pause, "you have heard from me the story in which one of my kindred bore a trifling part;—at any rate, you remember her name;—I mean Rosalia, the mother of that young vixen whom you have been so kind to?—Well!—I am tempted to use an old man's privilege, and confide to you some more family particulars—more interesting to me, because the parties were still dearer to my heart, and nearer to me by blood. I can bear to think of them now; for, tottering as I do on the very parapet of this world, I seem to lose the former magnitude of the objects which engrossed me in it, whilst I catch a dim and fanciful, but perhaps a very close, view of those which are opening upon me in a world which has no horizon."

He crossed himself, and bowed his head reverently, as one already occupied with the mysteries which emanated from the Deity whose presence he acknowledged.

"And yet," he proceeded, "I do not think myself unblest, even though I have these mortal recollections tugging at my worn-out heart—worn out because of them. Something have I lost, but much have I elsewhere gained, even by the sorrows which taught me to despise the promises of our present pleasures, and the sleek looks of earthly attractions.—Psha! what will you think of this, who are still young, and fresh, and undesponding? You, too, who have laughed and made merry with me, as though either my mirth or my sadness were hypocrisy? There are times, young man, when we are opposites of ourselves; and, in a single hour, the mind, if agitated, will traverse the whole extent of its sensations, and, resting only on the extremes, make itself appear a trifler or a dissembler.—Will you hear my present narrative?"



I assented willingly ; and my old friend, subduing the emotions which he would not acknowledge, began pretty nearly in the following words :—

“ I was the father of four daughters ; each different from the other in face as in character ; each possessing—not in my fond eyes alone, but by the common voice of the world—enough of feminine sweetness, both of person and disposition, to separate her from the ordinary creatures whom mothers make puppets of for their advancement and wretchedness. My eldest, left by my wife almost in the position of a parent to her motherless sisters, became in a short time rather too dictatorial and matronly to combine very cordially with them in their childish sports and occupations. Unfortunately, the watchfulness with which she checked their follies and directed their improvement, was never entirely of that disinterested kind which only a mother can exercise. Some little of rivalry, of fear, of unprovoked suspicion, was mixed up with her amiable efforts to preserve the girls from the corrupt accomplishments and tricks of their playmates ; and, in consequence, the few years which intervened between her birth and that of my second child, became magnified into a large space, and she stood on a height above her sisters which they regarded with awe. This was the source of many misfortunes ; for they concealed things from her which were done only for the sake of the concealment ; and as a thousand clandestine acts are sure to succeed one, so that one would not have been thought of even by these very children, if the eldest had lived with them in a perfect state of cordial and confiding intercourse. My second, you know almost as well as myself : *you* may draw her character. The third—how shall I find phrases to describe her ? She was my favourite child, Sir. I may acknowledge it now without scruple. She was the one whom I admired and loved most strongly, and yet most reasonably, for her excellence was pre-eminent ; and those graces which link the hearts together were as thick and powerful upon her as the tendrils of our native vines. In truth, she had a very singular and commanding character. I speak of that ; for though, in my sight, she was as beautiful as daybreak, yet it was more common to give the praise of features to the little one, her youngest sister ; and I am content to give way so far as this. But her *soul* was her dower. Without a taint of earthly grossness, pure and glittering as the dew, she had the faculty of correcting and elevating those with whom she went, not by reproof, but by the insensible power of virtue in itself, which would not suffer the company of evil and contrary affections. Yet so diffident—so retiring ! Amongst strangers, she seemed all coldness, both of feeling and manners ; her heart, as well as her head, was distrusted or looked lightly upon by the world, who knew her not ; but to us she abounded in all the rich and generous accomplishments of perfect womanhood. Her step, her countenance, for ever gay, lightened by a free conscience, and a thousand intentions of benevolence towards her fellow-creatures. Her voice never heard in dispraise, or clamour, or sullen complaint ; but happy, musical, and heralding to all about her all that she had heard or seen that might contribute to their benefit. Of herself, or for herself, there was nothing ; but, for the rest, she was a household spirit, without whom their wisest projects would have been imperfect ; and the neighbourhood, far and wide, can answer how kindly she aided their poor plans, relieved their wants, and comforted them in their distresses ; and yet all unseen as the light that wakens the song of birds, or the heat that calls forth the perfume of the



flowers. I have grieved that many of her attractions were hid even from me. She was, in some degree, shrouded by her sisters. The elder checked and overawed her—the younger eclipsed her in the admiration of strangers. She was not ambitious, and yielded to any one who was likely by any means to usurp her place in the regard of others. I never knew the true enthusiasm of her soul—its high religious principle—its strong and uncontrollable impulses. I thought her almost too mechanical; I was afterwards taught the extent of my blindness. I cannot tear myself away from my praises of this child, for I know that they are yet incomplete; but I know too, that, in your ears, they will seem the extravagance of an old man's dotage. Yet will I say no more of her; for you are anxious to know the incidents to which this description is a preface.

“Well, then, you must know that, in the year 12, one of your countrymen, an amiable and sensible young soldier, used to frequent this house so habitually, as to be at least almost considered one of our own circle. He had scarcely emerged from boyhood, and the long separation from his own home and domestic occupations gave him an inducement to take up any place as a substitute; and here, accordingly, he used to pitch his tent. He spoke our language like a native; and the complete reliance on us, and interest in our personal affairs, which he not only professed, but manifested, made me, in return, regard him with confidence, and a feeling nearly allied to parental affection. He engaged in the amusements and all the petty politics of the girls, and did not scruple to be their companion in their walks or rides, whether for duty or pleasure. The danger to which this led, in his case, was of a different nature from the usual risk attending such intimacies. I knew him to be above dishonour, and I never dreamed of any thing beyond a temporary and sober attachment. But you shall hear the issue. My youngest child was, by accident, away from home during the earlier part of our acquaintance with the young Englishman, and thus Gianina was generally his companion in the excursions and little enterprises of the time; for the two eldest were more engaged at home, and invalids into the bargain. After a while, the absent one came back from her visit to the country; and the first thing I observed was a total change of manner exhibited towards her by Gianina, who had usually been her constant and confiding playfellow, rarely separated from her by day or night. But now, by some mischance or other, she scarcely addressed her but in a constrained tone, and seemed to shun her company, and seek that of the Englishman with more than former eagerness. On his part, I could trace no indications of reciprocal preference. At times, his eyes would be riveted on his new acquaintance, my little Madelena; and a flash of scarlet passed over his countenance, as if in consciousness that her sister was observing the pleasure which he derived from the contemplation of so much beauty. And she *did* observe it. I perceived it in her dejection—in her abandonment of her usual occupations—in the listless look towards others—and the quick, jealous glance, yet soft and beautiful, with which she seemed to upbraid him for refusing her all his devotion. I knew not how to interfere; but I felt sure that it was my duty to check the progress of these emotions, which threatened a convulsion in our little community. Luckily for me—yet how can I call it so?—my part was not to be played as I expected.

“One day, as I was sitting alone, the young man came into my room,

and requested a half-hour's conversation with me. We sat together, and, for a few minutes, neither opened his lips. At last he commenced :—

“ ‘ My good friend,’ said he, ‘ I wished to see you thus by yourself, that I might have an opportunity of more fully expressing to you my gratitude for the many hospitable acts, and liberal feelings, that you have shewn to me for so long. If I do not see you again, be assured they are not thrown away upon one who cannot appreciate such kindness ; but if, by any exertion at any future season, I can shew more perfectly my sense of these obligations, trust me that I shall not feel towards you as foreigners, but as beings for ever connected with my happiest recollections. I cannot hope to be remembered as I shall remember you, for you have around you hundreds who will, at any time, supply my unworthy place ; but not in the world shall I ever find a hearth so warm, and faces around it so kind to welcome me.’

“ He paused, evidently oppressed with the strength of his own excited feelings ; and I was glad to seize the moment and ask, why he had so unseasonably come to distress me with something like a farewell speech ?

“ He cast his eyes on the floor, and, in a troubled voice, answered, that he purposed leaving us on the following morning. I asked him whether he intended visiting the interior ?

“ ‘ No,’ he replied ; ‘ I am going to England without delay.’

“ ‘ To England !’

“ ‘ Yes,’ he continued ; ‘ I have obtained leave of absence, and shall sail at day-break to-morrow morning, in the Spanish brig going to Gibraltar.’

“ ‘ And is your motive for leaving us so unexpectedly any which I may hope to hear ?’

“ He was silent ; and I apologized for a want of delicacy in requesting that which I had no right to be concerned in. He shook his head, and, grasping my hand in his, faltered out the words, ‘ You shall hear.’— Another pause ensued, and it was in scarce distinguishable accents that he finally was enabled to communicate his story. It was as follows :— He began by announcing to me, that Gianina had conceived for him an ardent and most incomprehensible attachment, of which he had for some time been quite ignorant, and failed to see a trace till it had been matured and fixed irrevocably in her bosom. An accident, which need not now be related, disclosed to him in a moment this wonderful truth. He had laughed with her, and been her merry companion for weeks, but never till that instant did he imagine the possibility of any passion arising in her breast more strong or more romantic than the friendly feeling which existed in his. From that moment the relation between them was changed. Her secret being once known, she no longer scrupled to acknowledge each impulse as it arose, in expressions as warm as they were innocent. From a maidenly, and almost painful, reserve, she passed into the extreme state of inconsiderate ingenuousness. She rarely spoke of any thing but him, and her love for him. She planned for the future, she revelled over the past, but always as connected with, or arising from him. Yet, though she neither checked her words nor her actions when with him alone, before others it was impossible to detect in her the slightest variation from the indifference with which she used to regard all who were not of her own family, even though not absolutely strangers. Having told me thus much of my girl, he next dis-

closed his own sentiments regarding her. He said, candidly, that though from the first he had admired her as a creature of a superior order, yet had he never felt for her anything beyond the tempered regard which sprang from such an intimacy towards such a character. 'I revered her innocence, her guileless and simple morality; I liked her as my companion, I was grateful to her for her kindness in my behalf: but till the hour when, as a flash of lightning, the fact of her loving me burst upon me, it was my belief that she herself was incapable either of conceiving or of exciting that gentler interest which we term love. From that instant, however, I was perplexed between two opposite intentions—one, to leave your neighbourhood instantly, as I could not endure to see her pine with unreturned affection; the other, to force a feeling which had not sprung up spontaneously, and render myself, by industry, worthy to be loved by such an admirable and perfect creature. The latter plan prevailed. I tutored myself into a state of factitious sentiment, so far as to believe that the love was not wholly on her side. Without deluding myself into the notion that my frame and sphere of character could ever be so elevated as her own, I yet thought I could return, by anxious services and attention, that fondness which she manifested for me; and, therefore, in my weakness, I did not attempt to restrain the exhibitions of her sentiment, or destroy the opportunities for them, which were afforded to her by the absence of her sister. But that sister arrived at last, and I was undeceived. In a few moments I *felt* that my heart was still untouched. In a few moments I bowed to the fascinations of Madelena, and now, in a repentant season, I have resolved to quit a scene, where I must always be a torture to myself, and—far worse—to that angelic creature who gave me her virgin heart, and trusted in me. I have behaved, I know not how. Since the return of Madelena I have been in ceaseless agony. I go, I care not where; but my prayer is, that I may not leave behind me one atom of the great mass of pain which will hang on my heart whithersoever I wander. Feign for me some reasonable excuse for departure. How could I bear to see again that innocent girl, and know that she is pouring out for me so many blessed wishes, and prayers, and hopes, which I am requiting by ingratitude—by base and villainous deceit? The sacrifice, were I now to offer her my hand, would be nothing; but my conscience would not suffer her to be so abused. For ever will my purest thoughts turn to her as their origin, and my strongest benevolence strive for her as its object. But my heart—my wicked heart—points elsewhere—and she shall not be abused!'

"His story was completed. Again, and fervently he grasped my hand, as I sat in wonder and silence listening to so unexpected a narration. It was nearly for the last time. Shortly after he bade us adieu. I cannot describe the parting; he had won all our hearts; and that night was the most dismal one we had had for years. He was to sail at daybreak. I got up early on the following morning, and, sauntering upon my terrace, I made out clearly, on the western horizon, the white sail of the Spanish brig. He was gone;—in that speck upon the ocean went his world of troubles. How many distracting thoughts were throbbing there! What a tumult, what an honourable conflict is waging in that bosom! Peace be with him, poor fellow! he has acted well!

"Such were my reflections (and my eyes were moistened as they rose within me), when I took a last farewell view of the diminishing sails of



his little vessel. I went down to my customary cup of coffee, but none of the girls were there to help me to it. I called, but no one answered. I called again; still no reply. Then, in impatience or anxiety, or what not, I hurried up to their rooms. That which contained the two elder ones was empty; I passed on to the other; in that were three of my daughters, I saw not which; and as they heard my approach, they skulked to the further corner, and scarcely seemed willing to look at me. I demanded the cause of all this. Their tears and dishevelled looks told some part of the tale. I looked for the fourth—I inquired for her; they did not, they *could* not answer me. Of Gianina, no one might say a word.

"It would weary you, Sir, were I to repeat one half of our horrible conjectures upon this her strange disappearance. In vain I questioned Madelena, and strove to discover something from her as to the probable fate of her so recent companion. They had, as usual, retired to rest together on the preceding evening, they had recited the customary prayers, and she fancied that her sister had been the first to fall asleep; she awoke in the morning, and her place was vacant. My only comfort now-a-days was from the little particulars which Madelena afforded me of her sister's love for the Englishman, and his return of it. She said that Gianina had for a long time been very reserved about her attachment to him, but that at last she had disclosed every thing, in consequence of her lover's making a confidante of her on the evening but one before his departure. On that occasion he contrived, when Gianina was out of the way, to address himself to her on the subject of her sister's passion. He said, that his object in making her acquainted with it was, to enable her to comfort Gianina when he was gone, and use her most judicious efforts to obliterate the recollection of him. He confessed that, from the first, he had distrusted the character of his own requital of this regard, and that *now* he had become convinced that he could not love her as she loved him. His departure was so immediate, and his chance of again seeing them so very slight, that he would hazard the acknowledgment, that those feelings were won by *her* which Gianina had every claim to. In a mood of painful excitement, he seized the fair hand of her he was addressing, and imprinting upon it a kiss, which seemed to bear with it his very soul, he cried, 'May God and the Virgin bless you! I have been foolish to say so much; but in telling you, who are every body's darling, that I love you, I do not say aught to astonish you or disgrace myself. Yet, I have done wrong—it is the last time! Farewell, dearest! may you be happy!' She saw him but for a moment on the following day; but Gianina having learnt that her attachment was no longer unknown, was, during that day, very explicit on the subject whenever she had the opportunity, and talked of him as one to whom her life and all its energies were devoted.

"A painful time followed. Weeks succeeded weeks, but no comfort came. Others perhaps soon forgot poor Gianina; but she was not one whose place with us could be well supplied. At last, a packet one day brought us a fumigated letter, pierced through and through, and bearing the post mark of Gibraltar. It was from the Englishman.—I will show it you."

The old man went to the corner of the room, and opening a rough and unwilling drawer, extracted thence a dark, begrimed letter, which he handed me to read.—This was its purport:—

"My dear friend: I have lost no opportunity of writing to you, anxious, as you must be, to know all that is possible about your dear Gianina. I will proceed, in order of time, to relate all that has happened since our departure from Syracuse. On the morning of making sail, I was too unwell to remain long on deck, and so betook myself to my cot, though the weather was tolerably fine, until the evening. Being then seized with an oppressive thirst, I called lustily for some wine and water, or coffee, or whatever else their stores would afford me. A gruff voice answered that my boy would bring me something. Not fully hearing, and not at all understanding this speech, I was yet too indolent to demand an explanation; and accordingly waited until a little fellow in the common dress of a servant, brought me a glass of acqua vita and water. He handed the glass to me, spilling some of its contents; and as he delivered the rest, he laid his soft gentle hand upon mine, and uttered the word 'Hush!' in a low and well-remembered voice.—It was your daughter! I sprang from my bed, and in a few minutes we were together in an unobserved corner of the deck, where she explained the mystery of being there and thus detected. She said, that hearing of my intended departure, she felt her spirit breaking; and fully convinced that flight with me, or madness if left, was her alternative, she determined to abandon her kindred for my sake, trusting implicitly in my honour, and content if she might remain as she then was—my menial servant! She had gazed beneath the rising moon to the point where lay hid her quiet home, but she smiled as she looked upwards at me, and said that her world was *there*! I will not tire you with a narrative of feelings that are now past, or a statement of plans which fate has marked out for me. I ask your blessing on our nuptials; they will be consummated as soon as we are permitted to land; but this place is in a state of consternation from the appearance of their old malady, and if it continue, I know not what we shall do, for no seaport will receive vessels coming hence.—She is in perfect health, and cheerful as she used to be in her own happy home. I cannot express all I feel towards you; to Madelena what shall I say?—Adieu!"

"After this letter, we did not hear for a long time. The next thing that came was the intelligence that he had fallen ill of the fever, and that no entreaty could keep her from him. She watched him most carefully to the end of his disorder, and was providentially guarded against it herself. Upon his recovery they were united according to the ceremonies of both churches—for she would not forsake that of her forefathers—and not long after took ship and returned to Sicily. When we received them, we were all struck with the falling off of poor Gianina's looks, partly from exhaustion during his illness, partly from the voyage; but more than all, I fear, from a suspicion that he had married her on a point of honour, rather than from love, and the constant and nervous solicitude to win his heart by acts of kindness done at any personal risk or sacrifice. Yet, to do him justice, he never displayed any thing less than an unbounded and genuine affection for his little wife. Whatever might be defective, arose perhaps from the greatness of her ambition to be loved, or was traced by those little indications which are felt only by the principals in such cases. As for her sister, all jealousy towards her was now out of the question. She was about to be espoused in a few days to a substantial merchant of Palermo, and so seldom was she out of the company of her *promesso sposo*, that my English son had no means,

even if he had the will, to renew that disastrous passion which he had before so laudably resisted. Yet his countenance might almost be supposed to experience a shade of variation, as she spoke to him, or when the discourse fell upon the events of his previous visit; but it might have been interpreted as naturally resulting from associations of the past with the present; especially when it was remembered how short had been the interval between his declaration of love for the one, and his consummation of it with the other. But when the time for her nuptials drew nigh, and it was expected that he would take part in the holy festival, or, at any rate, join in the family rejoicings on the occasion, it was with pain they heard him declare that he must decline all participation; sheltering his denial under a thousand frivolous excuses—his difference of religion—weakness of spirits—and beyond all, a pretended engagement with a friend to penetrate into the *campagna*, or interior parts of the island, which he had never before visited. Dissatisfaction was on the countenances of all at this announcement. Madelena, alone, half suspected the cause, and perhaps half-rejoiced that the impression which her charms had made should not yet be effaced. But Gianina looked as though her hope was turned into despair, and the brightness of that eye which had cheered many a festive day when others were dull, now was, for the first time, shaded by a gloom that was not again thoroughly dispersed. But his voice to her was more soothing and kind than ever, and for a day or two before his excursion he abandoned all other society, and lived only with her. He left this house two days before my Madelena was married. He returned a week afterwards, conducted home with difficulty by his English companion, having been caught by the marsh fever, or malaria of the pestilential districts. His face was thin and sallow, his limbs quivering, his blood heated and chill at the same moment: I never saw such an instance of the disorder. A year before, and a finer youth never went to battle. Now a child could have outmastered him—a spectre could not have been more unsightly. Gianina was by his side night and day. Her care protracted the operations of the disease, but could not parry them. He lingered on, to become every hour more convinced that in this world he could not hope to requite one little moiety of the debt of affection incurred to his wife. He lingered on, to fear that the sin of not having requited it might be registered against him, to forbid his entering there where his earthly affections might be renewed and purified. He lingered on, his life spun out by the solicitude of his constant nurse, and entailing upon her an inheritance of disease which would shorten her passage through this desolate world. Before he died, he confessed that he absented himself from Madelena's marriage, in the wish to avoid a spectacle which to him was still painful. He had been punished! I do believe, from my soul, that never worshipper so adored his idol as this dying man revered his poor wife during the last scenes of this tragedy. The strength of love grew upon him, and only combatted with those pious thoughts which she herself would prompt, though otherwise, she herself was sure to be the theme of his contemplations. He died in her arms, begging pardon for the love of which he had defrauded her till now, and in fragments, speaking with assurance of a happier meeting in a happier world."

"And Gianina?"

"In the left aisle of the Augustine church, just below the shrine of St. Magdalene, you will see a flat tablet with a name ———, for she did not hold up long afterwards."

ÆVAH.



## MEMOIRS OF JOHN SHIPP.\*

THIS John Shipp is a fine fanfaronading-sort of fellow—every inch a soldier. He has an extraordinary tale to tell, has told it freely and fairly, and deserves to be heard. The pen, indeed, is not his weapon, but he handles it boldly; and though he knows nothing of the perils he encounters, the fullest knowledge would never have daunted his adventurous spirit. The book is full of offence against what is considered good taste and cultivated feeling, and the fastidious must expect to be revolted at every turn. They must make the best of it. For our own parts, annoyed as we are perpetually with affectation and pretence, we are well content with a little roughness and defiance of niceties, accompanied, as it is in this case, with some genuine and unusual experience; and find the jokes of the guard-room about as refined as those of the mess. Shipp knows something of both, and he has given us the full benefit of his double acquirements. Though our intention is to present to our country readers—for the book will scarcely reach them—some considerable extracts, we must preface them with a slight sketch of the writer's career.

Shipp was born in 1785, and left, in his infancy, an orphan, to the mercy of the parish officers. At seven or eight years, he was placed with a farmer, whose brutalities he details at some length and with some bitterness. He reminds us of a wretch of this cast, who boasted of taking out the pith and vigour of his labourers in four or five years, and never considered them worth a rush after that period. He estimated them precisely as he did his horses—by their strength and powers of endurance; and, being the chief of his parish, he carried his theory resolutely into practice, and was surely one of the veriest tyrants that every disgraced humanity. To quit this atrocious monster, Shipp gladly acceded to the wishes of the overseers to take him to the dépôt at Colchester, and enter him into one of the experimental regiments. These were the 22d, 34th, and 65th, consisting of a thousand boys each, from ten to sixteen, and were destined to relieve the parishes. Though making most excellent soldiers, this experiment—by the way, we know not why—was never repeated: yet surely, with the daily complaints of the increase of juvenile delinquency, a recurrence to this expedient would be one of the most effective measures that could possibly be devised. Shipp was ten years of age when he joined this corps, and, after a year or two spent at Hilsea barracks, was sent to the Cape, where the regiment was employed in a pretty rough warfare against the Caffrees, till, in 1801, the colony was delivered up to the Dutch, and the regiment proceeded to India.

In 1803, wearying of the drum and fife, and ambitious of distinction—active and alive—he solicited to be placed in the ranks. The request was granted—with the rank of corporal, which was quickly followed by farther promotion—passing through all gradations, to the important post of chief non-commissioned officer. On every occasion of danger, he was foremost—till, finally, at the memorable siege of Bhurtpore, in 1805—he was then but twenty—he volunteered to lead the forlorn hope, and was promised a commission if he survived. In four desperate attempts was

\* Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in His Majesty's 87th Regiment. 3 vols. 8vo. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

this impregnable post stormed, and three times Shipp led the way, wounded severely every time. Recovered from his wounds, he was rewarded with an ensigncy, and, in a few weeks, with a lieutenancy; and, for some time, acted as extra aide-de-camp to the brigadier-general. In 1807, he returned with his regiment to England, where, in a few months, in a country town, he got into pecuniary difficulties, and obtained leave to sell out. Debts paid, he was again upon the world; and, seeing no impediment to his again running the same career, he forthwith, with his characteristic care-nothing recklessness, enlisted in a marching regiment, and was again almost immediately sent to India.

For seven long years he served as a non-commissioned officer—the greater part of the time as serjeant-major; and, in 1815, again by his gallantry, won another commission—a thing unparalleled, perhaps, in the British army. As lieutenant of the 87th, he led the attack of Huttrass, and was again wounded. After the close of the Pindaree war, came peace, for which Shipp was much less fitted. Idleness worked mischief. He joined the major of his regiment in a racing partnership, in the course of which differences arose, and Shipp impetuously expressed his dissatisfaction with both the major and the lieutenant-colonel. For this breach of discipline—for so it was construed—he was brought to a court-martial, first, for charging the major with persecution; and next, the colonel with unfairly listening to Major Browne's misrepresentations, and excluding Shipp from all opportunity of explaining. The court, after sentencing him to dismissal from the service, recommended him to mercy, on the grounds of his former gallantry, his numerous wounds, and the high character he still bore; and the sentence was, in consequence, remitted, and, in lieu of it—a favour almost equally galling—leave of absence was granted, and a removal to the half-pay. The prosecutor himself, in reply to a question, said, "I consider him, and indeed know him to be, up to the present moment, one of the best officers in his Majesty's service." The fact is, this was a private quarrel, and the proper way of dealing with it was not by a court-martial, but by removal to another regiment, either of Shipp or of his superior officers. Shipp publishes the official details of the trial, and we form our judgment on the perusal of them: of any thing beyond, we know nothing.

This occurred in 1823, and in the following year he came to England—since which he has remained unemployed, on half-pay, and with a pension of 50*l.* from the India Company. The avowed object of his work is the chance of attracting attention to his very hard case. He is in the full vigour of life, passionately devoted to the service, and panting for action. This, we fear, is not the course; but, in the changes and chances of life, it may be as successful as any the most prudent could suggest. The pages are full of interesting materials, communicating information—from the writer's very peculiar position—which rarely fall under the consideration of men differently placed. We shall give our extracts without much regard to connexion.

At eighteen, when at Calcutta, he felt the stirrings of ambition, and solicited a change:—

"In about a week after having made this request, I was transferred from the drummers' room, and promoted to the rank of corporal. This was promotion indeed—three steps in one day! From drum-boy to private; from a battalion company to the Light Bobs; and from private to corporal. I was not long before I paraded myself in the tailor's shop, and tipped the master-

snip a rupee to give me me a good and neat cut, such as became a full corporal. By evening parade my blushing honours came thick upon me. The captain came upon parade, and read aloud the regimental orders of the day, laying great stress upon—'to the rank of corporal, and to be obeyed accordingly.' I was on the right of the company, being the tallest man on parade, when I was desired by the company to fall out, and give the time. I did so, and never did a fogleman cut more capers; but here an awkward accident happened. In shouldering arms, I elevated my left hand high in the air; extended my leg in an oblique direction, with the point of my toe just touching the ground; but, in throwing the musket up in a fogle-like manner, the cock caught the bottom of my jacket, and down came brown Bess flat upon my toes, to the great amusement of the tittering company. I must confess, I felt queer; but I soon recovered my piece and my gravity, and all went on smoothly till I got into the barracks, where a quick hedge-firing commenced from all quarters; such as,—'Shoulder *hems!*'—'Shoulder *hems!*'—'Twig the fogleman!' This file-firing increased to volleys, till I was obliged to exert my authority by threatening them with the guard-house, for riotous conduct; but this only increased the merriment: so I pocketed the affront, as the easiest and most good-natured mode of escape; my persecutors ceased, and thus ended my first parade as a non-commissioned officer.

"In my new sphere of life I now felt that there was, unquestionably, some satisfaction derivable from being

" 'Clothed in a little brief authority.'

A corporal has to take command of small guards; is privileged to visit the sentinels whenever he pleases; his suggestions are frequently attended to by his superiors; and his orders must be promptly obeyed by those below him. There is certainly a pleasure in all this, and a man rises proportionately in his own esteem. In short, to confess the truth, I now looked upon a drum-boy as little better than his drum.

"Full of the importance of my situation and duties, thus passed the time for nearly six months, at the end of which I was advanced to the rank of sergeant, and, shortly afterwards, to that of pay-sergeant, in the same regiment. The post of pay-sergeant is certainly one of importance, and he who holds it a personage of no small consideration. He feeds and clothes the men; lends them money at *moderate* interest and on good security; and sells them watches and seals, on credit, at a price *somewhat* above what they cost, to be sure, but the mere sight of which, dangling from a man's fob, has been known to gain him the character of a sober, steady fellow, and one that should be set down for promotion. Thus, at least, good may sometimes be educes from evil; and, as it is not my intention to enter into a detail of the chicanery practised among the minor ranks in the army, let it suffice that I never served in a company in which every individual could not buy, sell, exchange, lend, and borrow, on terms peculiar to themselves."

In the pursuit of Hoolkah, he gives an animated sketch of the Pindaree:—

"Hoolkah, a native Pindaree, was at this time in full force, with about sixty thousand horse, and twenty-five thousand infantry, encamped a short distance from us, ever on the alert to watch our movements, and supported by Ameerkhan, and other self-created Rajahs. From the very nature of this service, against a flying enemy, thoroughly acquainted with the localities of the country, we had but little chance of coming up with them. Any thing like a general engagement they studiously avoid: plunder only is their aim. In this way they pay themselves, giving their chiefs any great article of value that may fall into their hands; that is to say, if they are known to have it. Their wives are excellent horse-women, and many of them good shots with the matchlocks, and active swords-women. They are always mounted on the best horse, and it is not an unusual thing for them to carry one child before



them, and another behind, at full speed. The Pindaree horsemen (and, indeed, all horsemen in India) have a decided advantage over the English. Their horses are so taught that they can turn them right round for fifty times without the horse's moving his hind-legs from the same circle, or pull them up at full speed instantaneously. Our horses are heavy, fat, and quite unmanageable with the bit; it takes them as long to get round as a ship; and you cannot pull them up under ten or twenty yards. Some of their horsemen have spears seventeen feet in length, which they handle in so masterly a style that singly they are dangerous persons to have any thing to say to; but I have frequently seen Lord Lake charge, with his body-guard, a whole column of them, and put them to the rout."

On the occasion of attacking a mud-fort, he gives the result of his observations:—

"Our operations against the fort continued active and resolute; but our balls made but little impression upon the mud bastions and curtains. Many of them scarcely buried themselves, and others rolled down into the under-works of the enemy, and were kindly sent back to us. It is almost folly to attempt to effect a practicable breach in a fort built of such materials. The crust you knock off the face of a bastion or curtain, forms a great barrier to your approach to a solid footing. Young engineers are too apt to judge, from the appearance of the fallen mud, that the breach is practicable; when, the first step the storming-party takes, they find they sink up to their necks in light earth. A woful instance of this nature I shall have to advert to more particularly in the course of my narrative; and, if it prove a timely hint to the inexperienced, I shall be rewarded. Stone forts are soon demolished; when undermined well at the bottom, the top will soon follow, and they cannot easily be repaired; but mud forts defy human power."

Of the storming of Bhurtpore, we have nowhere seen the details so distinctly given. He himself, we have already said, led the forlorn hope three times out of four. Of the first, after detailing the preparations, he says—

"We pushed on at speed; but were soon obliged to halt. A ditch, about twenty yards wide, and four or five deep, branched off from the main trench. This ditch formed a small island, on which were posted a strong party of the enemy, with two guns. Their fire was well directed, and the front of our column suffered severely. The fascines and gabions were thrown in; but they were as a drop of water in the mighty deep: the fire became hotter, and my little band of heroes plunged into the water, followed by our two companies, and part of the 75th Regiment. The middle of the column broke off, and got too far down to the left; but we soon cleared the little island. At this time Colonel Maitland and Major Campbell joined me, with our brave officers of the two companies, and many of the other corps. I proposed following the fugitives; but our duty was to gain the breach, our orders being confined to that subject. We did gain it; but imagine our surprise and consternation, when we found a perpendicular curtain going down to the water's edge, and no footing, except on pieces of trees and stones that had fallen from above. This could not bear more than three men abreast, and if they slipped (which many did), a watery grave awaited them, for the water was extremely deep here. Close on our right was a large bastion, which the enemy had judiciously hung with dead underwood. This was fired, and it threw such a light upon the breach, that it was as clear as noonday. They soon got guns to bear on us, and the first shot (which was grape) shot Colonel Maitland dead, wounded Major Campbell in the hip or leg, me in the right shoulder, and completely cleared the remaining few of my little party. We had at that moment reached the top of the breach, not more (as I before stated) than three a-breast, when we found that the enemy had completely repaired that part, by driving in

large pieces of wood, stakes, stones, bushes, and pointed bamboos, through the crevices of which was a mass of spears jobbing diagonally, which seemed to move by mechanism. Such was the footing we had, that it was utterly impossible to approach these formidable weapons. Meantime, small spears or darts were hurled at us; and stones, lumps of wood, stink-pots, and bundles of lighted straw, thrown upon us. In the midst of this tumult, I got one of my legs through a hole, so that I could see into the interior of the fort. The people were like a swarm of bees. In a moment I felt something seize my foot: I pulled with all my might, and at last succeeded in disengaging my leg, but leaving my boot behind me. Our establishing ourselves on this breach, in sufficient force to dislodge this mass of spearsmen, was physically impossible. Our poor fellows were mowed down like corn-fields, without the slightest hope of success. The rear of the column suffered much, as they were within range of the enemy's shot. A retreat was ordered, and we were again obliged to take to the water, and many a poor wounded soldier lost his life in this attempt. Not one of our officers escaped without being wounded, and Lieutenant Creswell was almost cut to pieces. He, I believe, still lives in England; and, should this little history fall into his hands, he will read these events with as much regret as the narrator writes them. We, as may be supposed, returned almost broken-hearted at this our first failure in India. Our loss was a melancholy one, and the conviction that the poor wounded fellows we were compelled to leave behind would be barbarously massacred, incited our brave boys to beg a second attempt. This was denied: had it been granted, it must infallibly have proved abortive; for there was, literally, *no breach*."

The second attack is thus described:—

"I once more took my station with my twelve volunteers, supported by my two companies as before. A shell from one of the howitzers was a signal to move. On this signal being given, the shell, bursting in the muzzle of the gun or mortar, killed two of our grenadiers: a sad beginning. The bridge followed the Forlorn Hope, carried on men's shoulders, and must have appeared some extraordinary monster to those who were not acquainted with its intended use. We moved on, and before I got half way down to the fort, six of my men were killed or wounded. The enemy, no doubt encouraged by our late defeat, had redoubled their fire, both in guns and men; and on the right side of the breach they had thrown out an under-work, which was filled with matchlock-men, and in which they had several guns. My men kept falling off one by one; and when I arrived at the edge of the ditch, which appeared wide and deep, and was assisting the men with the bridge, I received a matchlock ball, which entered over the right eye, and passed out over the left. This tumbled me, my forehead literally hanging over my nose, and the wound bleeding profusely. I was at this time close to our gallant Captain Lindsay, who, at the same moment, received a ginjall-ball in the right knee, which shattered the bone to pieces. I recovered a little from the stun of my wound, when the first thing that met my eye (for I could only see with one) was the bamboo bridge quietly gliding down the stream, being some yards too short. Nothing but killed and wounded could be seen, and there was not the most distant chance of getting in. To have attempted crossing the ditch would have been an act of madness. In descending we must have plunged over our heads in water, and they had two small guns bearing on the spot. At last a retreat was ordered. Previous to this, our poor fellows stood like sheep to be shot at, without the remotest hope of success. The camels and elephants, alarmed by the tremendous firing and shouting, could not be induced to approach the fort, many of them throwing their loads and running back to camp, and wild into the woods. Seven hundred men were killed and wounded on this occasion. Our brave Captain Lindsay's wound was so bad that his leg was amputated in the battery. My wound was a dangerous one, having touched the bone. I was immediately sent home to camp, where I

lay completely blind for several days. This, added to our disastrous defeat, threw me into a fever, and nearly cost me my life; but, with the aid of a kind Providence, and the advantage of a strong and unimpaired constitution, I soon recovered.

Of the third and fourth, he says—

“When this strange rencounter had subsided, the storming-party was ordered for twelve o'clock. Reader, imagine my disappointment when my doctor most positively forbade me my being employed on this occasion, as my wound in the forehead was still in such a state that, should I get heated or catch cold, he feared an inflammation of the brain would take place. I could have thrown what few brains I had in his face, but I was obliged to obey. The forlorn hope was led by Lieutenant Templer, of the 76th regiment, as brave a little fellow as ever wore a red coat. I looked on at a short distance from the scene of action, and a desperate hard struggle it was. No sooner did our brave boys gain the top of the breach, than the well-directed fire from the fort swept them off. Footing they had none; they literally hung on the bosom of the bastion. A third retreat was the result; leaving behind them upwards of five hundred dead and wounded: indeed, they might all be said to be dead, for death was inevitable. The enemy again manned the breach in swarms, shouting victory! It would have been better for me had I been there, for I am sure I fought and struggled as hard as any one engaged. I cannot describe my feelings and those of the other spectators of this dreadful scene; but what can eight or ten men a-breast do against a legion, posted aloft, and protected by walls, bastions, &c., and where every possible engine is in requisition for their destruction? Thus exposed, there was never any real chance of success. The whole circumference of the bastion, if lined with men, would not have contained more than fifteen or twenty men a-breast; and the whole means of the fort were levelled on this small space, to their certain defeat and destruction. All that was in the power of mortal man to do was done, but all our efforts were in vain.

“The storming-party was again ordered for the following day. I suffered an excruciating headache, but said nothing of the badness of my wound, which at that time bore a most frightful appearance, resolved to die rather than give up my past honour. I assured my doctors that I was well, and felt quite adequate to take my station, and entreated that they would not stand between me and glory. At last they consented, and I made the most of the short period between that and the storm, in supplicating the divine protection, and in penning a letter to my only relation, on account of arranging my little affairs. I had made up my mind that I could not, in all human probability, escape a third time: but He alone who created life can destroy it. In the evening I left my tent, to seek in solitude that consolation for my troubled bosom which the drunken and tumultuous riot of a camp could but ill afford.

“Two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day was ordered for the assault. I forgot my aches and wounds, and was at my old post. Lieutenant Templer, of His Majesty's 76th Regiment (he was but a little man, but he possessed the heart of a lion), accompanied me on this occasion, with a small Union Jack, to plant on the enemy's bastion. He gave me his hand, and, smilingly, said, —‘Shipp, I am come to rob you of part of your glory; you are a regular monopolist of that commodity.’ He continued, ‘I will place Old England's banner on their haughty bastion, or die in the attempt!’ He fell a victim to his zeal, having first planted his colour on the bastion.

“The storming-party marched out in the usual steady order; yet, from our recent calamitous defeats, there was not that spirit amongst the men which I had witnessed on former occasions. We had already experienced three disastrous repulses from this fort, and there now seemed a cloud on every brow, which proceeded, I have no hesitation in asserting, from a well-grounded apprehension that this, our fourth assault, would be concluded by



another retreat. If any sight could be exhibited to the human eye that was calculated to work upon the feelings of men already disappointed and dispirited, it was the scene that was exposed to our view on approaching this breach; for there lay our poor comrades who had fallen in previous attempts, many of them in a state of nudity; some without heads; some without arms or legs; and others whose bodies exhibited the most barbarous cruelties, for they were literally cut to pieces. The sight was truly awful and appalling, and the eye of pity closed instinctively on such a spectacle of woe. Those who attempted to extend the hand of relief were added to the number of the slain, as the spot was much exposed to a cross-fire from the fort. Could any sight be more distressing for affectionate comrades to look on? I say affectionate, for, among men living together in one barrack, and, perhaps, under one tent, in familiar intercourse, there must be a greater regard for each other than is found to subsist among those who meet casually, once a day or once a week. In a soldier's barrack, the peculiarities, good or bad, of every individual are known; added to which, arduous services will always link men together in the bond of union and affection. Many of these mutilated objects still breathed, and could be seen to heave the agonized bosom, some raised their heads clotted with blood; others their legs and arms; and, in this manner, either made signs to us, or faintly cried for help and pity. It was a sight to turn nature's current, and to melt a heart of stone. Such was its effect upon our lines, that, after a short conflict of the softer feelings, the eye of every man flashed the vivid spark of vengeance against the cruel race who had committed such wanton barbarities; and, if mortal effort could have surmounted the obstacles in our path, those who witnessed the horrid scene I have just described must infallibly have succeeded. But the effort was beyond mortal power. Braver hearts, or more loyal, never left the Isle of Albion, than those who fell like withered leaves, and found a soldier's grave at Bhurtpore.

"Our ascent was found, for the fourth time, to be quite impossible: every man who showed himself was sure of death. The soldiers in the fort were in chain armour. I speak this from positive conviction, for I myself fired at one man three times in the bastion, who was not six yards from me, and he did not even bob his head. We were told afterwards, that every man defending the breach was in full armour, which was a coat, breast-plate, shoulder-plates, and armlets, with a helmet and chain face-guard; so that our shots could avail but little. I had not been on the breach more than five minutes, when I was struck with a large shot on my back, thrown down from the top of the bastion, which made me lose my footing, and I was rolling down sideways, when I was brought up by a bayonet of one of our grenadiers passing through the shoe, into the fleshy part of the foot, and under the great toe. My fall carried everything down that was under me. The man who assisted me in getting up, was at that moment shot dead: his name was Courtenay, of the 22d Light Company. I regained my place time enough to see poor Lieutenant Templer, who planted the colour on the top, cut to pieces, by one of the enemy rushing out, and cutting him almost in two, as he lay flat upon his face on the top of the breach. The man was immediately shot dead, and trotted to the bottom of the ditch. I had not been in my new place long, when a stink-pot, or other earthen pot, containing combustible matter, fell on my pouch, in which were about fifty rounds of ball cartridges. The whole exploded: my pouch I never saw more, and I was precipitated from the top to the bottom of the bastion. How I got there in safety I know not; but, when I came to myself, I found I was lying under the breach, with my legs in the water. I was much hurt from the fall, my face was severely scorched, my clothes much burnt, and all the hair on the back of my head burnt off. I for a time could not tell where I was. I crawled to the opposite side of the bank, and seated myself by a soldier of the same company, who did not know me. I sat here, quite unable to move, for some little time, till a cannon-ball struck in the ditch, which knocked the mud all over me. This added greatly

to the elegance of my appearance ; and in this state I contrived, somehow or other, to crawl out of the ditch. At this moment the retreat was sounded, after every mortal effort had been made in vain.

The advice which he offers to young men destined for India, is the result of long experience. The following is excellent as a warning, and as a piece of description :—

“ A young man, on joining his regiment, which happens to be stationed in some remote part of the country, instead of meeting with that hospitality and friendly association which he has a right to expect at a well-regulated mess (the great basis of unanimity amongst the officers of a corps), finds every officer of the regiment living separate, and *keeping native women*. With these women they spend the greater part of their time, to the entire neglect of the more intellectual and rational pursuits of men. With such examples before his eyes ; at a solitary place, far from any large station, where good society is to be met with ; deprived of the company of his brother officers, and doomed to a life of unvaried monotony ; the inexperienced youth who joins the regiment, is but too often induced to fall in with the prevailing folly ; and, at length, instigated by others, and seduced by the amorous professions of a mercenary fair (or rather black) one, he consents to keep her and her numerous attendants. This connexion being formed, he may, probably, ask himself this question,—‘ Who is it that I have thus selected to be my companion,—the sharer of my fortunes, the participator of my cares, the solace of my woes, and the partner of my bed?’ If he does not know, I will tell him, in plain terms, but without the least exaggeration. She is a black woman, labouring under the influence of dark idolatry ; so ignorant as to be wholly unfit for your companion ; so immodest and lascivious as to be disgusting ; jealous in her disposition ; cruel in her nature ; despotic to your household ; extravagant in her expenditure ; and her sole object in connecting herself with you, is the mercenary prospect of having herself, and those whom she may please to call her relations, kept at your expense. This, young man, is a true character of the object you have selected to spend your days with.

“ To a consciousness of the consequences of this illicit and vicious connexion, a man is first awakened by the inharmonious jabber of half a dozen black bantlings surrounding his table, which groans under huge dishes of curry and rice. When each little darkling is ushered into the world, gold bangles are expected for the mother, silver ones for the nurses, new dresses for all the lady’s relations, and a grand dinner to her whole circle of acquaintance—at least fifty persons. When the darling little creature is christened, a similar routine of expenditure must be quietly submitted to, to which is usually added an entertainment to your brother officers, on which truly interesting occasion you would be accounted but a shabby fellow if you did not sport sparkling champagne. When the child begins to toddle, there is another day of jubilee,—for all which rejoicing poor ‘master’ pays the piper. Then comes the day when the little duck begins to lisp the endearing names of pa’ and ma’. This is another gala-day ; and before all these holidays have been duly observed, the probability is, that ‘master’ receives an addition to his already-crowded circle, by the production of another dear little stranger, with master’s nose and eyes.

“ Thus goes on the life of a man who has once formed a connexion of the kind of which I speak, till at last he awakens to reflection and remorse, and distractedly asks himself—‘ What have I been doing ? What is to become of these children ? Can I abandon them ? Am I not already a beggar, for ever estranged from my native land, and cut off from all chance of again seeing my dear relations in England?’ Alas ! these reflections are too late, and it remains only for the victim of his own folly to consider what he has remaining which may console him. Has he love?—No. Has he peace of mind?—No. Are the children which he is supporting his own?—Very doubtful even this. Is his mode of life such as he can reconcile to his principles or

feelings?—No. In short, he has nothing but the gratification of a sensual appetite to set against all the misery which must inevitably be entailed on him by its indulgence. His moral principles become vitiated; his prospects for the future cannot fail to be blighted; and he has little but wretchedness to look forward to. I have myself known officers intimately who have formed these sad connexions, and who, although they certainly did not absolutely become Musselmen or Hindoos, yet have been so infatuated as to lose, to all appearance, every thought for the present, and all regard for the future. Let but the iron hand of poverty assail you, or sickness enter your doors, then shall you find that those whom you have for years fed, clothed, and cherished, will be the first to turn and sting you; all will then unite to benefit themselves by your misfortunes; all your faithful lady's *soi-disant* relations will conspire to plunder you; and your charmer herself will soon take an opportunity of wounding you in the tenderest point, by eloping with one of her long-supported *brothers or cousins*, leaving you in your poverty, or on the bed of sickness, to drink the bitter draught of repentance. Should any of your offspring by this heartless woman be boys, they would be left behind to assist in soothing your cares, as unsaleable commodities; but for the girls, especially if they should have proved handsome, they would be carried off by the mother, for a purpose, the mere contemplation of which would, one would suppose, alone deter men from forming connexions so likely to entail misery both on themselves and the wretched offspring of their criminal indulgence."

No where have we seen so admirable a drill-scene as the following; it is essentially of the finest comic effect:—

" TWO DAYS IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

"The first morning after a young officer has joined his regiment, he finds himself exalted on a spirited steed, some sixteen hands high, from whose back he dares not cast the eye downward, to take even a glimpse of the immense space between him and the earth. His chin is so elevated by a leather stock, that he can just see the head and ears of the animal on which he sits; his heels are screwed out by the iron fist of the rough rider; and the small of his back is well bent in. Having been knocked and hammered into this posture, the word 'march' is given. This command the well-drilled animal obeys immediately, and the machine is suddenly set in motion, the result of which usually is, that the young gentleman speedily finds his way to the ground, with the loss of half a yard of skin from his shin, or with his nose grubbing in the earth.

" 'Well done, Sir; Astley himself could not have done better. Mount again, Sir; these things will happen in the best regulated riding-academies; and, in the army, Sir, you will have many ups and downs. Come, Sir, jump up, and don't be down-hearted because you are floored.'

" 'Well, sergeant, but I am very seriously hurt.'

" 'Nay, nay, I hope not, Sir; but you must be more cautious for the future.'

"The pupil mounts again, and the order is again given to march, and off goes the horse a second time, the sergeant roaring out, at intervals—'Well done, Sir! Head a little higher—toes in, Sir—heels out—bend the small of the back a little more—that will do, Sir—you look as majestic as the Black Prince in the Tower, or King Charles's statue at Charing Cross. Bravo, Sir—rode capitally! We will now try a little trot. Recollect, Sir, to keep your nag well in hand—*trot*.'

" 'Well done, indeed, Sir—knees a little lower down, if you please—that's higher, Sir—no, no, Sir, that's higher, I say—you look for all the world like a tailor on his shopboard. What are your elbows doing up there, Sir? Elbows close to your body—you pay no attention to what I say, Sir—*faster, faster*.'

" 'Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! Sergeant, halt, for God's sake! I shall be off! I shall be off! oh dear, oh dear!'



" 'Bravo, Sir, that's better—*faster*.'

" 'Sergeant! I am sick, sergeant!'

" 'Never mind such trifles, Sir; riding is an excellent remedy for all kinds of sickness. Now, recollect, in changing from one to two, you round the horse's croup well, by applying your right leg to his flank, and take care he does not kick you off.—*Change from one to two*.'

" 'Halt, Sir: halt! that won't do: what the devil are you about? That's the wrong way; I told you from one to two: turn your horse about from one to two.'

" 'I can only just see the top of the riding-school—I can see no figures at all, sergeant.'

" 'Well, Sir, we'll dispense with this for the present; but soldiers should learn to turn their eyes every where. Suppose we have another march, Sir. *March—trot—faster—faster*; very well, indeed. Now, Sir, you must recollect, when I say the word *halt*, that you pull your horse smartly up, by throwing your body well back, and pressing the calves (if any) of your legs to his side. If you don't keep your body upright, the horse's head will soon put it in its proper place. *Faster—a little faster—halt*. There, Sir, I told you what would be the consequence of your not keeping your head properly up!'

" 'Stop, stop; my nose bleeds, my nose bleeds!'

" 'Rough-rider, get a bucket of water for the gemman. You had better dismount, Sir.'

" 'Dismount, sergeant? How am I to get off this great beast?'

" 'Why, jump, Sir, to be sure—jump off. Come, Sir, we cannot wait all day; you delay the whole drill. Come, come, Sir, dismount!'

" 'Put your hand on the horse's rump, and lay fast hold of his mane,' cries a young officer, who had just surmounted the same difficulties, 'and you will soon be off.' The tyro in riding follows this friendly advice, and finds himself neatly floored by a tremendous plunge of the horse, thus finishing his first day's drill.

" The next morning the pupil attends the riding-school, with his nose somewhat embellished by his fall. He enters the school with his—'Good morning, sergeant;' for it is always good policy to keep friends with both riding-masters and rough-riders. 'Good morning, Sir,' says the sergeant; 'I hope you did not hurt yourself yesterday.'

" 'Oh, no—oh, no! Mere scratch—mere scratch—not worth mentioning.'

" 'Glad to hear it, Sir. We must expect in the army both scratches and falls. I have ordered you, for to-day, a horse somewhat more spirited, that will jump under you like an antelope.'

" 'Much obliged to you, indeed,' says the pupil, making a tremendous wry face.

" 'Oh, don't mention the obligation, Sir. It is my duty to make a good rider of you, and I flatter myself that I have turned out some of the best riders from this school that are to be found in the kingdom, and with as few accidents as could reasonably have been expected; though, of course, casualties will sometimes inevitably happen, in a large academy like this. To be sure,' continues the sergeant, winking at the rest of the party assembled, 'there was poor Cornet Shins, who broke his neck, and, by the by, off the very horse you are going to ride to-day; but that, of course, was no fault of the poor animal's. Then, there was Lieutenant Stew, who broke his thigh, and a few other trifling circumstances of this kind, which make good for the army.'

" 'Good for the army! How do you make that out?'

" 'Why, Sir, it is as plain as the eighteen manœuvres. We will just suppose, for the sake of argument, that your neck is broken this morning.'

" 'My good sergeant, what are you talking about?'

" 'I am only *supposing*, you understand, that your neck was broken; in which case it must be clear to you that you would make room for another: but come, Sir, we must proceed to business! Prepare to mount—*mount*—steady there—not an eye or muscle to move—pray, Sir, keep your horse

steady—put your left leg to him, and put him straight—don't touch him in the flank, Sir, or he will soon have you off—that will do—*march—sit still*, I beg, Sir; you are all on one side, like the lug-sail of a boat—that's better; now, Sir, *trot—faster—halt*. Pray, Sir, do be attentive.'

" 'My stirrups are too long.'

" 'Rough-rider, take them off, the gentleman will ride better without them. Now, Sir, off with you again—*march—faster—halt*. Why, Sir, you roll about like a ship in distress; pray keep your seat—*march*.'

" 'I am off, I am off!'

" 'Not yet, Sir.'

" 'Yes I am, yes I am.'

" 'Well, I believe you are now, Sir; at least I never saw any thing more like it in my life. I hope you are not hurt, Sir.'

" 'No, not much; but this horse is worse than the other.'

" 'Why, of course, I know that, Sir; you must have a worse horse every day. Come, Sir, mount again.'

" 'I can't; you have taken the stirrups off.'

" 'Oh, never mind that, Sir, jump up.'

" 'I can't.'

" 'Try, Sir; there is no remedy. Yonder I see the riding master coming this way.'

" 'The riding-master now comes up, and inquires into the progress of all his pupils.'

" 'Well, sergeant, how gets on Cornet Waddle?'

" 'Very well, indeed, Sir; he has only had two falls in two days.'

" 'I am glad to hear it. What horse is that he is on?'

" 'Kicking Billy, Sir.'

" 'Ah! a good horse to learn on. Heads up, Cornet Waddle—six inches from hand to hand—four inches from holster-pipes—that will do—*trot*. Bless me, Cornet White, how your elbows go; one would imagine you had been either a tailor or a fiddler. Do keep them close to your sides, Sir. We'll now try a little canter—*canter*. Very well, indeed—change from three to four. Cornet Shanks, pray keep those stretching legs of your's quiet, and feel the horse's mouth lightly. Not with that hand, Sir, but with the bridle. Keep down your knees—*faster—halt*. What, three of you off! Come, mount again, gentlemen; when I was a recruit, I fell fifty times a-day, and laughed at the fun. Now, hold on—*march—trot—gallop*. Cornet Waddle, let go the horse's mane; let go, Sir.'

" 'I can't Sir; if I do, I shall be off.'

" 'You must go faster, then, till you do—*faster—faster*; well done, indeed—*halt*. What, off again!'

The siege of Hutrass is detailed at great length; we take only a scrap, descriptive of the effects of shelling:—

" On the following day, after reconnoitring the fort and the ground in its vicinity, spots were fixed upon for new breaching and shelling batteries; and, in twenty-four hours afterwards, we commenced our work of death on the fort and its obdurate inmates. Long ere the hour of the sun's decline, it grew as dark as midnight. About ten o'clock, the terrific shelling commenced, every whistling shell bearing on its lighted wings messengers of death and desolation. I never saw these implements of destruction so accurately thrown—some of them scarcely five inches above the walls of the fort. In five minutes the screams of the women in the fort were dreadful. In a place so confined, where numberless houses were crowded together, every shell must have found its way to some poor wretch's dwelling, and, perhaps, torn from mothers' bosoms their clinging babes. No person can estimate the dreadful carnage committed by shells, but those whose fate it has been to witness the effects of these messengers of death. On this occasion our shells were very numerous, and of enormous size, many of them thirteen inches and a half in calibre. The system of shelling had been so improved in the twelve

years which had elapsed since the siege of Bhurtpore, that, instead of about one shell in five minutes from a single battery, it was by no means extraordinary to see twenty in one minute, from the numerous batteries which were brought to bear upon this place. It was, at times, truly awful to see ten of these soaring in the air together, seemingly riding on the midnight breeze, and disturbing the slumbering clouds on their pillows of rest; all transporting to a destined spot the implements of havoc and desolation contained within their iron sides. The moon hid herself, in seeming pensiveness, behind a dense black cloud, as though reluctant to look on such a scene; and the feathered tribe, that were wont, in those warm nights of summer, to melodize the breeze, retired far into the distant woods, there to tune their notes of sorrow. Mortal language cannot array such a scene in its garb of blackest woe. Some carcasses were also thrown. These, when in the air, are not unlike a fiery man soaring above. They are sent to burn houses, or blow up magazines. Far and wide they stretch forth their claws of death; and well might the poor natives call them devils of the night, or fiends of the clouds. To complete this dreadful scene, the roaring Congreves ran along the bastion's top, breaking legs and arms with their shaking tails. Nothing could be more grand to the eye, or more affecting to the sympathizing heart, than this horrid spectacle. Still, the superstitious foe were stimulated by some hoary priest with hopes of victory, thus imbruing their hands in the blood of their children, their parents, and their friends. Our shells found their way to their cells, tearing babes from their mothers' bosoms, and dealing death and destruction around. Oh! what must be the anguish of a fond mother, to see nothing but the head of her fondling hanging to her bosom."

As one of the most active officers of the army, Shipp was appointed baggage-master in the Pindaree war. The office is peculiar to Indian warfare, and a view of the duties is worth reading:—

"He is a staff-officer, and, when not employed in his particular department, is attached to the suite of the commander of the division, as much as the commissary-general, quarter-master-general, or any other staff-officer of the division. On the line of march, he is held entirely responsible that neither men nor baggage precede the column of march, and that they are on their proper flank, which is regulated by the general orders of the day. If the reader recollect what I before stated, that he may safely calculate ten followers in a Bengal army to every fighting man, and when he is informed that, according to calculations made in our camp, including the several native contingencies we had with us, our followers were not less in number than eighty thousand men, women, and children, some thirty thousand of whom followed the army for what they could pick up, by fair means or otherwise, my situation cannot be supposed to have been a sinecure. It was truly one of great labour and activity. I had twenty men belonging to a corps of local horse. These men were provided with long whips, and placed at my disposal. To attempt to talk the numberless camp-followers into obedience was quite out of the question; and, therefore, these whips were for the purpose of lashing them into something like discipline. To the great number of human beings I have spoken of must be added fifty elephants, six hundred camels, five thousand bullocks, five thousand horses, one thousand ponies, two hundred goats, two hundred sheep, fifty ruts, one hundred palanquins, one hundred dogs, and one hundred hackeries or carts; presenting the following total:—

Fighting men .....	8,000
Camp-followers .....	80,000
Elephants .....	50
Camels .....	600
Bullocks, horses, and tattoos .....	11,000
Goats, sheep, and dogs .....	500
Palanquins, hackeries, and ruts .....	250

Total 100,400



"One hundred thousand four hundred were thus under my command, for the movements of the whole of whom, men, animals, and vehicles (except fighting men) I was responsible; and I am sure the reader will not class me amongst cruel men, if I was obliged to use the whip where obduracy and contempt of orders were frequent.

"On the following morning we commenced our march, and I began the functions of my new situation, by impressing upon the minds of some of the followers, that my arm was strong as well as the lash of my whip. I found I was soon obliged to take other measures besides merely bellowing to them; and in three days I had whipped the whole body into perfect obedience, which saved me a tremendous deal of labour afterwards, and some hundred yards of whip-cord. Sometimes some mischievous fellows would, to annoy me, get the whole baggage on the wrong flank, but I had influence enough to find them out, when they paid dearly for their trick. After a short time they found it would not do; so, my situation, instead of a task, was at last a pleasure to me, and the sight of my whip was sufficient to deter the most desperate from exceeding his limits. My commanding officer frequently said, that if he lived and commanded twenty armies, I should be his baggage-master."

Amidst the numerous wounds he received, he tells of scores of hair-breadth escapes. Here is one:—

"I went to breakfast with Captain Daggalier, of the old 13th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, in the large house occupied by our men, about five hundred yards from the fort. We were busily engaged up stairs securing a hearty meal, when a large three-pound shot found its way through the window of the room in which we sat, and passed under the table between my legs and those of Captain Daggalier. This convinced me that there is some advantage in having long legs. Mine were so excessively lanky, that I could only just screw them under the edge of the little camp-table, from which fact only I can still boast of having two legs. I need not say that the tea-things, breakfast, &c. were broken and upset. I joined another party, and, having finished my breakfast, I proceeded to meet the general, who had arrived to examine our approaches in this direction."

Stories of tigers, elephants, and monkeys abound. Here is an escape from a tiger:—

"One night, having dined with an officer of the Madras army, during the time that we were before this place, and partaken rather too freely of the Tuscan grape, I started towards home on my favourite mare, whose speed not a horse in camp could equal, and lost my way. There was a considerable space between the camp where I dined and our own encampment, the lights of which I thought I was standing fair for; but, after riding a much greater distance than that between the two encampments, and being in a thick jungle infested with tigers, I began to reflect seriously on my situation, and for a moment I paused to consider, under such circumstances, what was best to be done. How short-sighted is mortal man! That brief moment had nearly been my last! I had laid the reins of my mare over her neck, when, in an instant, she gathered herself up, snorted, and wheeled right round. Fortunately for me, I seized the mane, and, in an instant after, I saw, squatted down and crouching to the ground, a huge tiger. To have run from him would have been inevitable destruction. I therefore wheeled my mare round, and pressed her on towards him, but she would not approach him. I had a pair of loaded pistols in my holster-pipes. One of these I drew out, resolving, however, not to throw away my fire. While endeavouring to spur my mare on, and making all the noise I could, the ferocious animal slunk off, to the great joy of both my mare and myself, and I was not long before I reached my own tent."

This is followed up by a mess-room story:—

"I would recommend to those who may chance to get into the vicinity of such bad neighbours, never to run from them, but, if sufficient courage can be mustered, to run at them, or to stand and stare them full in the face. A

captain in the Company's service once told me, when speaking of these savage beasts, that he was out shooting in some part near Loodiannah, alone, and he had just discharged his last barrel at some wild ducks, when a large tiger made his appearance. He had not time to load again, but, for a time, stood his ground. He stared—the tiger grinned, but did not seem inclined to come to the scratch. This said captain, being a funny fellow, at last thought of a stratagem that was likely to put his grinning neighbour to flight, which was by turning his back to the animal, looking at him through his legs, and thus running off backwards. He positively declared, that the moment the tiger saw this strange metamorphosis, he took to his heels and was out of sight in an instant. I will not vouch for the verity of this tale, but I have heard, since my arrival in England, that the same trick was actually played on a savage mastiff belonging to a tan-yard, that would not permit a stranger near the premises, without tearing him to pieces, but the moment he saw this curious figure he took refuge in a drying-house, and, for some time after, on the least noise, he would hide himself, thinking, no doubt, it was his friend with his head between his legs again. The reason on account of which I cannot take upon myself to vouch for the veracity of my friend the captain is this: I once tiffed in company where this brave son of Mars was one of the party. The conversation turned on the privations which soldiers and sailors are frequently called on to endure. Some of this company said, that in the course of their services they had not tasted food for three days; some mentioned a longer period. I said I did not believe that the system could be sustained for more than seven days, if so long, without food or some kind of sustenance. The captain, however, thought otherwise; and, begging my pardon most politely, he protested that he had often, when in the West Indies, lived himself for weeks without food, and that once, for six months, he had nothing to eat but Cayenne pepper! This was likely to be a hot man in dispute, so we left him in possession of the field as well as of his story, and this is the reason why I would not take upon me to vouch for the authenticity of his tiger adventure."

A chapter of some length is occupied with the subject of flogging, to which he is decidedly hostile, as a punishment not productive of any benefit to the victim, and only exciting disgust in the spectators whom it is intended to deter. He is entitled, we think, to be heard on such a question, being thoroughly qualified to enter into the feelings of the soldier, to which the mere officer must be comparatively a stranger. He produces numerous instances of the ruinous effects of this system, for which we have no space; but this is the sort of evidence most decisive. Flogging depends more upon the character of the commander than the conduct of the men:—

"Let the returns of each regiment be called for, for any given year, and it will be found that, in some corps, not a man has been flogged, and in others fifty, and perhaps more. How is this to be accounted for? The thing is obvious and clear: it cannot rest so much with the men, for they will be found pretty much alike in all corps; it will depend entirely on the dispositions of the commanders. If an officer be of a tyrannical disposition, or an ungovernable temper, the cat will be found in frequent use in the regiment under his command: If the commander be a man of humanity, and possess a heart of kindness, he will admonish, advise, encourage, and endeavour to infuse into the minds of youth a kind of parental love and affection. In the regiment where mercy reigns, discipline, order, harmony and peace of mind will be found; but, in the regiment where rigid flogging is practised, discontent, disorder, and a great deal of bad feeling towards the officers are sure to prevail."

We have no room for a specimen of his Irish bulls, of which he has a choice collection, while serving with the Royal Irish, the 87th; they are of the coarsest and most extravagant kind;—nor for his ship and camp miseries, after the manner of Beresford, and about as fantastical.

## EVENTS IN A RECENT JOURNEY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

*Journey by Ox-Carts, from Mendoza to Buenos Ayres, across the Pampas.*

It was in the autumn of the year 1824, that I determined on revisiting Buenos Ayres, after an absence from it of four years ; and, as there are two very different modes of travelling thither from Mendoza, where I had been for some time sojourning, I chose that, which my inclination for novelty and adventure, rather than my desire for ease and convenience, pointed out : for the traveller who pays too much deference to the undeniable attractions of these latter, will be pretty sure to miss much of that spirit-stirring excitement in which the main pleasure and advantages of travel, both actual and prospective, consist. The two modes of travelling to which I have alluded are, by the regular post road, and by the Ox-carts which traverse the vast and pathless Pampas. It will be readily conjectured, from what I have hinted above, as to my turn for deviating from the beaten track, that the latter of these modes of reaching my destination was the one I chose.

In performing this journey by the Ox-carts, it is customary for many parties to unite, and start at the same period ; keeping together as one body during the whole journey : for without this precaution (and sometimes even with it) the traveller is not safe from the attacks of the roving Indians who infest many portions of the route, and particularly the Pampas themselves.

The equipage which I engaged for my exclusive use was simply a two-wheeled cart, drawn by six oxen. The cart consisted of a frame of timber, of which the pole or perch was twenty-four feet long, and nine inches square, of very hard massive wood, and not unlike, in size and weight, the beam of a house. The two side pieces were of the same form, but only thirteen feet long. On this frame was erected a rude tilt of sticks, arched at the top, and seven feet high ; the sides being closely thatched with rushes, and the top covered with raw hide, so as to be quite impervious to the weather. Under this monstrous erection was placed an axle of lance wood, lashed to the bottom with raw hide ; the spindle arms being about two feet six inches long, and eight inches thick. The wheels of this vast machine were of corresponding dimensions, being about nine feet high, and with massive naves and fellies, and put together (notwithstanding the rudeness of the tools employed in the work) in a manner that would not have disgraced an English wheel-wright. Behind the car was lashed an earthen water jar, holding twenty-five gallons ; and underneath, a spare axle, fellies, spokes, &c., in case of accident.

The oxen were yoked to the cart two and two, by thongs of raw hide, the foremost yoke being not less than fourteen feet distant from the pole ; and the whole of them were managed by a driver sitting in front of the machine, and directing the animals by means of two goads ; the one of great length and slung to the roof of the cart, and the other much shorter, and used only for the wheel oxen. The drivers pique themselves greatly on their skill in the use of these goads, which consist of light cane and willow wands, armed with iron points, and bound from heel to point with pack thread, rubbed over with blood by way of ornamental varnish : they are also sometimes adorned with feathers, &c.

I have been thus particular in describing my vehicle, because, in



placing one of them before the reader, I make him acquainted with the exact character of the whole sixteen of which our caravan consisted. For this conveyance, I engaged to pay 120 dollars for the journey from Mendoza to Buenos Ayres—a distance of three hundred leagues: and, for the additional sum of a few dollars, I was to be supplied with a riding horse or mule, whenever I chose that mode of conveyance.

Before starting, I should mention, that the crew of these *land ships*, as they are called, ("*Barcos de Tierra*") consisted simply of the driver of each cart; a general director or bailiff (called a *Capataz*;) a supercargo; a carpenter; four men called *Boyeros*, whose duty it was to attend to the oxen during halts, and collect them together when needed; and lastly, three *Manseros*, or Muleteers, to perform the same office by the horses and mules. The passengers on this occasion (including four mulatta girls who had been purchased as slaves by some residents of Buenos Ayres) made our company amount, in all, to forty-three persons.

It was on a fine sunshine morning of the 20th of August, 1824, that our troop started from Mendoza. The scene was an interesting one. The friends of all the party were present, waving hands and handkerchiefs, pronouncing and receiving farewells, pressing forward to deposit little presents and remembrances, and exhibiting the numerous tokens of interest and anxiety, which a long, and in some respects hazardous journey so naturally excites. As for myself, my cart was presently so loaded with tokens of good-will from my Mendoza friends, that I was at last obliged to decline receiving any more.

Our line of march occupied about a quarter of a mile in length; for, besides the oxen attached to the carts, there were many spare ones intended to supply the place of any that might fall lame, and also a considerable number of bulls to supply food for our company, which the *entrepreneus* of the troop engaged to furnish during the whole journey, the drivers and other *employés* eating nothing whatever but beef, without vegetables, bread, or even salt. So that, including horses and mules, we were attended, at starting, by not less than two hundred and thirty head of cattle.

At first, we got on very indifferently, from the draught oxen being fresh from grass, and consequently somewhat wild and unmanageable. So that during the first day, we did not advance more than four leagues from the town. I was not long in discovering that I had done well in providing the means of riding on horseback; for I found that the cart I had engaged was useless except as a baggage waggon, on account of the almost unbearable violence of the motion, occasioned by the rudeness of its construction. On the second day, our troop was in motion long before sunrise; and I was struck with the remarkable skill with which each driver singled out, and caught his own set of oxen, notwithstanding the darkness which prevailed. Our road during the second day, lay through a sandy desert covered with coarse shrubs; and at night-fall, we had not made more than four additional leagues in advance. But after the third day, our progress increased; for we now began to travel during the night also; proceeding for four hours regularly, and then resting for one hour. Immediately the carts stopped, it was the practice of the drivers to unyoke their oxen, and turn them loose, to be attended to by the *Boyeros*; while the drivers themselves instantly lighted fires

to dress their portions of beef, which, as I hinted above, they devoured without any accompaniment whatever: a draught of water completed and concluded their repast. On these occasions I found the herb of Paraguay a most useful and agreeable addition to my meal, not only from its refreshing qualities, but from the facility with which it was prepared, by merely pouring a little hot water over it. The only sleep I was able to procure during the actual journey was at these brief periods of halting, except when I chose to ride forward in advance of the troop, and lay down to snatch a few minutes rest till they reached me. But the worst off in this respect were the poor Boyeros, who had the care of the loose cattle, and, who consequently were obliged to be perpetually on the watch to keep them from straying away. There being but four of these, they were only able to sleep each in his turn for a few minutes together. The skill of these men in tracking the cattle when they do stray (which they frequently will in the night, in spite of every precaution to the contrary) is quite astonishing, and will be looked upon as almost incredible by the European reader. They of course track the stray cattle by their footmarks; and they can instantly tell the footmarks of their own oxen—can distinguish those of an ox from those of a bull or cow—those of the mare from the horse—whether the animal they are tracing is a mild or a tame one—whether mounted or not—and all this not merely on bare ground, but through deep pastures or tangled forests. It is their practice at all times, when riding, to keep their eyes bent upon the ground over which they are passing. So that they thus acquire from time to time, a knowledge of the peculiar character of every footmark left by the animals that precede them on the march.

On the third evening we slept at the village of Retamo; and from this time the rate of our progress increased to about ten leagues in the twenty-four hours. From Retamo to San Luis, we met with the air-plant in great abundance (*Flor del Ayre*) growing on the low scrambling bushes and shrubs with which this whole district abounds. On the night of the 27th of August, we rested in the middle of a most beautiful wood of *chañar* trees; and nothing could be more picturesque and romantic than the appearance of our whole troop, shown by the light of the numerous fires which blazed everywhere about us. The golden coloured bark of the *chañar* trees reflected the lights which flickered upon its shining surface; and as the various groups of our party lay reclining beside the fires, in their striking and singular costumes—each group being partially hidden from the rest by the stems of the numerous trees which embowered and surrounded us on all sides—the whole presented the semblance of a scene in some romantic melo-drame, or of a horde of banditti carousing after some perilous enterprise. The ground was covered here and there with patches of a thick heath, which served us as couches to rest on; and as the night was warm, we here spent the most agreeable hours since the commencement of our journey.

On the next day, the 28th, we reached the banks of the great river Desaguadero, and nothing could be more striking than the contrast which presented itself to the scene just described. The place seemed the very abode of barrenness. It reminded me of the Dead Sea shores, or the fabled banks of the infernal river itself. No vestige of pasture, or of any green thing, grew on the precipitous banks of this forlorn stream; the black, deep, and salt waters of which went rushing hoarsely

along, at a depth of twenty feet below where we stood. On our appearance, a few wretched huts ejected from their door-ways about a dozen squalid looking human beings, in the garb of women, whose coarse black elf-locks streaming down their backs, and their yellow cadaverous countenances, reminded me of those horrifying beings conjured up on the "blasted heath" with which (like the present) they were so strictly in keeping, and which

"Looked not like inhabitants of earth,  
And yet were on it."

They had nothing to offer us for sale; nor did there appear to be any means of their furnishing even themselves with subsistence, not even a root or a vegetable; nothing but a few half-starved goats, which looked as miserable as their keepers. Even the sun itself seemed to "disdain to shine" upon this realm of wretchedness and despair. Close at hand lived the ferryman, whose appearance and bearing completed this singular scene. The sight of him and his dwelling, at once realized in my mind a description I have somewhere read of "*Felon Care*." Suspicion was in every look and accent, and sordid grasping avarice seemed to hold possession of his whole soul. On entering the dark den which formed his dwelling, we found the centre occupied by a round solid table, like a butcher's chopping block. Besides this, nothing was clearly distinguishable on account of the almost impenetrable darkness; but in one corner I thought I could perceive the remnant of a broken musket. His ferry-boat was formed by two canoes lashed together, and surmounted by a stage about twenty feet long. On crossing the river some of the carts were upset, and their cargoes, consisting of hides, wine in barrels, dried fruits, &c. were much injured; and this accident detained us till night-fall; at which old Charon seemed not a little gratified: for he said, that our supercargo had cheated him of some portion of his fare.

On the 31st of August, we reached San Luis de la Punta, in which abode of ruin and desolation we were detained three days. This is one of the most wretched places that can be conceived as the abode of men. It does not contain a single white-washed building; the Plaza is in ruins; the Cathedral fallen to the ground; and though the Piazza still stands in front of the Town-Hall, the roof which connected it with the main building no longer exists but as a mass of ruins—among which, a solitary sentinel paces slowly, backwards and forwards, and seems to increase by his appearance, rather than dissipate, the desolation of the scene.

On the third day from the period of our entering San Luis de la Punta, we sallied forth from it, and by night-fall reached the banks of the beautiful Rio Quinto, where we rested. On the following morning, instead of keeping with the general troop, I rode on ahead, in company with the supercargo, a respectable and intelligent young man, named Blas Valdor. Passing an isolated mountain called El Morro, we reached the Portezuelo; and here there opened upon our view a most beautiful grassy plain, extended interminably on every side as far as the eye could reach, and free from a single bush, shrub, or any other object whatever to intercept the view; except that on a rising ground, just at the verge of the horizon, we could distinguish a human dwelling, which proved to be the house of a wealthy landholder, with whose agreeable family we spent three days.



Quitting this hospitable roof, we reached, on the 9th of September, the Villa del Rio Quinto, the cultivated lands appertaining to which town are irrigated by the beautiful river from which it takes its name. This place is within the jurisdiction of Cordova, and contains a population of four thousand souls. Here we passed a day and night, and then proceeded to the picturesque village of San Bernardo, where we slept. On the 11th, we crossed the river Quarto, at the Paso del Durazno, and the next day arrived at a small village named Reduccion. Here we found the inhabitants busily employed in repairing a mud fort, in anticipation of an attack from the Indians. Soon after leaving this place we encountered some fallow deer, which we occasionally hunted; sometimes running them down by the superior speed and strength of our horses, and at others catching them by means of *bolas* (a species of missile noose), or shooting them with rifles. At first, my companions refused to partake of the flesh of these animals—alleging that it was rank and unwholesome; but my example at length induced them to make a trial of it, after which they preferred it to any thing else. I afterwards found, that the reason of their not liking the flesh of the wild deer was, that all the South Americans are accustomed to dress and eat their meat immediately it is killed; and venison in this state is not only hard and unpleasant, but unwholesome. They had no notion that hanging it up for a few days would produce any other than a mischievous change in it. But when the experiment was made for them, they readily acknowledged and availed themselves of the advantages it offered.

On the 13th of September, we reached the Punta del Sauce, a most wretched town situated on the river Quarto, and forming the frontier line of the Indian territories, called Las Pampas, an uninhabited plain, forty leagues in breadth, extending from the Rio Saladillo to Melinque. During the whole route from San Bernardo hither, we had been infested almost incessantly by flights of locusts, so numerous that they sometimes literally intercepted the light of the sun—throwing a shadow upon the ground as if a dense cloud was passing. They rose in almost unbroken masses before our horses feet as we galloped onwards, and we were compelled to cover our faces with our *ponchos*, to ward off the blows, which might otherwise have proved seriously injurious, especially if they had struck the eyes—for the locusts were of great size and weight. The town of Punta del Sauce we found in a most ruinous condition, consequent on repeated attacks of the Indians for purposes of plunder; but still, it was not without an appearance of considerable activity arising out of the commercial pursuits of the inhabitants. It contained no less than six shops for the sale of European goods of various kinds—for which returns are made in mare and other hides. A shop (or *pulperia*) in the Pampas is distinguishable from a great distance in every direction, by means of a flag which is fastened to a high pole stuck in the ground, as a sign. The governor of this town was a brave young man, who had fifty militia under his command, at the head of whom he occasionally scoured the country in a circle of a hundred miles, on the look-out for the roving Indians with which these plains are infested. Though these expeditions sometimes last for more than a month, the party take with them provisions for the two first days only; trusting for the future supply to the wild animals they may be able to take as they proceed. The flesh of ostriches is that which they prefer before any other; then that of mules; after that, of horses and mares; and lastly that of deer.

Black cattle are never to be met with in these plains ; but sometimes (though rarely) a lion is killed, and its flesh looked upon as delicious food. At this town we observed a ruined mud fort, mounted with a one pound swivel, but so honey-combed, as to threaten much more danger to the firer than to the party aimed at. There was also a long four pounder lying on the ground, but useless from having been spiked in the war of the Montenero.

On leaving Punta del Sauce all population ceases ; except that you meet with here and there a scattered hut, called a *Puesto*, inhabited by men who gain an uncertain living by hunting the wild mares of the Pampas, and killing them for their hides. These people may be described as resembling the Back-woodsmen of North America. They are continually shifting their habitation, as the prey of which they are in search becomes scarce ; and they seldom follow this wandering mode of life for any great length of time ; always abandoning it as soon as they have gained a little money to purchase cattle and commence breeding them in another situation. But to begin even this first occupation of mare-killing, it is necessary to be possessed of a herd of about two hundred tame horses and mares, all of which are trained to follow a bell fastened to the neck of the most docile among them—which is hence called *Madrina*. The horses of this herd are used for riding, but the mares for breeding only. Two or more *gauchos* having joined their stock of horses together, they erect a mud house on the open waste, and thatch it on the top with rushy grass ; after which they procure from a great distance, and by almost incredible labour, a quantity of wooden palisades, with which they form a *corral*, or penfold, of great size. Their stock in trade being thus established, they set out from their new home to scour the country ; taking little or no material for subsistence with them, but depending on their own skill in procuring it for themselves when needed. They are frequently absent on these expeditions for a month together ; never sleeping under a roof during all that time, and their food the flesh of wild animals, and a little brackish water. The only means which they have of dressing the former is by roasting it on fires made with horse-dung ; for there is no other fuel to be met with. Their mode of taking the wild mares of which they are in search is very simple, and attended by little difficulty. Immediately they encounter a herd of wild horses they drive their own troop of tame ones among them, and the two soon become, as it were, incorporated together. The whole are then driven in one body towards the *Puesto*, and on reaching it are made to enter the enclosures of palisades ; where the wild mares are noosed one by one, with the *lazo*, and dragged outside to a short distance, where they are slaughtered, and their hides taken off—the carcasses being left to be devoured by the vultures, caranchos, and other birds of prey which are always present in vast numbers in the immediate vicinity of those loathsome shambles. There are frequently not less than a hundred carcasses at one time left to be devoured in this manner. If the mares happen to be fat, this substance is used for the fires and lamps of the *Gauchos* ; but generally speaking, the hide is the sole source of the profit derived from this disgusting occupation. The bones, indeed, after the vultures, &c. have picked them clean, are used for fuel, in addition to the dried dung and tallow. On these fires it is that the *Gauchos* roast the flesh that is their only food. In our journey across the plain, the situation of these *Puestos* might always be discovered at a great distance in advance, by the cloud

of birds—several hundreds in number—that was always hovering over them; and on approaching nearer, the odour from the putrid carcasses was perfectly horrible. To complete the disgusting scene, the prominent object of sight was a pile of white bone ashes, reared close to the hut, but not applied to any use whatever. Before quitting this subject, it should be mentioned, that all the young horses which are found among the mares caught in the manner above described, are immediately broke in to the saddle, by main force as it were, in the course of about two days; and the hides of the mares, after being dried in the sun, are sold at the nearest town for about half a dollar each. The purchaser, when he has collected a sufficient number together, sends them in carts to Buenos Ayres, where they produce from six *reals* to a dollar each.

About this point of our journey it was hourly to be expected that the wild Indians would make their appearance. At Punta del Sauce, therefore, our supercargo had engaged with an active Cordovese *Gaucha*, and a gigantic Negro, both of whom were well acquainted with the country, and who were to keep a constant look out in advance of the troop, in order to prevent a surprise from these roving marauders. The tract of country over which we now had to pass was one level plain, entirely covered with pasture; and on the 20th we crossed a deep stream called Saladillo, and entered upon the Indian territory. Having filled our water-jars at the above-named stream—which was of a brackish taste—we now travelled day and night, with the least possible intermission—as it was considered unsafe to linger a moment longer than was necessary in these rude and inhospitable wilds. Our chief occupation by day was running down or shooting the fallow deer—a sport which took a most animated character from the nature of the ground over which we were passing; and in these beautiful plains the game is extremely abundant. This sport was sometimes varied by that of snaring partridges—with which game the plains also abounded. This we effected by means of horse-hair nooses, fixed to the end of long canes. Another practice was, to ride round in a circle swiftly, decreasing the extent of the circle at every turn, till the bird became literally bewildered and giddy by its efforts to escape, and at last suffered itself to be approached near enough to kill it with a riding-whip.

During the eight days that were occupied in crossing the Pampas, I found it scarcely possible to get an hour's sleep, either by night or day. The only means by which I could effect it at all were, by riding forward in advance of the troop for some distance, and then dismounting, and flinging myself in one of the deep wheel ruts, in order to avoid the cold winds; still retaining my horse's bridle in my hand. On these occasions, instead of being awakened by the creaking and lumbering of the carts, as they passed me, I was pretty sure to sleep till these sounds ceased, and then to awake by the absence of the noise—as the miller is said to do when his mill stops. On one of these occasions, however, at night, when I had been unusually oppressed by sleep, I found, on awaking, that the carts were not only out of hearing, but out of sight. At first I was not at all alarmed, but springing on my horse, thought to regain my company in a few minutes. Not coming up with them as soon as I expected, I looked up to the heavens, and found that the constellation Orion was on the wrong side of me. I therefore quickly retraced my course; but it was full an hour before I regained my companions. If it had been a cloudy night I should assuredly have lost my road altogether, and in all



probability have remained several days without meeting with any assistance in regaining it. Indeed, more than one European has been lost in these extensive solitudes, and died from starvation. My length of residence in the country had enabled me to acquire enough of the *Gaucha* habits to prevent me from feeling any great dread of this; but still my situation under such circumstances would have been any thing but a pleasant one.

On these extensive plains I frequently had occasion to observe the singular effect of the "mirage," described by travellers over the Arabian deserts; and several times our whole company were deceived by it. On one occasion I perceived before me, apparently at the distance of about a mile, two low trees, of singular appearance, which I turned to inquire the name of, and found that they were called *Los Quebrachos*; but on turning the next instant to look at them again there was no such object within sight. At first I could not believe my senses, but was informed that the occurrence was quite a common one. And in fact the trees themselves were, as I afterwards found, at a distance of about two leagues from us at the time I saw the illusive appearance, and were completely hidden from actual view by an undulation in the surface of the ground. The explanation of this phenomenon is now well known, and need not be more particularly referred to. But another curious instance of the effects of the mirage is worth relating. One morning, about eleven o'clock, we suddenly perceived, at a considerable distance a-head, what we conceived to be the figure of an Indian, and as there was little doubt that we should soon see a party of them approach us with hostile intentions, we did not wait for the appearance of more, but instantly prepared to meet their attack. This was done by, in the first place, arresting the progress of all the carts, and causing them to be drawn up in a double line, so as to serve as a sort of fortification, behind which each man was posted with his musket, and prepared for a desperate resistance. On riding up and down, to see that all were in due order, I soon perceived that more was to be apprehended from the awkward movements of our men themselves, (most of whom were entirely unaccustomed to the use of muskets) than from the expected enemy. I therefore consulted with the supercargo, and it was presently arranged that only seven or eight of our party, who were accustomed to fire arms, should attempt a defence by that means, and that the rest should lash their knives to the end of their bullock goads, and use them by way of pikes—an instrument they were much more likely to handle to advantage. I was not long in discovering too, that our drivers were much better disposed to mount their horses and run away, than stand their ground and defend themselves: so that, to guard against an event of this nature, some of us were obliged to swear that we would shoot the very first man who did not stand his ground fairly, and take his chance with the rest. Presently, however, all chance of escaping seemed cut off, for the enemy were now seen advancing on all sides, and seemed closing in upon us in a circle, carrying their long lances erect. Our entrenchment being complete, we awaited the onset, each with several loaded guns, but firmly resolved not to fire till sure of our shot telling. Suddenly, however, our opponents made a dead halt, as if intimidated by something in our appearance—on this our hitherto cowardly drivers took courage, and shouted them on to the combat. But still they remained stationary—seeming, as well as we could distinguish,

to be brandishing their long lances in the air. At this moment the mist that surrounded us cleared partially away, and we discovered that our supposed enemies were no other than a herd of wild horses, which, being startled at the unusual appearance of our caravan, had lifted their heads, with erect ears, high in the air, and seemed to approach us momentarily, by reason of the thickening mist magnifying their size, and at the same time changing their real appearance into something like that for which our fears had mistaken them. As soon as our ludicrous mistake was discovered, shouts of laughter burst from all our company, and such of them as were mounted, riding towards the cause of our late fears, they turned in an instant, and fled away across the plain with the speed of the wind.

Soon after the incident happened which has just been related, we were a little surprized by the appearance of a man galloping towards us. On discovering him, the Cordovese and the negro took a wide circuit to cut off his retreat. On his coming up with us, he told us that he had left Punta del Sauce, for the express purpose of joining our troop, in order that he might cross the Pampas in safety. But as he had a somewhat suspicious look, and might prove a spy of the Indians, and as our position was one which did not admit of our standing much on ceremony, we at once caused him to dismount, and put him into safe custody in one of the ox-carts, till we should reach an inhabited district.

The next day we met with an instance of that extraordinary spirit of independence and enterprize, which is only to be met with in savage life. We saw before us, at a little distance, a man mounted on a horse, and driving twelve others before him. On approaching him, to ascertain who it could be that was thus traversing a deserted plain alone, where man meets his fellow man only to dread him as an enemy, he proved to be an old *Gaucha*, sixty years of age, a native of Rojas, who told us that he was journeying to San Ignacio, in the mountains of Cordova, to fetch home his son. This seemed so unlikely a tale, that we asked to see it corroborated by his passport, and it proved to be true. He had, in fact, set out from Rojas to San Ignacio, a distance of seventy leagues, fifty of which were over pathless plains, where nothing could guide his way but the sun by day, and the stars by night; and with no provisions but a little dried beef in his saddle-bags, two small horns of water, and a little tobacco. There was also the constant risk of meeting with the wild Indians, and he had moreover the perpetual anxiety attendant on keeping together twelve animals who were entirely loose, and well enough disposed to make their escape. These latter the old man rode alternately, catching one with his *lazo* whenever he wished to change his saddle, and at night it was his practice to stop immediately the sun went down, and feed his horses, he himself lying down to sleep for a few minutes at a time, but being compelled to get up and mount a horse every now and then, in order to keep the herd together. The bridle of the horse he was riding, he used always to keep in his hand while sleeping. This rencontre presented me with an instance of mingled simplicity and self-confidence, which it would be difficult to parallel in a more civilized class of life.

On the 24th of September, our water being all exhausted before reaching the expected means of supplying it, we were tormented for some hours with a burning thirst. Towards evening we discovered a pond at a distance, and rode eagerly towards it; but on reaching it, we

found that although half a mile in circumference, it was no where more than two inches in depth, and lay on the surface more like oil than water. We were, however, not to be deterred by its appearance, nor by the clouds of mosquitoes that were hovering over it; but spread our handkerchiefs on the surface, and lying on our faces, sucked the muddy liquid through them, and felt it like nectar to our parched throats. The next instant the whole was converted into a quagmire, by the horses and mules rushing into it, and attempting in vain to quench their thirst. It was not till towards the middle of the next day that we again discovered a rushy marsh at the distance of about a league, and as this offered the probability, though not the certainty, of a supply of water, I hastened to it, accompanied by the *capataz* and our Cordovese scout, which latter was the most active and skilful horseman I ever beheld. On approaching pretty near to the marsh, we discovered, to our infinite delight, a considerable quantity of rain water among the rushes, and were on the point of dismounting to partake of it, when suddenly a large Puma, or South American lion, sprung from a rushy lair where he had been couched, and instantly fled across the plain. This somewhat startling appearance dispersed our thirst, or the sense of it, for the moment, and we all turned our horses in pursuit of the fugitive. I have elsewhere described the extraordinary skill of the *Gauchos* with their *lazo*. On this occasion I had to witness a new instance of it in the Cordovese scout, who, presently coming up with the lion, cast his *lazo* over its head in an instant, and brought it to the ground almost choked by the running noose. On recovering himself a little, the lion seemed disposed to turn on his assailants and defend himself, but before he could rise, the *lazo* of the *capataz* was dexterously cast round his hinder legs, and the holder of it riding on, the lion was stretched on the plain by the tightened cords, without the power of moving. With the rapidity of lightning the Cordovese now dismounted, and the blood of the animal was the next instant gushing forth beneath his knife. After satisfying our thirst by returning to the marshy pool, the carcass of the lion was dragged to the carts, where the skin was taken off, and the flesh cut into small pieces, roasted and eaten, within an hour of our first sight of the living animal! The flesh, which I tasted, was very white, and resembling veal, but of a fishy flavour, but certainly it was much preferable to that of a newly slain buck, which was roasted at the same time. The flesh of the lion is esteemed a great delicacy by the *Gauchos*, and consequently a feast on one is looked upon as a treat of no ordinary kind. The next day we arrived at Melinquecito, where a lioness with two cubs was taken—the mother was killed and eaten, and the two cubs were put into one of the carts, with the intention of conveying them alive to Buenos Ayres, but for want of proper food they soon died. Close to the above-named place there was an enormous lake of salt water, having the character almost of an inland sea, for we could not perceive the opposite side of it. On this lake were immense numbers of aquatic birds, and in particular, large flocks of the splendid flamingo. On the firing of our rifles, these magnificent birds rose from the water in vast numbers, and the effect of their gorgeous plumage shone upon by the rays of the morning sun, was brilliant beyond description. On the 27th we reached Melinque, which was formerly a settlement of some importance, but is now abandoned, having been previously



ruined by the repeated ravages of the Indians. On the evening of this day, the sky threatened a *pampero*, or land storm, in consequence of which the carts were drawn up in a circle, and lashed together, for the purpose of securing the oxen within the inclosure thus formed. This necessary arrangement for preventing the escape of the cattle was scarcely completed, when faint flashes of lightning were seen on the verge of the horizon, which proved the near prelude of a most furious hurricane. To the "pitiless pelting" of this storm, which was so violent that even the heavy ox-carts could scarcely stand against it—the *Boyceros* were exposed during the whole night, being obliged to ride round the entrenchment constantly, for the purpose of seeing that the oxen did not escape in their fright; but notwithstanding these precautions, it was found in the morning, that four of the cattle were missing, and a *Boyero* was immediately sent after them, but did not rejoin us for four days, having lost his way during another storm two nights after.

The condition of these poor fellows is perhaps worse than that of any other class of their countrymen. The one I have just alluded to, who was sent after the stray cattle, had neither eaten nor drank during the whole period of his absence from the troop, having taken nothing with him but a little tobacco, with which he contrived to sustain nature; and yet, on his return, his case did not seem to be looked upon as a peculiarly hard one. He was only considered as having performed an ordinary portion of his duties, for which he receives 15 dollars per month, or six weeks, i. e. for the whole period of the journey, which is more or less, according to the condition of the oxen. I observed that immediately on the return of the one alluded to above, he proceeded to "refresh" himself, by devouring about four pounds weight of tough beef, without either bread or salt. This, with a draught of brackish water, formed his repast, after which he betook himself to sleep—not having closed his eyes during his absence.

Having passed a ruined fort, called Fortin de Mercedes, which had formerly been used as a place of garrison to protect the Indian frontier, we came to a spot where some wild barley had usurped the place of the common rushy pasture with which the Pampas are for the most part covered. Near to this spot an accident happened which gave occasion for some of those numerous expedients to which the inhabitants of an uncultivated country are so often compelled to resort. In soaping the wheels of one of the ox-carts, the cart itself, being not properly supported, in the absence of its wheel, fell to the ground, and broke in two places the thigh of the poor man whom we had encountered some days before, and fearing that he might be a spy sent by the Indians, had kept prisoner ever since. I was immediately applied to, as the most likely person of the party to possess "skill in surgery;" and on inspection I found that the fractures were simple ones. I therefore caused a shirt to be cut into strips and sewed together for a bandage; managed to form a set of splinters with a broken driving cane; picked out a portion of a dry hide which had received a conical form from the use to which it had been applied, and which I made to assume the character of a cradle; and with these "apparatus" I contrived to reduce the fractures, and place the limb in its proper form. Having then managed to suspend a hide by way of hammock, in such a manner as to prevent much jolting from the motion of the cart, the "patient" was placed in it, and we were enabled to proceed on our journey. The bandage being kept moistened by some diluted

vinegar, and the sufferer being prevented from taking any thing but a little water, in three days time all fever had ceased, and I had the satisfaction of finding that, if I had not managed the case precisely, "*secundum artem*," the patient seemed likely to be "doing well" nevertheless. The truth is, there is no skill like that which grows out of necessity, and no nurse like Dame Nature. On arriving at the little town of Salto, on the fourth day after the accident, we left the man in the care of a humane inhabitant of the place, who promised to afford him an asylum till he should be sufficiently recovered to follow his occupations. On the day that we passed the little town of Salto, we met with some armadillos, several of which we caught; and, as in these parts of the world an animal must be a non descript indeed, that is not considered as worth eating, these, like the rest, were submitted to the somewhat rude process of our travelling *cuisine*, and roasted in their shells. In making journeys like those which I am describing, it is good for the traveller to be an epicure or the opposite, as the case of the moment may happen to require. For my own part, I have always considered, that as there is no reason, *à priori*, why a snake should not be as good as an eel, or a foal as a fawn, so it is always worth while to *taste* every thing that comes in your way in a "questionable shape." Accordingly, on the occasion just alluded to, I willingly made trial of the roasted armadillo, and found it not unlike a sucking-pig in flavour, but even more delicate.

On the 29th of September, we reached the little town of Rojas, which presents a very characteristic scene, arising out of the necessities and corresponding expedients of its peculiar position. The town consists, besides a fort mounting three guns, of many detached houses, each of which is an impregnable fortress in itself—that is to say, impregnable with reference to the attacks likely to be made upon it. Each house is surrounded by a deep ditch, and, within that, planted with a hedge the nature of which renders it a perfect safeguard against the attacks of the Indians. This hedge consists of the torch thistle (*Tuna*) so planted that its thorny stems almost touch each other to the thickness of four or five feet. It is true the stems of this plant, being merely of the consistence of a cabbage-stalk, might easily be chopped down by means of an axe. But as the Indians never, or very rarely, dismount, when making their attacks, and as the hedge I have described is fire-proof, and may be defended by musquetry from behind, it becomes, in point of fact, an absolutely impregnable barrier against such assailants. At the time we visited it, Rojas contained about 1,500 inhabitants, and presented a most singular and romantic appearance—being situated on a slight eminence, and the enclosures of the *Tuna* thickly planted, chiefly with peach groves. The entrance to each enclosure is by a draw-bridge. We observed among the inhabitants many Indian boys and girls, who had been taken prisoners from the Indians in various incursions, and were used as slaves. I remarked, that the heads of these Indians were all more or less flattened behind; which I ascertained to have been caused by the mode of their treatment during infancy. As the Indian children, while infants, always accompany their mothers on however long a journey they may take, and, as their journeys are all performed on horseback, they resort to the expedient of lashing the infant flat on its back to a board, and slinging it over their own shoulders; in which position, they ride at a great rate the whole day; and it is only at night, when they stop, that the infant is unloosed and permitted to suck:

after this, it remains for the rest of the night loose upon the grass. It may readily be supposed, that this mode of treatment in some measure answers the purpose of more refined and civilized expedients for thinning and keeping under the surplus population. I was informed that the value of the slaves, obtained from the Indians in the manner alluded to above, is, at the age of eight years, about 100 dollars.

On the 30th, we fell in with a herd of about four hundred wild pigs. We gave chase to them, and at first they ran very swiftly; but they soon became tired by rushing through the tall pasture, when several ferocious boars suddenly stopped and faced us—gnashing their tusks and putting on a somewhat formidable appearance. Owing also to the suddenness of their halt, our guns were not available at the moment, and we were compelled to wheel our horses round, in order to avoid the danger of their being gored by these savage animals. As they kept their ground resolutely, we now immediately unslung our rifles and commenced the attack—which, after no little danger from the monstrous white tusks of our opponents, and several severe wounds from the same about the legs of our horses, ended in laying ten of the herd dead at our feet. Though we were four in number, and armed with rifles, pistols, and sabres, it cost us a full hour to achieve the above victory. We now dragged four of the finest carcasses to the carts, which had stopped at a little distance, and it was not long before portions of them were roasting. The drivers seemed to partake of this feast with great gusto; but, on tasting the flesh myself, I found its flavour not unlike that of rancid whale oil. This was probably occasioned by the animals feeding so much on carrion, which they greatly prefer to grass. These herds of pigs, though running wild, I afterwards found to be, in fact, the property of the *estancieros*, or holders of the cattle farms, who, when the pasture fails or becomes scarce, cause a number of wild mares to be slaughtered for the purpose of supplying their herds of pigs with food. These herds form a great article of commerce with the shipping agents of Buenos Ayres, who come hither and purchase the herds at the rate of about a *real* a head. They are then driven to Buenos Ayres, where they are fed for some time on grain, &c. and then killed and salted for ship provisions.

In the afternoon of the day on which we had performed the above exploit, our Cordovese scout encountered a very strong wild boar, which he immediately caught with infinite dexterity, by casting his *lazo* over it. He then drove it on before him for some time; but, on the animal shewing his distaste to this mode of travelling, and turning to attack his conductor, the latter immediately put his horse to speed and dragged the boar for half a mile at full gallop till he reached the carts; by which time the boar was strangled, and the side on which he had been dragged was completely bare. We now began to enter a district well peopled with *estancias*, or cattle farms; to each of which is attached a large grove of peach-trees—this being the only tree used for firewood in these districts. On the night of this day, a little incident occurred singularly characteristic of the state of manners and feeling of the people forming our troop. Every body having for some days past been tired of the beef belonging the troop itself—which had assumed that condition called "*carne cansado*" (tired flesh), and which is abhorred by the *Gauchos* on account of its having lost all its flavour—some of the drivers sallied



forth at night, on foot, supplied with *lazos*, and soon returned with a fine fat cow, which they had stolen from one of the neighbouring herds; and she was immediately killed, cut up, and eaten with great *gout* by the whole of the troop; though all, including the supercargo himself, knew perfectly well how it had been obtained.

On the 1st of October we reached the Guardia del Salto, a town with a fort and two thousand inhabitants. This place was captured by the Indians, under Carrera, and great atrocities committed. At the time of our passage, it contained a regiment of 500 hussars, to guard the neighbouring country against any meditated attacks.

On the 2d of October, we passed through Areco, a town similar in character to the above; and on the 4th, we reached one of a very superior description—the pretty town of Luxan—which includes several handsome buildings, and a church surmounted by a dome. The next day an incident occurred, which, though frequently productive of very melancholy effects, is not uncommon in these plains. The dry grass by which a portion of the plain was covered, had taken fire, and the column of flame approached our troop so quickly, that one of the carts, laden with wine, took fire and was entirely destroyed, while the rest escaped with considerable difficulty. It sometimes happens that the whole of the dry grass on the plains is thus consumed; and as the flames travel at a much greater rate (sometimes three leagues an hour) than the ox-carts can do in attempting to escape from them, there is great danger in meeting with a moving conflagration of this kind. It was only a month before our journey that a troop of sixteen carts had met with one of these travelling columns of fire, and four of them fell a sacrifice to it—the rest only escaping by taking refuge in a stream of water. On this occasion, two of the drivers of the carts were also killed, and the other two so injured as to remain cripples for life. The best plan of escape in cases of this kind seems to be that of setting fire to the grass to leeward on seeing the approaching flame at a distance; and then driving into the vacant space thus obtained. But there is risk in this plan, because the fibrous roots of the grass retain the fire for a considerable time. These fires are frequently occasioned by the carelessness of travellers and others, in cooking their food among the grass; but they are sometimes the result of wanton mischief or of malice.

The above incident is the last worthy of note that I have to relate, in connection with my somewhat romantic journey from Mendoza to Buenos Ayres. On the 6th of October we reached the last named place, after having been seven weeks on the road.

A. G.

## THE WIFE OF SEVEN HUSBANDS: A LEGEND OF LONDON.

In the beginning of the reign of Edward the First, of long-legged memory, there lived upon Corne-hille, over against the spot where the water-tonne was a few years afterwards built, a certain blithe and buxome widow, very wealthy, and as fair withall as she was wealthy: she was only in her twenty-eighth year, of a tall and stately shape and bearing, and with commanding and yet right modest features: her face was oval, her hair and eyes of bright black; her forehead high; her eyebrows arched, almost into semi-circles; her nose slightly aquiline; her cheeks high coloured, and yet delicately so; her lips small, and prettily bent; her teeth white and regular; her chin rather forward and dimpled; and her complexion dark though not swarthy: so that upon the whole she had rather a Jewish cast of countenance, and yet there was no rightful reason to suspect that there was even a drop of Israelitish blood in her veins, for her father, and his fathers before him, for many generations back, had been rich and respectable goldworkers, citizens of London, and had always married among their equals and friends. Busy tongues, however, there were that whispered something or other to this effect—that the maternal grandmother of Mrs. Alice (my young and pretty widow), during the absence of her husband, who was a merchant, had become pretty closely acquainted with a young Hebrew, at that time staying in London; and that, when her husband returned, he was, for some reason or other, so angry with his wife, that he put her away from him, and would never after see her, though he provided for her during her life, and himself educated the children she had borne up to the period of their parting. Now, though the latter part of this story is undoubtedly true, I would nevertheless caution my readers, gentle and simple, not to put too much trust in the former part thereof; remembering that husbands are husbands, and, from the beginning of the world to the present day, have been, and are, a jealous and wayward race; and, moreover, that the breath of slander will at times sully the brightest reputations; and, besides, that conclusions are too frequently drawn which the premises will by no fair means justify.

But be this as it may, Mistress Alice was a very handsome woman, and, as has been before said, very wealthy, for her father always petted her, and although he had two other children, sons, he quarrelled with them both and turned them out of doors, and very solemnly vowed he would disinherit them, and there is little doubt he would have kept his vow, but that they prevented him, the eldest, by being drowned in the Fleet river, and the other by getting murdered in an affray with the city watch. At the old man's death, therefore, he left all his property, real and personal, to his "deare daughter Alice," who was then twenty-one years old, and had lately been married for the first time in her life. She has been already introduced to the reader as a widow, and if he was tempted to be surprised at her being so young a one, what will he think when he reads that she was a widow for the fifth time?—ay, and was now on the eve of being married to her sixth husband—this was a Master Simon Shard, a draper of Corne-hill, who had a well-filled purse, a rather corpulent figure, a round and ruddy face, and was about two and thirty years of age. It was said he had been enamoured of the fair Alice previously to her three last marriages, but that he had not had courage enough to break his mind to her till some time after the death of her

fourth husband, and when he did so he found she was unfortunately engaged to his immediate forerunner, at whose death he again pressed his suit—was accepted, and they were married. After living for about six months on the most seemingly loving and comfortable terms, Master Shard was one morning found dead in his bed, without any previous illness or indisposition: this was very strange, at least strange it will probably seem to the reader, though it was not so to Mrs. Alice's neighbours, for, wonderful to relate, all her other husbands had died in the same way, and under the same circumstances. There had been from time to time many various opinions afloat upon this subject, and they had become more prevalent, stronger, and of longer lasting upon the successive deaths of each of her husbands. The most moderate had merely observed, that "for certes Mrs. Alice was a very unlucky, or a very lucky woman," according to the speaker's appreciation of wedlock: others looked very wise, and seemed to think a good deal, but said very little, generally contenting themselves with observing, "That it really was very odd;" but again there were others, who—especially on the death of Mr. Shard's predecessor—declared that "such things were clean out of the common run of nature, and that either Mrs. Alice, or some one not to be named among Christians, must have bewitched her husbands," (and here the speaker and listeners, especially if females, would devoutly cross themselves) "or else some thing or other" (also it seemed not to be named among Christians) "had carried them off in a very odd way, to say the least of it;" and to this cautious and mysterious opinion the generality of the last mentioned sect of gossips, with additional self-crossings, assented. Still however, Mrs. Alice's conduct was so, not only unobjectionable, but praiseworthy; she was so pious and charitable a woman, so good a neighbour, so kind a friend, and in short, both publicly and privately fulfilled all the domestic relations of life, in so exemplary a manner, that even the tongues of those who secretly envied her wealth, her beauty, and may be her luck, had not as yet dared to wag in open scandal against her; but a sixth recurrence of so extraordinary an event, it would seem gave sudden loose to their hitherto confined scruples and tongues; or, perhaps the reason why they more freely vented their suspicions or their spite on the present occasion might be that Master Shard had been a man of great influence in the city—his connexions stood high in the eyes of men, and he had a cousin who was sheriff at the time of his death, and who declared when he heard it, "by cock's marrow, he would see into the matter that very moment," and accordingly next morning, for he was just going to sit down to dinner when he made the above declaration, he presented himself with a *posse comitatus* at Mrs. Alice's door—and then the neighbourhood, as with one voice, spoke out against her; for their long held opinion of her (at least they said it had been long held) now found the countenance of power—her piety had been hypocrisy, and they had thought so all along—her charity, ostentation—her goodness and kindness, even those that had benefited by them, now found some hole to pick in, and in plain and pithy English they called her a murderess.

While this was going on without Mrs. Alice's doors, another kind of scene was taking place within. The sheriff had been readily admitted, and was followed not only by the *posse* of the county, but by a *posse* of the *venue* (to use, I believe, a strictly lawful phrase), consisting of all sorts of people, who either had, or thought they had, or thought they should



like to have some concern in the business. They found the widow by the bed-side of her departed husband: she not only did not fly from, but courted investigation, and accordingly the body was investigated, but not the slightest sign of violence was found upon it; no trace of steel or poison—all was as right and as unaccountable as it ought to have been. There were some present who pretended to a great knowledge of human nature, and who strictly watched Mrs. Alice during the whole transaction, and their evidence went still further to clear her from the imputation it was sought to affix upon her: for they said her conduct was so thoroughly natural—she seemed struggling between indignation at the charge brought against her, and grief for the cause thereof; and yet there was no overacting in her grief, it seemed just what she would be likely to feel for the loss of such a husband, and to be rather sorrow for the spell that appeared to be upon her, than for the man himself. The sheriff and his friends therefore, whatever they might have thought or wished, found themselves forced to declare her guiltless; and after partaking of a slight refection, consisting of boiled beef, suet puddings, sausages and ale, left the widow to her solitude. His declaration of her guiltlessness was soon known among her neighbours, almost all of whom without any delay or difficulty returned to their former good opinion of her, greatly pitying her for the trouble she had been put to, and much wondering how folks could be so spiteful as tell such wicked stories. In a few days orders were given for the burial of the late Master Shard in Mrs. Alice's family vault, which was in St. Michael's church, and which vault, though one of considerable extent, Mrs. Alice seemed in a fair way of filling choak full with her husbands.

St. Michael's church stood at the period of this tale, and for aught the teller knows to the contrary, stands to this day at the eastern end of Cornhill, and about midway between this church and Mrs. Alice's house there was a pot-house or tavern, known by the sign of the "Sevenne Starres:" in the tap-room of this tavern, upon the afternoon when Master Shard was to be carried to his long home, there was assembled a very merry company of some dozen worthy citizens, who were getting full of good things and gratitude towards the giver of the feast, Master Martyn Lessomour, a young merchant, whose safe return from a long and successful voyage in the Mediterranean they were met to celebrate. Master Lessomour was not yet thirty, though hard upon it; tall, strongly and well-built; his face was handsome and manly, and his large blue eyes looked like mirrors of his frank heart; his complexion was naturally fair, but exposure to sun and storm had given it a healthy tan, as they had also yet more bleached his light hair, which he wore long and curling down his neck and shoulders; in short he was altogether a comely young man to look upon, and the rogue knew it too, for it was particularly observed of him that his carriage, which was at all times free and easy, would assume a little bit of a swagger when he either met in the streets, or passed under windows where were sitting any young and pretty city damsels. In his merry moods he was playful as a month-old kitten, as very a galliard as the best among them; but when business required it, he was as staid and sober as if an idle jest or an extra cup of canary had never passed his lips, so that he was equally well thought of among the grave and the gay; some of the oldest and wealthiest of the citizens would nod to him in passing, and some even

went so far as to declare upon 'Change, "they believed young Master Lessomour would be a man well to do in the world, if," for they generally added a reservation, "if he only took care of himself and had good luck." They might indeed have been a little influenced in the formation of this good opinion, by the fact of his being the only heir and great favourite of a very rich and very old uncle. On the afternoon in question, he and his boon companions were at the height of their merriment, when one who was sitting in the bay window, that jutted out into the street, observed the funeral of Master Shard approaching, and gave notice thereof to the others. The passing of a dead body being a solemn event, and they being orthodox Christians (according to the orthodoxy of those times) their merriment was therefore suspended, and I will not undertake to say there was not a share of curiosity mixed up with this religious feeling, for they rose, one and all, and huddled into the window recess, in order to have a fair view of the funeral procession, which as matters went then-a-days was a very sumptuous one. Most of the party present being acquainted with the circumstances of the case, at once recognized whose funeral it was, and the ignorant and anxious ears of Master Lessomour were greedily drinking in sundry marvellous tales of the rich widow of Corne-hille, when she herself passed immediately by the window, looking becomingly downcast and sorrowful.

"Be she what she may," exclaimed my young merchant, "by the pillars of St. Hercules, she is a lovely wench, and steps out like an emperatrice."

"A witch, Master Martyn," replied one, the oldest of his companions, "a wicked witch is she, take an honest man's word for it, who should know something about such things."

"He is married to a shrew," said another, in an audible under tone, which produced a hearty laugh against the former speaker: in this, however, Master Lessomour did not join, nor with his companions who resumed their places round the well stored table, but drawing a stool into the window recess, and taking a tankard of ale with him, he sat him down, intending, he said, to have another glimpse of the fair widow as she should return from the church; meanwhile, he requested the company to-tell him something more about her as they seemed to know so much, and he nothing, having been so long away from home—and accordingly, Master Andrews (he who had boasted of his knowledge of such things, and was indeed reputed the most garrulous gossip in the parish) with the assistance and interruption of his companions, when they thought he had not made enough of a good point, went through a relation of Mrs. Alice's life and adventures; and, which relation, divested of a considerable share of fiction with which Master Andrews had laden it, and put together, it is humbly hoped, in something of a more coherent manner, corresponded very nearly with that which has been already laid before the reader. During all this while, Martyn Lessomour spoke not a word, and, when at length the narration was ended, he slapped his hand lustily on the window-sill, and cried out, "By the seven stars, and they are ruling ones now," casting up his eyes to the sign over the door, "but it is a strange tale—and whether true or false I will soon know—for if the mind of man hold good within me four-and-twenty hours, I will somehow or other scrape knowledge with this said witching widow."

At this observation, there was a general outcry, some declaring he would not do as he said, others that he could not; and some, presuming on long intimacy with him, or on their greater advance in years, vowed he should not.

"And we'll see that, my merry masters, in an eye-twinkle," cried Lessomour, "for here comes the dame back as if to my wish;" and with that, to the no small wonderment of his friends, he started from his seat, and clapping his cap upon one side of his head, hurried out of the door, and posted himself on the middle of the path, whereon Dame Alice with a few attendants was returning: he staid there, till she came within two or three paces of him, and then drew back to make way for her—she looked up, and their eyes met, and, bowing as gracefully as he could, which was not indifferently, he drew back still farther. Mrs. Alice turned with the intent to cross the road, but some horsemen riding by at the moment prevented her from doing so; whereupon Master Lessomour, stepping to her side, said "Fair dame, will you let a stranger do his poor duty here, and see you safe over." She curtsied, and accepted the arm he offered her; and after escorting her across the road, where they again exchanged courtesies, he left her, and joined his companions, who from the window had beheld with astonishment his bold gallantry. They conspired to attack him with a good deal of bantering and raillery upon his exploit; but he was in such high spirits at the good success of it, and so well pleased with the way in which he had acquitted himself, that he fairly turned the tables upon them; or if, literally speaking, he did not do that, they pretty nearly did it for themselves; for in the course of two hours there was not one of the party, with the exception of Master Lessomour, who was too merry to get drunk, and of Master Andrews, on whom liquor had no more effect than on a sponge, only making him heavy: with these exceptions, there was not one who did not turn himself under the table.

Martyn dreamed all night of the lovely widow, and rose next morning at the first break of dawn. He proceeded immediately to rummage over all his mails, a process he went through three or four times before he could fix upon what suit of clothes he should array himself in. Having at last chosen one, which he thought the handsomest, and the best calculated to show off his figure to advantage, he began to dress himself therein; but before he had got half through his toilet, it occurred to him that the suit he had chosen being a very gaudy one, was not the most suitable for the visit he intended to make; he therefore picked out one of a more sober cast, in which he finally clothed himself to his heart's content. It consisted of a sad-coloured doublet, breeches and hosen; the greater part of which, except the sleeves of the former, were concealed by a long cloth coat or robe, of a deep claret hue, hanging down nearly to his heels: this outer garment was open up the front, and fastened at the top with three silver buttons; there were no sleeves in it, but large apertures to let the arms through, which, together with the bottom, front and neck, were trimmed with a broadish border of silver lace: upon his head he wore a high peaked hood, with a long and full tail hanging from it, of the same materials and colour as his robe; and a pair of pointed shoes completed his dress. He then selected a few pieces of black and grey bombacyn, as the species of silk then chiefly manufactured in Sicily was termed, which he had himself brought home on his last voyage, and tied them up with a silken cord—and having



broken his fast, he sallied forth from his lodging in Ship-alley, near Tower Hille, with his parcel under one arm, and his hands tucked into the arm-holes of his robe to keep him warm, for although it was May, it was a real English, and not a mere poetical one. He arrived at Mrs. Alice's door and was admitted into her presence. In the most picked language he could master he excused his intrusion, relying upon the slight courtesy he had happily been enabled to show her the preceding day ; while she was lavish in her thanks for that courtesy, and seemed quite as willing to overrate, as he was to lessen it : after a good long interchange of such civilities, he respectfully requested her examination of the contents of his parcel, at the same time, letting her know as much as he with propriety could of his situation and prospects in life : and when she had chosen two pieces of the bombacyn, and begged to know at what price they were to be purchased, he gallantly entreated her to receive them as a trifling token of the great esteem wherein he held her : this gave rise again to a great many very pretty speeches, and at last Mrs. Alice very graciously vouchsafed to accept his handsome present—and they parted mutually pleased with each other.

He visited her however, again and again, and their liking of each other seemed to increase with each meeting ; for if he was charmed by her wit, her modesty, and her beauty, she was decidedly as much taken with his good looks, his open-heartedness, and his conversation :—she would sit for hours and hours together, listening to the strange history of his adventures upon the high seas, of his being chased by, and escaping from the pirates of the Atlantic and Mediterranean ; of the wonders he had seen in Spain and Italy ; of his visits to Venezia and Genoa ; and, finding what interest she took in such relations, he undoubtedly did a little amplify the truth now and then, making as much of an uncommon circumstance as he consistently could ; though he never outraged veracity or her common sense so far as to talk of Anthropophagi, or of men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders. In fine, so agreeable did they find each other, that as soon as decency would permit, they married ; neither, it would seem, at all deterred by the fate that had attended all Mrs. Alice's former husbands. The preparations on this occasion were as splendid and expensive as possible, every citizen of any importance that was at all known to either of the parties, graced the ceremony with their august presence, bringing with them too a host of wives, sons and daughters, kinsfolk, friends and acquaintance. The bride wore upon her head a small cap of cloth of gold, wrapped about with silken cords and stringed pearls ; her gown was of green silk, embroidered round the neck with jewels, as was also her broad silver girdle ; and over all she bore a long mantle of white cloth, richly trimmed and figured with silver, fastened round her neck with thick silver cords, and lined throughout with white fur ; her shoes were also of white cloth, with long points something turned up. The bridegroom was arrayed in a pair of peach coloured hosen of fine cloth, serving the double purpose of stockings and pantaloons, and a short *cointoise*, or robe of crimson silk, lined with white *persan*, open at the front, and fastened with golden buttons, set upon a broad border of dark blue velvet, and this trimming also ornamented with similar buttons, ran round the skirts, and wristbands of the robe ; his waist was cinctured by a golden girdle ; a small dagger hung from it, the ivory handle and yellow velvet sheath of which were richly ornamented with precious

stones : over this *cointoise* he wore a long mantle similar to his bride's, only of dark blue cloth, lined with white *persan*, and clasped at top by a large sapphire, set in chased silver ; behind his back there hung a hood of the same colour and material as his robe, worked all over with golden sprigs, and buttoned under his chin ; on his feet he had a pair of yellow Spanish leather *crackomes*, or shoes, with long pointed toes, the ends of which were fastened to his knees with silver-gilt chains : gloves also he had, and so indeed had the bride, though I forgot to mention it ; they were alike of fine white kid leather ; hers, embroidered with gold ; and his, with a large emerald set in the back of each one, gauntlet-shaped, and edged with golden buttons. If all that has not been told, would have been irksome and tedious in the telling, much more so, nay, quite impossible would it be to tell of all the feasting and mummeries that had place in Mrs. Alice's house on that day—of the quantities of roast, boiled, grilled and fried—of mortries, pies and tarts, that appeared and disappeared—of the oceans of liquors and wines too—French and Greek—of Ypocras, and Pymment—of Rumney, Malaspine, Vernage, Mountrese, Algrade and Garnarde, the very names whereof are lost in this degenerate age. Let the reader only rest assured, that this was better than any common feast, inasmuch as there was more than enough.

This day seemed to have been the beginning of a new life for Mrs. Alice ; she became from that time a gayer woman, and mingled more in company than ever she had done before ; for, with all her good qualities, she had lived hitherto rather a retired life : and yet she certainly did not fly to society, as I am afraid some modern housewives do, to escape from the fellowship of her husband ; but rather, as it seemed, to give her a greater zest therein—for she loved him almost to devotion, and he was equally attached to her. They had been married for nearly four months, and not yet a cross word or look had passed between them : their mutual affection, indeed, seemed on the increase, which is not always the case with a new-married couple, especially after the honey-moon ; but, as Master Lessomour took care to exact from his wife nothing either unreasonable, or what she thought so, he found her all duty and obedience. Many people, indeed, whispered that all this would not last long ; for they had not forgotten her other husbands, though it might almost seem that Master Lessomour and Mrs. Alice herself had done so.

It chanced, however, that, as they were sitting together silently one evening upon a low stool or settle (in shape something like a modern settee, only with quaintly carved frame and elbows), gazing upon the dying members of a wood-fire, that had been piled up between the brazen dogs on the brick hearth, that Mrs. Alice fetched a sigh.

"Why dost sigh, sweetheart ?" said her husband ; "art not happy ?"

"I knew not that I sighed, dear Martyn," she said. "Certes, it was not for lack of happiness, for I am right happy."

"I am glad to hear thee say so, and think thou sayest sooth—if I may at all judge from mine own heart—for I am happier than I ever yet have been."

"And so, in truth, am I, Martyn—for I *am* happy now ; and, indeed, I never knew happiness till I knew thee."

"Nay, now thou art surely cajoling me, sweetest. Meanest thou, thou wert never happy ere now ?"

" I say, till I knew thee, never—never !" As she said this with great stress on the word *never*, Martyn, whose arm was girdling her, felt her shudder strongly, and he shook too.

After a short pause, he resumed, " Didst thou, then, not love thy other husbands, Alice ?"

" Love them ! No, Martyn—no ; I hated them—hated them with a deadly hate." And at these words her face grew lividly pale, and her eyes fixed on her husband's with a strange and snake-like glistening, that his marrow thrilled again, and his heart beat thick. He spoke to her, however, in a meek voice, and said—

" Why didst thou hate them so, Alice ?"

" By cause that they were drunkards and faithless, Martyn ; and, therefore, I hated them so ; and, therefore, were it possible thou shouldst be such, I should even so hate thee, much, very much as I do now love thee." She uttered these words in a tone of deep tenderness, and fell weeping on his neck.

He strove, both by caresses and assurances, to soothe her ; but it was some time before he could do so. The conversation was not resumed, and they retired to bed. But Martyn's mind continued very restless, and he lay awake long after his wife had gone to sleep ; he could not dismiss her words from his brain, nor efface the impression they had made thereon ; and, after turning the matter over a great many times, he came to the resolution that he would see a little into the matter. At last he fell asleep, but it was only to wake soon from a wild dream. He thought he and his wife were still sitting on the low settle, as they had been that evening ; and that their faces were lit up, as they then had been, by the fitful glimmering of the dying embers—that *her's* wore the same livid hue, and her eyes glistened in the same snake-like manner, that had then so frightened him ; and that they were fixed, as then, upon his, and, though her look was most shocking, that he was fascinated by it, and could not move away his glance from her's ; and her face kept growing paler and paler ; and her eyes brighter and brighter, and more and more terrible ; and he grew sick and sicker at heart, and felt a reeling in his brain, and a choking in his throat ; and still he could not turn his eyes from her. And, behold ! her long black curls, that hung about her neck and shoulders, seemed of a sudden, and yet slowly, to become instinct with life ; and, one by one, they uncurled themselves—some moving their ends to and fro, and up and down, as he had seen leeches do in a vase when they sought to fix their heads somewhere—others, again, twined themselves round the carved rail-work of the settle—while others, arching and stretching themselves out, twisted round his neck so tightly that they nearly throttled him. He woke up in alarm and agony, and found his wife's long hair, indeed, around his neck—and her arms, too ; and her head was lying on his chest, and she was sobbing violently. He asked her what ailed her ; and she said she had had a dreadful dream, all of which that she could recollect was that she had seen him murdered.

Martyn slept no more that night ; and, the next morning, he rose betimes, and, pretending business, he went out at an early hour. Business, however, he had none. He walked forth at the Cripplegate, and strolled through the Finsburie fields, and so away into the country, without any fixed determination or even knowledge of whither he was going. It was a drizzly day, too ; but he seemed unconscious of it, though he was soon drenched to the skin. But he kept walking about, thinking



over the scene of the last evening, and all the stories he remembered to have heard of his wife from the day he first saw her, and all other stories he could remember ever to have heard of witches and their cunning, till he began to hold his wife for one in real earnest; or, if she was not a witch, she certainly was something else of an unusual nature, but *what* he could not just then bring himself to decide. Still he felt that he was not, somehow or other, safe with her, in spite of all her fondness for him; and reflecting upon her expressions of deep hate for her former husbands, and the cause whereto she had ascribed that hate, he conceived a design to try her love, which he determined upon carrying into immediate execution. It was long after sunset when he returned home, and he went straight to bed, pleading cold and weariness. The next day, he sat all the forenoon with his wife; but, in spite of her kindness and attentions, he could not overcome the disagreeable feeling that was upon him. He remained reserved, and almost sullen; and, at last, Mrs. Alice seemed infected with the same manner. At noon he left his house, and went straightways to Master Andrews, who lived not far off, with the purpose of inducing from him a recital of some of those marvellous tales wherewith he had, on a former occasion, regaled him. His purpose was, however, so far forestalled; for when he came there, he found he had some friends with him, and, of course, he was not anxious to make his wife's conduct matter of public talk. He sat, therefore, the whole evening nearly in silence; for which, however, they made full amends by their boisterous and drunken noise. He sat as late as any, and left them with the full determination of putting his plan into effect that very night. On his way home, he trod casually upon a piece of apple-rind lying in the path, and, slipping, fell in the mire; for it had been raining all that day too. At first he was not a little put out; but, after a little reflection, remembering that this very mischance might be made serviceable to his scheme, with disordered dress, bending knees, drooping mouth, and half-closed eyes (assuming, as much as he could, the bearing of a drunken man), he presented himself at his door. His wife, although it was now late in the night, had sent the servants to bed, and had herself sat up for him—a mark of attention that some very loving wives do at times pay their husbands, often more to their annoyance than comfort. In the present instance, however, nothing could have happened more to Lessomour's wish. The moment his wife saw him, her face flushed even to darkness, and her large black eyes widened to a greater size, as she said in a tone half of anger, half of dread, "Why, Martyn, what is this? what has befallen thee?"

"I've been with some friends, my love," he replied, speaking thickly.

"Martyn! Martyn!" she answered, and bit her lip, and shook her head, "a-get thee to thy bed; I will follow quickly."

He went accordingly; but it was some time before she did follow him, and she lay down by his side without speaking a word to him. He pretended to be asleep, though he did not really sleep all that night; nor more, he thought, did she—for she tossed about, and seemed very restless, now and then muttering to herself; and as soon as morning broke, she rose, and dressed herself, and left the room. The whole of that day he staid at home, feigning to have a bad head-ache. She was very attentive to him, but in no way hinted at his conduct of the foregoing evening. In two or three days he repeated the experiment, and with nearly the same success, saving that Mrs. Alice seemed a little more gloomy the

following day. He tried it a third time, and a fourth, and *that* night she did not come to his bed at all. The next morning she spoke to him, for the first time, upon the subject ; she expressed more sorrow than anger—talked kindly to him—said she had hoped once, twice, and even thrice, that his coming home full of liquor might have been a mishap ; but she now felt forced to fear that drunkenness was becoming an usage with him ; and she begged him, with tears in her eyes, as he prized her happiness, to stop in good time, ere it did in truth become an usage. He was moved by her earnestness, and promised her, and, at the time, himself determined to disquiet her no farther on this head ; but an impulse, which somehow he could not resist, urged him in a few days to break his word. Twice more his conduct called forth pressing entreaties from his wife—the last time, indeed, they were mingled with some reproaches : but it all was of no effect upon Lessomour, he continued in the career he had began. The day after he had returned home, for the seventh time, in a pretended state of drunkenness, his wife said to him, “ Martyn, I have prayed thee till I am weary : I now warn thee—take heed. As my husband, I owe thee love and duty ; but I can pay neither to a drunkard. Heed my warning, or woe upon us both ! ”

And did Martyn still go on with the pursuit of his experiment ?—He did. Although he saw it was losing him his wife’s love, and winning him her anger—her hate—he went on, with an unswerving resolution, which, in such a cause, seemed obstinacy, or madness, or worse. In the present enlightened age, I should not like to say he was bewitched, or to attribute to any supernatural influence the strong impulse which led him on to do as he was doing, in spite of his better sense and better feeling—in spite of the love he had unquestionably borne his wife—in spite of the danger which he felt he was thrusting himself into and feared ; and yet I equally dislike to suppose that he was tempted to this severe trial of his wife’s love and duty either by too great faith in them, or a want of it ; though something, perhaps, of a similar nature was the trial to which *Henry* put his *Emma*, and *Posthumus* his *Imogene* : in neither case, indeed, so severe a one, nor, for his personal safety, may be, so dangerous ; but, whatever might have been his motive, it certainly to himself was as inexplicable as he owned it to be irresistible. Again, therefore, he transgressed, and was again threatened : again he reiterated his offence ; and then his wife said to him the next day, “ Goest thou forth to-day, Martyn ? ”

“ I must, indeed, Alice,” he answered ; “ I have weighty business to do to-day.”

“ Then mark me, Martyn. I am not going to pray thee ; but I have warned thee once, and I have warned thee twice, and I now warn thee for the third and for the last time. Go at thy risk, and see thou heed this warning better than thou have done mine others. Go not forth to-day, Martyn ; or, going, come not back to me as thou hast been wont of late to come. Better that thou stay from me altogether ; but better yet that thou stay *with* me altogether, Martyn.”

“ Nay, nay, I needs must go, Alice.”

“ There needs no plea, Martyn, but thine own will—thine own stubborn will—that will not bend to thy wife’s prayer. Ay ! I said I would not pray thee, but I do now. Look ! see, Martyn ! I am on my knees here to thee—and there are tears in mine eyes !—and, kneeling and weeping thus, I pray thee go not forth to-day. I have had dreams of late—dreams of bad foretoken, Martyn ; and only last night I did truly

dream that——” [Here she gulped, as if for breath.] “Thou wilt lose thy life, an thou go forth to-day, Martyn.”

But Martyn Lessomour, like Julius Cæsar, was not to be frightened from a fixed purpose by a wife's dreams; and he answered her,—

“Wife, wife, thou art a fearful woman, and makest me fear thee; but, natheless, I shall go.”

“Go then,” she said, and rose and left him; and he shortly after went from the house—he returned in the evening in the same assumed state as before, and went to bed. For the last two days that he had played this part, since his wife had begun to use threats, he had gone when he left his own house, either to a friend's or a tavern, where he slept away all the time he was absent, in order that he might lie awake during the night, to watch what his wife would do; but during this day he had not, for disquietude of mind, been able to sleep at all; but now that he was in bed, such a drowsiness came over him, that in spite of all his endeavours he soon fell into a sound sleep. From this he was aroused by his wife's getting out of bed; yet, although he at once started into thorough wakefulness, he had the presence of mind to pretend to be still asleep, and lay still and watched her. She had thrown a night gown around her—but her hair was loose, and hung struggling about her neck, and as she passed the foot of the bed, the light from a lamp that was burning on a table, fell through her locks upon her face, and Martyn saw that it was of that livid paleness, and that her eyes were brightened by that hateful snakelike look, which he had only once before beheld in reality, though in memory, thousands and thousands of times: he saw too that she held a small knife in one hand. Slowly and stilly, like a ghost, she glided on—but away from him; and going up to the place where she had hung her gown up when she undressed, she took it down, and ripped open one of the sleeves of it, and took something out: she then went to the hearth, where there was a fire burning, for it was winter, and having laid the knife and whatever else she held in her hand, beside the lamp upon the table, she seemed searching for something about the hearth. At last Martyn heard her mutter, “Not here—how foolish—heedless of me—I must go and fetch it from below.” She moved towards the door—Martyn's heart beat high within him, as he thought the moment she should be gone, he would leap from the bed and rush past her down the stairs, and out of the house—for he strangely felt to be alone would be more dreadful than to be in her most dreaded presence. She stopped, however, at the door—laid hold of the latch, but did not raise it—and continued in a low mutter, “Not here; mayhap it was for some good end that I forgot it—mayhap that I should give him one more trial yet—shall I? I shall—one more trial I will give thee, dear Martyn, dear still, though lost, I dread—one more—one more;” and saying this, she hurried back to her bed, and leaning her head upon Martyn's shoulder, sighed and sobbed, not loudly indeed, but as if her heart were cracking—and he—he lay deadly still by her side, for he really feared to speak to her, even though it were to speak comfort; or when he thought of doing so, the remembrance of her word, “one trial more” stifled him—she seemed soon after to doze. In the morning he took care to rise before her, and woke her in so doing—he went up, as if by accident, to the table, and saw that beside the knife there lay a smallish round lump of lead.

“What is this for Alice?” he said, in a careless tone—for he knew she was watching him.



"What is it?" she replied. He took it to her bedside. "That," she continued, "is a weight from the sleeve of my gown; I cut it out last night, to put in a smaller, for I find it too heavy."

Martyn laid it down, and presently left the room. It was some time before his wife joined him below stairs, and when she did at last come, her eyes looked so swollen and red, that Martyn was pretty sure she had been weeping; he said nothing about it, however, but in a few minutes rose, and took down his cap, and said, "I am bidden forth to dinner again to-day, Alice." "Good bye then, Martyn, good bye," was all her answer, and that was said in a low, very solemn, and yet kind tone of voice. He lingered in the room for a moment or two, in the hope she would say something more to him, for he felt less inclined to pursue his fraud that day than he had ever felt before; perhaps it was from a return of love he felt this, perhaps from fear—she said, however, nothing more, indeed, did not seem to notice his presence; so after saying, "Well, good bye, Alice," he withdrew. He went at once to his next door neighbours, and requested them to hold themselves in readiness, in case he should want for their assistance in the night, for he had some idea, he said, that there would be an attempt to rob, or perhaps to murder him that night. This greatly alarmed his neighbours, and they promised to do what he requested, and the moment he had left them they sent for a reinforcement of their friends, and also begged of the fitting authorities that there might be an additional watch set in their neighbourhood that night.

Lessomour returned earlier by some hours than usual, and to his wonder, found his door was not fastened within. He entered, and called, but no one answered—he fastened the door, and went up to his bedroom, where he found his wife already in bed, and seemingly fast asleep:—this was the first time she had not sat up for him. He made a great noise, overturning stools and boxes, and sundry other things, and then cursing at them, after the manner of drunken men—but his wife still seemed to sleep soundly; he spake to her, but she made no answer. Really believing she was asleep, he got into bed, and pretended himself to sleep, and to snore—still she lay quiet. For two hours after he got into bed she never moved; but then she quickly but silently slipped from the bed, hurried, but still without noise, to a stool near the fire, took from under one of the cushions a small iron ladle, and, what Martyn knew again for the leaden weight he had seen in the morning—this she put into the ladle, and kneeling upon one knee, set it upon the fire; in about a minute she turned her face to the bed, and then raised it up, and Martyn saw that though her features were frightfully writhen with bad passions, there were tears in her eyes that bespoke an inward struggle. She rose notwithstanding, and whispered—"Now—no flinching"—and walked up to the bed, with the ladle containing the molten lead in her right hand; and just as she brought this forward so as to pour it into her husband's ear, he started up with a loud outcry, seized her hand, and jumped out of bed, at the same time saying, "Shameless assassin! have I caught thee? Help, ho! help, neighbours! Help—murder!" Alice did not scream—nor start even—but stared in her husband's face, and with a strong effort freed her hand, flung the ladle into the fire, sank on a stool behind her, and hid her face in her hands. Lessomour continued calling for help, which call his neighbours, to do them justice, were not slow to obey—but to the number of two score and odd, well armed, they forced the outer door, and were hastening up

the stairs. As they were close upon the bed-room door, Alice took her hands from her face, and with a hollow voice said—"Martyn Lessomour, before the ever living God, I am glad this hath so happened." Before he could reply, his neighbours and the watch were in the room, and, upon his charge, seized his wife.

The next day the coffins of her former husbands were all opened, and in the skulls of each was found a quantity of lead, which had plainly been poured in through one of the ears. Mrs. Alice was soon after tried upon the evidence of her living husband, and that of her dead ones, which though mute was no less strong. She would say nothing in her defence; indeed, after the words she spoke to her husband in their bed-room on the night of her apprehension, she never uttered another: only, in the court, during her trial, when Lessomour was bearing witness that he had pretended drunkenness to try what effect it would have upon her—when he swore to this, Alice, whose back had hitherto been towards him, turned rapidly round, fixed her glazing eye upon his, and uttering a shriek of piercing anguish, would have fallen, but that her jailer caught her in his arms: and that look and that sound Martyn Lessomour never forgot to his dying day. His wife was found guilty of petit treason, and was burnt to death in Smithfield, according to the law of the land.

And so great a noise did this story make, that in the course of that year a statute was passed, more determinately to settle the office of Coroner, and the powers and duties of him and the jury he should summon to the Inquest.

Martyn Lessomour lived to be a very old, and, as had been foretold of him, a very rich man—but he never was a happy one. A.

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#### NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

WE cannot begin these sketches of the prevalent features of the time, better than by adverting to that great topic which now most engrosses every loyal and honourable mind of the community. The Oxford election will have begun as these sheets are going to press; but we will fearlessly anticipate that *the* Protestant University will do itself honour on this public trial of its principles. Mr. Peel is a paltry turn-coat: that is the only description by which he will ever be known, should he live to the age of Methuselah. He has done a poor and disgraceful thing, which will leave him open to the taunt of every man while one fragment of him clings to another. Fox's reputation, with all men of honour, was utterly ruined by the Coalition. The act was infamous; and even Fox's talents could not save him from being called infamous to the end of his career. But what protection can Mr. Peel's intellect give to his morals—his contemptible powers of mind to his contemptible conduct? The present question with Oxford is not so much whether Papists should or should not be suffered to pollute Parliament, as whether Oxford should involve her character, in the presence of the world, with that of a slave of office—a wretched mendicant for salary—in one word, a *turn-coat*, who has the effrontery to talk of "retaining his principles while he changes his conduct," and the folly to suppose that any human being will now care which he retains or changes. The trial is not of Mr. Peel, but of Oxford.

On the contrary, Sir Robert Inglis is a gentleman, who has retained his principles without changing his conduct—a scholar, an able speaker, and, what is better than either, a man in whom his fellow-men can confide. Mr. Peel we have always looked upon as a meagre drudge of office, ventilated into a little public notice by public employment, but who has never, in the whole course of his career, made one vigorous display—has never delivered even one generous sentiment—has never been betrayed into any one noble burst of feeling. All his speeches are dry and dull, tame and verbose, the regular progeny of the counter. We would not take the whole of them in exchange for the single short speech of Sir Robert Inglis on the Treaty of Limerick, which sewed up the everlasting mouth of Sir Francis Burdett, and deprived Lawyer Plunkett of his favourite theme for life. Let Oxford return this honest, high-minded, and vigorous friend of the establishment; let her laugh at the paltry slander of calling that Churchman a *saint*, who is abused by that most noisy and consummate of saints, Saint Daniel Wilson; and let her tell the world that she will have as little to do with Mr. Peel, as the world will have to do with him.

But, hollow as mankind are, Protestantism has still some steady and able friends. The admirable Duke of Newcastle and Lord Kenyon have already spoken with eloquent boldness to the nation. And what can be more worthy of a man of English rank and English honour, than the following Address of Lord Winchelsea!—

“ TO THE PROTESTANTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

“ Fellow Countrymen!—Brother Protestants!

“ In the name of our country and our God I call upon you, without one moment's delay, boldly to stand forward in defence of our Protestant constitution and religion—of that constitution which is the foundation of our long-cherished liberties—of that religion which is the source of the many blessings which this nation has received from the hands of the Almighty Governor of the Universe.

“ Let the voice of Protestantism be heard from one end of the empire to the other. Let the sound of it echo from hill to hill, and vale to vale. Let the tables of the houses of parliament groan under the weight of your petitions, and let your prayers reach the foot of the throne; and though the great body of your degenerate senators are prepared to sacrifice, at the shrine of treason and rebellion, that constitution for which our ancestors so nobly fought and died, yet I feel confident that our gracious Sovereign, true to the sacred oath which he has taken upon the altars of our country to defend our constitution and our religion from that church which is bent upon their destruction, will not turn a deaf ear to the prayers and supplications of his loyal Protestant subjects.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ With every respect,

“ Your humble and devoted servant,

“ WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM.”

“ London, Feb. 9, 1829.”



We remember to have seen, in the letters of a tourist some years since, a proud boast of the pre-eminence of London thievery. "I wandered," said the patriotic tourist, "from end to end of Paris, and I protest in the most solemn manner that I did not see above a dozen reputed thieves, and those of the most contemptible appearance. They wanted the force, the fearless gait, the determined, business-look of the London thief. I do not think that there was a man among them capable of any thing above a petty larceny."

The tourist was a good observer, for such is the fact; but he was no philosopher, or he would have discovered that the true cause of this national inferiority is not in the want of a turn for the trade of transfer, but in the want of opportunity, the public profession being actually starved by the quantity of private practice—a matter which occurs in more professions than one in the capital of all the Graces. But the following paragraph in the papers makes us dread the loss of our acknowledged superiority in the science:—

"A daring burglary was committed, on Tuesday night, at Covent Garden Theatre, when nearly the whole of the musical instruments were taken from a lumber-room under the stage, the place where they are usually deposited. The robbery was discovered early the next morning, when it appeared that the thieves had effected an entrance into the interior of the theatre, by cutting away one of the panes of glass. A *cremona*, one of the instruments stolen, belonging to Mr. Bowden, one of the band, worth forty guineas, was only recovered from a pawnbroker's shop about six weeks ago, which had previously been stolen from the theatre."

This paragraph is altogether unworthy of the London papers, the theatre, and the thieves. When gallant men are reduced so low as to steal any fiddle that has been heard in the orchestra of either of the theatres for the last ten years, we can only weep over the degradation of burglary. The next fall will be to sweep off the trumpets and jew's-harps of Bartholomew Fair, and make catcalls scarce in the market. It is true that there may have been some legal dexterity in the choice; for as no jury will hang a man for less than from three to four shillings, there was comparative safety in carrying off goods, the best of which could not be valued at half-a-crown. As for the *cremona*, which had so lately returned from the pawnbroker's, we entirely disbelieve the story that there was any compulsion in the matter. The *cremona*, of course, being the only one of the kind in the orchestra, and not liking the rascal society of the machines of English handy-work and Norway deal round him, disdained to remain *solo*, and went to look for a due *accompaniment* in the pawnbroker's, to which it had so often gone before that it could now make its way blindfold.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland's arrival was eagerly looked for, and the libellers of the Royal Family declared at once that he was coming over to vote against the principles that actually seated his family on the throne. He soon gave them their answer; and, we have reason to think, that he has given more powerful personages their answer too, by this time. His speech in the Lords is prompt, powerful, and decisive:—

"The Duke of Cumberland said he never rose to address their lordships with more painful feelings than he felt at that moment. Indeed, he begged to assure their lordships that nothing but the duty which he felt he owed to

that house, the country, and himself, should have induced him to then trespass on their indulgence. But feeling as strongly as he ever did the importance of the subject, he thought it his duty to let the country know—not whether he said this or whether he said that—*BUT WHAT HE WAS.* (Hear, hear.) It was a source of painful regret to him to differ on any measure from the noble Duke at the head of the government, with whom he had long been on habits of intimacy, and for whom he entertained the highest respect. *He would put it to their lordships, whether they were prepared to say, for that was, in fact, the question, whether this country was to be a Protestant country with a Protestant government, or a Roman Catholic country with a Roman Catholic government.* (Hear, hear.) *This was the question and none other.* The moment that there were Roman Catholics admitted into that House, or the other House of Parliament, their House, or the House of Commons, must cease to be a Protestant House of Peers or Protestant House of Commons. Although as much a friend as any noble lord within the reach of his voice to toleration, he was not prepared to admit the Catholics to seats in that House, to become members of the Cabinet, to be eligible to the high and confidential situation of Lord Chancellor, nor to that of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was unwilling to say more at present, though he would confess that he believed there were many Roman Catholics who were just and worthy men. He felt sorry that he had been called, as it were, somewhat out of place, to interrupt the regular proceeding by this avowal of his sentiments on this important subject. It had cost him some efforts; but he felt, considering the turn which the observations of a noble lord who had preceded him had taken, that this explanation on his part could not be avoided. (Hear.)

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“The Brighton and Sussex bank stopped payment on Saturday, on which day the doors were not opened. The event created much dismay and distress among the market-folks, many of whom had that morning taken of the notes.”

So says the *Brighton Guardian*; and we can fully believe that the market-folks were by no means pleased with the discovery that they had given their eggs for the paper of the Brighton and Sussex bank. When are these things to attract the eye of our wise and patriotic legislature, governed as it is by the wisest and most patriotic of field-m Marshals? If a wretch starving, and naked as the winds, ventures to turn a sleeve-button into a sixpence, he is dragged to justice; and learned serjeants on the bench put on their black caps, and dilate with judicial pride on the unfailing vigour of British law. If a miserable clerk, at fifty pounds a year, with a wife and a dozen brats to feed upon his soul and body, imitates a five-pound check, the law grasps the emaciated felon, flings him into the dock, and, when he has gone through the bitterness of death a hundred times over, in all sorts of shame, taunts, and tribulations, sends him to be hanged.

But, when a gentleman, or a knot of gentlemen, who drink Champagne and Hockheimer, keep barouches and Opera-boxes, and flourish in the *ton*, take it into their ways and means to issue fifty thousands pounds in paper, which turns out to be not worth so many farthings, the whole affair is perfectly *selon les règles*—“quite an every day thing, done by gentlemen of the purest honour and the most unimpeachable character, and, in fact, no disgrace whatever”—the whole matter being a mere misfortune.

But what must say the men, women, and children—the feeble, the decaying, the undone—who have given their labours for the paper of these men of elegance? Where are they to go for bread—where to hide their houseless heads—where to answer the demands of creditors as

poor as themselves—where to look for the necessities of hourly existence? Let the law take those infamous infractions of every obligation in hand, and grasp the villainous issuer of money without more substance than his own honesty; let this privilege of coining to an unlimited amount be as penal as coining a farthing; and, for once, every man of honour and humanity would rejoice in enlarging the hand of the law; and the scaffold would be looked upon as the instrument, not of a national fondness for severity, but as the instrument of popular preservation.

Let banks be established throughout the country in shares, of which every man may be the purchaser—or in large companies, of which every man is responsible. The system of private banking, as it is now carried on, must be extinguished. There may be, of course, individual bankers to whom these charges do not apply. We will not say even that they apply to the Brighton bankers in question, of whose peculiar proceedings we know nothing but from the papers. They may be honest, for any thing that we can tell, though we are glad that we have not been dealing at their counter. It is the system that we execrate; a system so palpably hazardous to the people, so adverse to the common caution of the law against imposition, and offering so powerful a temptation to the fraudulent, that we cannot conceive under what pretext it ever existed.

We live in a time of discovery. Mr. O'Connel has discovered that he has a right to be dubbed M.P., and has communicated his discovery in a letter, which, by Cobbett's pocket-rule, measures two miles and a half, or, as Mr. O'Connel *nationally* rectifies him, measures two miles and a half and three-quarters. Hitherto all the world have been thinking that it was the actual intention of English law that Papists were not to sit in Parliament. But Mr. O'Connel has written his columns to prove that an Irish Papist has nothing to do but to put on his hat, walk into the lobby, kick the repugnant serjeant-at-arms from the door, and take his seat at the elbow of his *honourable* friend, Mr. Peel. If this be the fact of the case, we must own that we think Mr. O'Connel has thrown away a vast deal of time and oratory in the Corn Exchange, and that his wiser plan would have been to have packed up his portmanteau for Whitehall twenty years ago, and taken his seat, with as many of his fellow-patriots as had the fear of duns before their eyes, which would have made a most voluminous addition to his *tail*.

As to his abuse of Mr. Sugden, we heartily coincide with him. His calling the Chancery-man any name of contempt that fills his rich vocabulary, will hurt no feeling of ours; though to be fallen into the contempt of Mr. O'Connel, is of itself as deep a plunge into the mire of scorn as could easily happen to any one. Mr. Sugden has, forsooth, been suddenly enlightened: he too has made the brilliant discovery that all the conceptions of his learned life on the nature of the Constitution; nay, that all the principles which, six months ago, he so solemnly protested were as solidly imbedded in his brain as Westminster Abbey in its foundation, were absolute nonsense; that he had been dreaming all his life; that, treating of the Constitution every day of his existence, and living by his presumed knowledge of it—he knew nothing at all on the subject, and that he has received his new inspiration from Mr. Peel; nay, that he has turned off all his old whims, and new clothed his inner man in realities from the broadcloth wardrobe of Mr. Peel. And the



man has uttered this in the face of day! Well, let it pass. Those things must work themselves to an end!

But a noble Whig, too, has been out on his voyage of discovery, and has brought back the extraordinary knowledge that the Protestants of 1688 had no objection whatever to the fullest admission of Popery into all the recesses of the Constitution. In our ignorance, we had all along thought that James was flung from his throne in a burst of national indignation at his frauds upon the Protestant Constitution, at his guilty abolition of the acts that excluded Papists from the power of destroying the Constitution, at the course of Jesuitism, vileness, and vice by which he was labouring to make the government Papist, and the country the slave of Rome. We had thought that William had fought against Popery in Ireland, and persecution in France; and that, after having stricken down the fiend, he had delivered it over to the generations of England, to be kept in eternal chains. But Lord Holland's discovery, reserved for this age of congenial illumination, brings the intelligence that every statesman, writer, and speaker, since 1688, has been totally in error; that even the men who made the Constitution did not know what they were making; and, finally, that King William was one of the most determined friends imaginable to Papists. Where the noble Whig, or individuals like him, find their authorities, is no inquiry of ours; but here follows the unquestionable language of the King:—

*“Speech of King William III. on opening the Sessions of Parliament (a Whig one), in December, 1701.—‘I promise myself you are met together full of that just sense of the common danger of Europe. The eyes of all Europe are upon this Parliament; all matters are at a stand till your resolutions are known. Let me conjure you to disappoint the only hopes of our enemies, by your unanimity. I have shewn, and will always shew, how desirous I am to be the common father of all my people; do you, in like manner, lay aside parties and divisions; let there be no other distinction heard of among us for the future, but of those who are for the Protestant Religion and the present Establishment, and of those who mean a Popish Prince and a Foreign Government. If you do, in good earnest, desire to see England hold the balance of Europe, and to, indeed, be at the head of the Protestant interest, it will appear by your right improving the present opportunity.’”*

“The will of Dr. Wollaston has been proved in the Prerogative Court in Doctors’ Commons; and probate granted for fifty thousand pounds personal property, which he has left among his brothers and sisters.”

So much for philosophy. Wollaston was a shrewd, sour, and indefatigable money-maker. The little stories on record of his dexterity in turning every toy of his trade of science to account, from the new pointing of a pin to the polishing of a diamond, would make a pleasant memoir. His *Camera Lucida*, an ingenious trifle for sketching landscape, is said to have netted, by his peculiar management, no less than four thousand pounds. His next contrivance for gathering a little of the floating capital of this world, was a pasteboard Map of the Stars—ridiculous, of course, in the hands of science, but very well for school-girls, who very well paid for it. The Doctor's chief money was made by the working of platina, for which he had discovered a process, which process he kept dextrously to himself, until he felt that he could melt and mingle no longer, and he then gave the secret to the public.

His latter years were engaged in pursuits equally promising: he was supposed to have occupied himself in making a portable steam-engine, by which a lady could have her family washing done under her dressing-table, without smoke, smell, or noise. He was the inventor of the boiling machine, by which three inches of Cobbett's paper, tightly rolled together, would boil water enough for the shaving of a company of the Coldstream in five minutes. A musical Tetotum, carved into the form of a Secretary of the Home Department, was the work of the last six months, and he had already added to "Rule Britannia," and the "Duke of York's March," the new airs of "Long live the Pope," and "A Fig for the Country." A humming-top, on a new construction, exhibited the curious phenomenon of a speech of his Grace the Duke of Wellington in transparent characters, changing colour at every twirl; and a chief source of the Doctor's chagrin was his not being able to add to it the speeches of all the Cabinet Ministers; for though in every attempt it twirled enough, yet it seemed suddenly to have lost the power to hum. Nothing escaped the Doctor's eye. A gentleman, at a dinner party, had described to him the common contrivance in the streets, by which a sheet of paper could be folded into twenty different shapes—a fan, a wheel, a hat, and so forth. The Doctor slept a night upon the idea; and, at the next meeting of the Royal Society Club, at the Crown and Anchor, took from his pocket a sheet of paper, which he twisted with almost invisible rapidity of hand into a military hat, a mitre, a crown, and one of those coverings of the head which, from their peculiar place of employment, are called Old Bailey night-caps. After having delighted the president and fellows with this most ingenious exhibition, he proceeded to increase their surprise, by unfolding the paper, which, by simply pressing his hand upon it, displayed a late remarkable ministerial declaration. This he passed round the company, requesting each to read it aloud; and, to the universal amusement, every second reader read it in a directly contrary sense to his neighbours. The perplexity growing considerable, and the several readers contending with growing irritation for their readings, the Doctor took the paper into his hand, and simply breathing on it, returned it to the company. The characters had totally vanished, and the paper was voted to be the most ingenious exhibition of a talent for tricking that would have beat all the Breslaws out of the field.

The Doctor had so strong a passion for purchasing every thing, among which were some of the most curious as well as the most repulsive monstrosities of human nature, that we have no doubt his sale will be highly worth attending. We shall make a point of watching the development of his treasures, and hope to have an opportunity to describe them.

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A Dublin paper states that the plate of the Duke of Northumberland, forwarded to Holyhead, weighs *three tons*.

Parsons, the clever Irish barrister, and intended residuary legatee to Lord Norbury's fame, said, on reading this announcement, "that he supposed O'Connell had gone over to New-market, to be in training for the Northumberland plate."

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"In Great Britain there is one soldier for every 229 inhabitants, France 138, United States 1977, Russia 77, Prussia 80, Austria 118,

Netherlands 142. The relation of the fleet to the population is—Great Britain, one ship of the line or frigate to every 82,979 inhabitants, France 290,909, United States 316,000, Russia 686,250, Austria 2,909,091, Netherlands 170,536."

How long this humiliating inferiority in our military muster is to remain a disgrace to England, we cannot say. What! only one showy fellow in a red coat walking up and down a barrack yard, or shining in ball-rooms, to 229 of such useless and ill looking animals as merchants, citizens, farmers and manufacturers! We ought to be ashamed of ourselves.

But there are better hopes in store for us. The warlike tastes of his majesty's premier are making way as they ought. We understand, that the cabinet are already drilled to an extraordinary degree of discipline, all the old stiff members of the corps having been discharged, and a new recruiting having taken place, by which several remarkably promising additions have been made, fit for any service. The sergeant major employed to teach them the manual, declares that in the course of his experience he never met a squad more obedient to the rattan, and quicker at obeying the word of command. That the "eyes right and eyes left" is already complete; the kneeling in platoon very correct; the general salute performed with the exactness of the most regular parade, and the whole done with a degree of silence, such as he never observed before. He has, in consequence, reported some of them as worthy of being made corporals, and, we heartily wish them the stripes that their merit deserves.

Lord Lyndhurst is said to be indefatigable at his exercise, but he prefers the dragoon drill to the infantry, from his having been trained in early life to a charge. Undoubtedly, twelve men are different from twelve millions; but we rely upon his lordship's profession and practice alike, and are assured, that let who will tumble, he will stick to the saddle still, and push on through thick and thin.

Lord — is one of the last brought in; and a fine strong backed recruit he is, he can bear any thing; he, to be sure, lies under rather an awkward suspicion of having deserted from every corps that he engaged in during about forty years of all kinds of service. But he swears, that he is sobered by misfortune, and the man has certainly a look of ragged repentance; besides, he will now be kept to his tether, and the first attempt to call his soul his own will be the last. As to desertion, let him try that if he can; his face is too well known at every receiving house in the kingdom, and not a corps will have any thing to do with him. As it is, he is fit only to stand centry at the custom-house docks, he having a natural antipathy to every kind of spirit. He is, in fact, already expecting to be placed on the list of out pensioners.

We understand, that the fashionable vocabulary is to be reformed in the rising taste. That an evening party is henceforward to be called a *drum*; and that gunpowder tea is to be the reigning potation. A dance is to be a *ball* again.—A *conversazione* retaining its old right to the name of *bore*, and *cutting* being more *ton* than ever. Some of our belles have taken to powder for the first time since the French revolution, and the favourite is *marechale*. Even the clergy have submitted to the general influence, and there are at this moment several hundred dozens of venerable men sent packed on the tops of stage coaches, up to town, for the express purpose of changing their condition, and being cast into *canons*.



Lord Mayor Thompson, is a good fat fellow enough, with a good face, as the court ladies of the Easter ball say; a good fortune, as is presumed in the heavy regions round the London Docks, and a good voice for haranguing that magnanimous concentration of practical wisdom, a common council. But why the deuce does he always slide into the common stuff that has been talked for the last five hundred years by the common council understanding. We know, by precedent, what any one of those orators will say in the irregular succession of every five minutes of his blundering. There is in all the same eternal stuff about gratitude, and insufficiency, and awe, and determination to love, honor and obey the fat fellows wallowing in tureens of turtle soup, by the thousand, as far as the eye can reach through the smoke of the hecatomb fresh from the altars of Smithfield. Let us now hear my Lord Mayor:—

"The Lord Mayor returned thanks—He felt that the duties he had to perform were onerous and embarrassing, but he certainly never felt *more difficulty* than in giving utterance to his sentiments on this occasion, *overwhelmed as he was by the kindness* which he that day experienced.—(Cheers.) The *ward of Cheap* was the cradle in which his young ambition was first rocked—he had acquired *vigour and strength* under the parental care of the honourable men by whom he was surrounded; and if his heart did not beat with *gratitude* at this proof of the continuance of their affection, he must be destitute of the feelings which they must have thought he was influenced by when they raised him to the elevation he had at present attained.—(Loud cheers.)"

What can be finer than all this—The most exquisite flummery ever administered by the spoon of city gratitude? "Ambition rocked in a cradle," and that cradle Eastcheap. "*Cheap ambition*," says one wag, "ambition founded on a rock," says another. "Ambition rocked by a ward. The man himself, instead of the nurse, should have been the ward, until he came to years of discretion," says a third. A fourth, and the kindest of all, with a sigh over an orator nipped in the bud, says, "Lord Mayor Thompson, be an orator no more!"

*The Pantomimes.*—"The whole of these annual entertainments have been very successful this season. The following is an estimate of the expences attending each of the pantomimes, both at the major and minor establishments:—

Drury Lane, about	-	-	£1,870
Covent Garden	-	-	1,426
The Adelphi	-	-	500
The Surrey	-	-	600
The Cobourg	-	-	400
The Pavilion	-	-	100
The Olympic	-	-	80

Making an aggregate of 4,976*l.* for providing enjoyment for the holiday folks. Sadler's Wells is not included in the above sum, as that establishment (contrary to its practice from time immemorial) produced no pantomimic Christmas entertainment."

We wish the Harlequins and Columbines well; they are good subjects, and never fail to do their duty. Of tragedies we are desperately tired, and of French farces desperately sick: there is not marrow enough in a whole theatre of them to furnish any thing beyond a professor of the

London Boarding-house-Radical-Rationality-College with a thought; while Harlequin and his rose-cheeked Columbine, and his well-made and well-kicked Clown, have flesh and bone undeniably national. What is it to cry out at, if Harlequin keeps his carriage, and Columbine is in doubt which of three lords she shall marry? They deserve their honours, and shall have them.

The story goes, that the Marquis of Clanricarde had ordered his house to be fitted up for the reception of Mr. O'Connel in London. Of the nature of the fittings which would be most appropriate in this country for the Irish M.P.'s reception, we have a very distinct opinion; but, as Jekyll said the other day, "Englishmen should *drop* the subject." Mr. O'Connel politely declined the honour, saying "that he was in charge of the *"rent."*

The "Counsellor" has, however, since put himself into the hands of Sir Francis Burdett, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr. Brougham; a strong indication that he has gained courage on the part of the "rent." But, in point of personal precaution, nothing could be more judicious; for, in the multitude of counsellors, says the proverb, the timid may look for SAFETY; and, if Sir Francis has not been at the bar, he has been in the dock, which is nearly the same; and has, besides, during his whole career, exhibited the true slipperiness of Chancery Lane. The poet was of old gifted with prediction, and we fully agree with the annexed pleasant lines:—

#### THE DEMAGOGUE'S DEPARTURE.

AIR.—"The Minstrel Boy."

The sham M.P. to "the House" has gone,

In the ranks of rogues you'll find him;

His green surtout he has buttoned on,

And Killeen trots behind him.

"Child of Rome," said the silly Lord,

"Though all the world despise thee,

The 'Rint' at least thy rights shall guard,

And I, for one, will prize thee."

O'Connel went down, for the Speaker's rod

Soon forced him to knock under;

And back he flew to his Papist sod,

With his bruises, and brogue, and blunder:

And he cried, "I thought the English soft,

And I whined about Papist slavery;

But they shewed me the Drop, and the rope aloft—

So, Here's long life to knavery!"—[Age.

*Martin the Incendiary.*—"He was born in the year 1782, at Hexham, in Northumberland, of parents in an humble station, who apprenticed him to a tanner. In his twenty-second year he went to London, where he was impressed, and sent to sea on board the Hercules, a 74 gun ship. While on board this vessel, he was engaged in the bombardment of Copenhagen. He was afterwards engaged in the blockade of the eight Russian ships in the Tagus, and from thence sailed to Corunna, where the wreck of the English army, under the command of Sir John Moore, was taken on board. Subsequently he sailed to Egypt. After a number of adventures, by sea and land, in which he mentions having been four times ship-

wrecked, he returned to his parents in Northumberland, 'as safe and as well as when he left them.' He states that he is brother to Martin, the celebrated historical painter. Having obtained employment at his own business at Norton, in the county of Durham, he married. On the death of his mother, he dreamed that she came to see him, 'and told me,' says he, 'that *I was to be hanged*. At another time,' he adds, 'I dreamed, and looking up, I saw there was a sea of fire coming upon me, and found myself surrounded with it. I thought surely the world was at an end.' He then began to go to the church and chapel by turns. He afterwards joined the Methodists. He next travelled to Stockton, where he conducted himself in such a way as to shew that he was deprived of reason. While in this state, he took the resolution to shoot the Bishop of Lincoln. The parish officers committed him to a lunatic asylum, from which he escaped. Again he was committed, and again escaped from the asylum at Gateshead. From that time he seems to have led a vagrant life, supporting himself by selling his own history, and exhibiting every where symptoms of mental derangement. The last event recorded in his history is his visit to Lincoln, in September, 1827, where he went to view the cathedral, for what purpose is not mentioned. It appears to have been his practice to fix written denunciations of vengeance against the clergy on the doors of churches."

This wretched individual's story seems true enough, and belongs to the multitude of those who with weak brains are set to read "religious books," as they are called, written by brains as weak as their own. The Bible makes no man mad: there is not an irrational, fantastic, or high-flown syllable in the language of Revelation. But the writers of these books *never* read the Bible as an instructor—the safest, the only instructor—of the great truths by which man is to be raised as well above his delusions as above his vices. They look into it only for some quotation, which they pervert, or to reinforce some argument, of which they are equally incapable to see the force or the falsehood. Toplady and Flavel, Scott and Hawker, are their Bible, and the true sources of that infinite quantity of blindness, folly, and fanaticism, which among us degrades the beauty and the power of religion. This miserable incendiary was a reader of their pious nonsense, and by their fruits they are best known.

We give the following from that high-toned, able, and constitutional paper, *The Standard*:—

#### THE IRISH MINSTREL.

"Now let every string of the Harp of Erin resound to Liberty."—*Association Speech.*

Awake, Old Erin's tuneless harp!  
And if thy tones were stern and sharp,  
When earlier traitors bade thee ring  
The praise of Pope, the curse of King,  
Now answer to a darker hand,  
The minstrel of a bloodier band!

Compound of every baser sin,  
Half sycophant, half jacobin;  
Pledging his prostituted soul  
For power or place's meanest dole;  
Beside his country's yawning tomb  
He sings the victory of Rome.



Hear it, ye traitors, far as wave  
Or wind can drive you—hear it rave;  
Hear it, ye livid, craven crew,  
Scorn of the old world and the new,  
Ye cleansings of the nobler jail;  
And give America the tale.

Hear it, ye sons of every crime,  
That stains the man, or shames the clime;  
Thief, perjurer, traitor, murderer, all  
Hear from your depths the kindred call!  
Shout, brothers of the whip and chain!  
Blasphemers! echo back the strain.

Hear it, ye old unlucky slaves,  
That justice trampled into graves;  
Hear, Atheist Jackson, mad Despard,  
At length has come your native bard;  
Hear it beneath your gibbet-stone,  
Ye grinning wrecks of Sheares and Tone.

Hear it! ye rude and nameless crowd,  
That sleep your last without a shroud!  
Ye clay, that shot and sabres strewed,  
When justice crushed rebellion's brood!  
Ye festerers in the bloody ground,  
Start at the old congenial sound!

But where's the striker of the string?  
To scoundrel life the slave shall cling,  
Still shift and fawn, abjure and lie;  
Yet comes his hour. The slave shall die.  
The axe shall drink his recreant gore;  
Then Ireland shout! Thy shame is o'er.

The burning of York Minster is of course a matter to be much deplored, for its sacrifice of some very fine portions of the finest of English cathedrals. But we hope that the investigation will not close with the punishment of the miserable fanatic who did the immediate mischief. Was there any due precaution used? Where were the watchmen, or church-officers, that ought to have been taking care of a building of so much value? The story is told, that, in a spirit of curious economy, the single watchman (who cost twelve shillings a week) was cut down to half-pay, and that his watching was thenceforth to be only on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—cathedrals being never capable of conflagration on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. For this tale we cannot vouch, though it is current enough. But we hope, at least, that other cathedrals will be taken better care of, and that other Martins will not be suffered to take possession of their pulpits, and harangue on the glories of arson, previously to the deed, quite so much without auditors, as the burner of the Minster.

“On the Sabbath evening there was service in the Minster as usual, and all appeared to be left safe. About four next morning, a man passed through the Minster yard, and saw a light in the building; but, it not being very considerable, he supposed there might be workmen preparing a vault, or otherwise engaged, and he consequently passed on without inquiry. The discovery, however, between six and seven o'clock, was made in a most extraordinary manner. A young boy, of the name of Swainbank, who is one of the choristers, was passing through the mas-

ter's yard, and accidentally stepping upon a piece of ice, was thrown on his back; thus placed, and before he could recover himself, he saw a quantity of smoke issuing from several parts of the roof. The sight was truly alarming and unaccountable, and he lost no time in going for the man who keeps the keys. They returned together; and when they entered, the sight was beyond description—a dense mass of smoke pervaded the whole building, and the beautiful work of the choir was extensively on fire. An alarm was immediately given; the workmen connected with the cathedral were all called up, fire-engines procured, and the whole city soon became acquainted with the distressing tidings."

PARODY, BY THE GREAT SOLDIER.

"Toby, or not Toby—that's the question."—SHAKESPEARE.

Dear friends, this smug priest, who now foams with sham zeal,  
In which I now trace the delusion of Peel,  
Was once Dr. Philpott's, as worldly a Dean  
As e'er bullied Papist, or spattered a Queen:  
In veering about 'tis his praise to excel,  
And amongst ratting Parsons he bears off the Bell.\*

It chanced as last summer he sat at his ease,  
In his living of Stanhope, as gay as you please,  
From the Church and the State *puffing* Popery away,  
And to honest old Eldon was writing each day:  
His letters announced a bright change in the scene,  
And he saw himself hailed as the new Chester Dean.

His Reverence, when placed on this eminent perch,  
And wishing still higher to rise in the Church,  
The Premier found out, in his chapter—poor Phil,  
And out of his brain he has formed this fine Bill,  
Made sacred to Popery, Connel, and Shiel—  
So, Here's to Rat Toby, the tempter of Peel!

The fair sex are making their way to distinction. Several phenomena have been exhibited lately. A woman, somewhere among the villages, is astonishing every body, and setting an example to the churchwardens, by fasting. She has contrived to take no sustenance (publicly) for a month; and, though fish and game have been known to enter the chamber from the generous ponds and preserves of the unconscious gentry around, yet she has persisted in the determination to fast as long—as she can make anything by it.

Mr. Mary Allen was another wonder, too peculiar for us to make any remark upon the subject, any further than that the seven cabinet councils, held in one week lately, were supposed to be summoned for the purpose of investigating the statement, and ascertaining to what extent the clothes of manhood, in general society, might be presumed to negative the idea of the wearer's being of the opposite sex. It was after much

\* This coincidence is curious—the father of the Very Reverend Dean Philpotts was the appropriately-named landlord of the Bell Inn, at Gloucester. It is probable, therefore, that the Very Rev. Dean, though subsequently educated for the church, was, in earlier life, intended for the BAR: at all events, his assumption of the APRON, like his present conduct, is only a return to first principles. It was in the Bell Inn that John Wesley was born.—*John Bull.*

deliberation resolved, that mustachios were no convincing proof, but rather in the style of a mask, and, in fact, suspicious; that lounging behind the Opera scenes, a half-hour's swagger through Bond-street, nay, even the privilege of hanging one's boots out of the Guards' Club-house window; or wearing a Hussar jacket, embroidered as thickly as a Lord Mayor's footman, or a travelling jack-pudding, were not infallible evidences. The resolution of the council has not transpired; but we understand that, by the suggestion of his Majesty's sempstress, who had advised a great public measure on the subject, a very considerable number of gowns and petticoats are in hand, to be ready for the first effect of the proclamation, which is supposed to be on the tapis, against deluding his Majesty's lieges by false appearances.

We are sick of Dr. Curtis and his noble correspondent, one of whom answers by a *public* letter, which he "never intended to be seen," as the other had begun the affair by a *private* letter, written by a committee of Jesuits. But the doctor, impatient to display himself just as he is, writes a second letter to a newspaper editor to disclose at last to the admiring world, the fact, that his original letter, the private impulse affair was written, "contrary to his own wish and opinion, and at the urgent request of several of his friends." Of course, the Duke's answer, which the doctor declared himself unwillingly and compulsively induced to read to several of his friends, merely to avoid the public surmises of what was inside the letter, from seeing "Wellington" on the cover, was actually received by him as an answer to the letter of his Jesuit committee, and was as such read to them: it no doubt being as such written by his Grace. Now, let honest men see the whole shuffle on both sides, and think what dependence can be placed on either. The Doctor contradicts himself under his own hand—the Duke contradicts himself by word of mouth. So much for the primate—so much for the premier—Philpotts, and Philpotts alone, could have made the third.

De Beranger, the French poet—perhaps the only poet of France, in the Parisian sense of the word, namely, a keen, bitter, very impudent, and very Jacobinical versifier—has lately undergone the natural apotheosis of French fame. He has libelled his king grossly, religion more grossly still, and, for the double exploit, has been tried, found guilty, fined, and confined as he deserved. We give a parodied specimen of him, much better than the original poem:—

#### THE PIGMY OPPOSITION.

In sorcery my faith is great:

A wizard shewed me in a glass,

A night or two ago, what Fate

Would in our country bring to pass.

At the droll sight I stood and gazed,

And of delight I drank my fill,

To see—I was not much amazed—

The Whigs in opposition still.



A dwarfish tribe appeared the crew ;  
 The Whigs great-grandsons were so small,  
 That only by their rags I knew  
 The pigmies who could scarcely crawl :  
 Fox, but a shadow of the shade  
 Of Charles Fox, *pretereā nil* ;  
 But bright the magic glass displayed  
 The Whigs in opposition still.

What crowds of little tiny souls !  
 Here little Broughams full of bile ;  
 And little, little Humes in shoals,  
 All doing shabby tricks the while :  
 The Burdetts, Russells, Caves, had shrunk  
 To creeping nothings—but my quill  
 Must tell that they, thus sadly sunk,  
 Were Whigs in opposition still.

All, all was little—Brookes's clan  
 Had into antlike insects dwindled,  
 And here and there they crawled or ran,  
 The swindlers petty as the swindled :  
 All were a knot of Mammon's slaves,  
 Who act obedient to his will ;  
 But while they live, the elfish knaves  
 Will be in opposition still.

Such did the magic glass unfold ;  
 At last to close this sight of pain,  
 A giant Tory we behold,  
 Whom scarcely can a world contain !  
 He comes and puts this tribe so small,  
 With gentle but resistless skill,  
 Into his pouch—yet one and all  
 Would be in opposition still.—[*Age*.]

Sir Anthony Hart, an old goose, more tedious than Chancery itself, more crabbed than blackletter, as much a Christian as Lord Holland, and as much a lawyer as Lord King, is making himself remembered by the only contrivance open to such intellects. He had already distinguished his office by the appointment of Messrs. O'Gorman and Steele to the magistracy ; and he is now receiving the distinction of being the *pis-aller* of all the puns of all the punsters of Ireland. Old Lord Norbury still fires a shot a head of him now and then. Blake the popish barrister, the confidential councillor, and depository of the successive brains of Lords Wellesley, and Anglesey, and now of Hart, was called the *sham-rock*, in some allusion to the captain. "No," said Norbury, "*sham* won't do, call him *heart's-case*."

India will soon be as regular a place for disposing of our superfluous clergy, as our superfluous cousins. There is some unlucky planet about the business : either the labour is so enormous, the space to be traversed so vast, or the climate is so fatal to the bodies of English-fed parsons, that they all seem to go like the governors of Sierra Leone, to take measure of their final beds, in India. The third bishop, Dr. James, has just died, at 43, an amiable man, and a loss. Heber, too, was a

premature sacrifice. The following document shows how much it was felt in India :—

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER, AT  
MADRAS, COMPOSED BY THE REV. T. ROBINSON, M.A.

M. S.

Viri admodum Reverendi et in Christo Patris

REGINALDI HEBER S. T. P.

Primo Collegii Æniæ Nasi in Academia Oxoniensi  
Alumni

Collegii deinde Omnium Animarum Socii  
Parochiæ Hodnet in Agro suo Natali Salopiensi

Rectoris

Apud Societatem Honorabilem Hospitii Lincolniensis  
Prædicatoris

Postremo autem Episcopi Calcuttensis

Qui in ipso Adolescentiæ Flore

Ingenii Fama

Humanitatis Cultu

Omnigenæque Doctrinæ Laude

Ornatissimus

Ea omnia in Communem Ecclesiæ Fructum afferens

Se suaque Deo humillime consecravit

In Sanctissimum Episcopatus Ordinem

Bonis omnibus Hortantibus adscriptus

Ecclesiæ apud Indos Anglicane Infantiam

Non pro Viribus sed ultra Vires

Usque ad Vitæ jacturam

Aluit fovit sustentavit

Admirabili Ingenii Candore

Suavisnima Morum Simplicitate

Divinaque Animi Benevolentia

Usque adeo omnes sibi vinxerat

Ut Mortuum

Ecclesia Universa Patrem

Etiam exteri Patronum carissimam

Desiderarent

Natus Die Aprilis XXI A.D. MDCLXXXIII

Subita Morte Præreptus juxta Urbem Trichinopolim

Mortales Exuvias deposuit Aprilis Die III

Anno Salutis MDCCCLXXVI Ætatis suæ XLIII

Episcopatus III

Madrasenses

Non solem Christiani sed et Ethnici

Principes Magnates Pauperes

Ad hoc Marmor Exstruendum

Uno Consensu adfuere.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Tales of Passion*, 8 vols. 12mo. by the Author of *Gilbert Earle*, 1829.—Gilbert Earle established for the author of these tales a reputation much too solid and exciting not to ensure a readiness in his readers to see whatever he produces. The volumes before us comprise three tales, one common characteristic of which the general title sufficiently indicates. Here are no milk and water dealings. To sketch the point and purpose of each is scarcely compatible with our limited space; and, indeed, we know nothing within the whole circle of our reviewing labours so untractable as bundles of tales. To do justice to either reader or writer is impracticable—general words are incompetent, and almost always inapplicable; and as to a dry succession of skeletons, what can be more repulsive? Of the present series we have read but two. The first is of a lady—the daughter of a noble baron, who falls in love with—her confessor, who is, of course, the very beauty of holiness. The scene is laid in Henry VIII's reign, at the time when he and his grasping courtiers were looking to the spoils of the monasteries. The lady is young, innocent, inexperienced—she listens to the preacher—he is in the prime of manhood—a man of energy and talents; and she drinks in love at both ears without knowing any thing of the nature or qualities of the draught. The discovery soon comes—the father proposes sudden marriage with a courtier and favourite of Wolsey—which rends away the veil, and tells her the true state of her feelings. Resisting her father's importunities, she is turned over to the monk, who is commanded to dive into the mystery. The very first interview breaks up the secret—she prostrates herself in agony at his feet—the word love escapes; and the holy father, though not yielding an atom of his stern and stoic propriety, finds it safest for himself to cut the temptation, and fly to the continent. The lady pines the meanwhile at home; and true as the needle to the pole, (which, by the way, it has not been these 150 years) she can think of nothing but the monk; but she is pure as the fetele on Dian's temple. The coming ruin of the monastery, after three or four years, brings back the holy father to the neighbourhood, and the lady Alice is not long before she seeks an interview—from which, aftershewingsome slight touch of humanity, he again tears himself away. Actively engaged in stirring up the adherents of the Catholic faith, he is now speedily involved in political difficulties, is secured, condemned, and brought to the stake. Alice pierces the gates of the prison, and offers him escape; but he is inflexible—he goes to the stake—and she throws herself upon the burning pile, &c.

The reader will find some very superior M.M. New Series.—VOL. VII. No. 39.

development of feeling, and excellent writing; but the parties are prudent—they scarcely offend—and the interest is, upon the whole, but feeble. But this tale is followed by one called the Bohemian, which is indeed a tale of passion—where love curdles into hatred, with an enduring thirst of vengeance—cherishing a plan of revenge, which requires some eighteen or twenty years to ripen. The Bohemian is a gipsy girl, a dancing and singing itinerant. At Leipzig Fair she is observed by Count Oberfeldt, a gentleman of family and fortune, who had spent some six or seven years diplomatically at Paris, equally distinguished for gallantry and cultivation, in the best days of Louis XIV's court. Out of employment, he had returned to his castle; and to relieve the tedium of loneliness—for he had no relish for the society of German boors—he resolved to go to Leipzig Fair, in the vague expectation that some adventure might turn up. The gipsy dances and sings to admiration; she is very young—sixteen—beautiful as a houri—full of grace and fascination, and the promise of voluptuousness. Her conversation was still more extraordinary. She resisted all his blandishments with the wisdom of a Minerva, and rejected his offers, but met him by appointment every day during the continuance of the fair. At last came the moment for decision—the alternative was continuance with her odious associates. She yielded to his respectful and ardent importunities and attentions, and withdrew with him to his castle, and eighteen months of perfect felicity followed—he solely given up to instructing her, and she to eagerly imbibing. She had high talents, and lofty feelings, and strong passions, but all were absorbed in the intensity of her affection for the count. Still she felt occasionally her position—she knew she had fallen—she had lost her self-respect; but the devotion of her admirer turned her from dwelling upon degradation. The first intention in cultivating her musical and dramatic talents was the stage; but this object had been gradually lost sight of in the charms and contentment of each other's society, and the pursuits of literature. At length the count proposes a little change, and a visit to Dresden is determined upon, mainly for the advantage of music-masters. There the report of her beauty and her powers quickly spread. The king, Augustus, renowned for his gallantry, hears of her, and the supposed purpose of the instructions she was taking at Dresden, and lays his commands upon the count to permit her to be introduced in some new piece that was then forthcoming. Though reluctantly by both parties, consent was yielded. Mabel appeared, and carried all hearts by the splendour of her charms, and the superlativeness of her performance.



This event precipitated the break up of that fond intercourse which was always but too probable, though she at times cherished the hope of being still his wife; but he was proud of his birth and his sixty quarterings, and must keep up the family succession—and marriage with an actress was quite impossible. The thing that was thus inevitable one day or other, seemed at last, as if it were well done if it were done quickly; and meeting with a desirable match, on the common principle of life, he abruptly and perfidiously announced his intention to marry and see her no more. Shocked at this barbarity, she spurned at his offers of provision, and determining to rely on her own talents, she fled to Naples, and assuming another name, unknown to the count, she quickly attained the highest celebrity. Here all the fascination of the tale terminates. Mabel had been insulted, and revenge she was determined to have. She laid a deep and loathsome scheme. The count had only one child by his wife, and that a daughter. The very purpose for which he had thus abandoned Mabel, and married—the extension of his line—was thus defeated; and Mabel resolved, Medea-like, to strike where he was most sensitive. She contrived to steal the girl when three years old, and finding her likely to grow beautiful, resolved to pervert her moral feelings, and expose her to the corruptions of profligacy for the purpose of disgracing the man who had abandoned her for considerations of family pride. The plan succeeded but too well: the miserable girl became accomplished and unprincipled, and fell the victim of the young Duc de Richelieu, and thus became qualified for Mabel's ultimate vengeance. Mabel now returned with her to Dresden, under an assumed name, to throw her in the way of the profligate Augustus. All fell out as she had planned; and the count, still a favourite at court, was actually employed by the king to promote his connexion with the young beauty, which was brought about at his own castle—when Mabel presented herself, and announced the completion of her revenge—and died at his feet, suffocated by the violence of her emotions.

This naked outline shews more *extravagance* than will be felt in the story—for there all is admirably developed. The first part in particular is all in a tone of beautiful and touching softness, and the whole career of passion is traced with such a thorough definiteness, that every word of it may be read. We have seen nothing so energetic and fixing for many years.

We have just cast our eyes over the third story, and perceive it has great capabilities, which the author is well able to make the most of, and can have no offence in it—which can scarcely be said of the one we have been describing.

*The Ellis Correspondence*; 2 vols., 8vo;

1829.—This is another addition to those stores, which have of late been thrown open, and which are calculated to let us in to a closer and more correct view of events, by the communications of men who have come in contact with official persons—communications, which made in the confidence of friendship, have not been dressed up to meet the general eye—to gull the public, or gratify private passions. Admirably fitted are these sorts of memorials for exhibiting the naked state of facts—indispensable, indeed, for stripping off the shows of things—but which can seldom be got at till generations pass away, and family interests and family pride have none to support them. A century must generally lapse before they are *released*, though, undoubtedly, the present passion for private history, which is however a very justifiable one, will, in numerous instances, accelerate the publication of family papers, and vanity will here, as in many other cases, be often more than a match for pride.

How comes it about that these revelations of private documents have almost invariably tended to make of historical persons the bad better, and the good worse? Simply because the plain truth was never told. Spite or partiality, for the most part, were the first to tell the public tale. Sometimes the truth itself was unknown, but more frequently, we believe, it has been designedly perverted. Contemporary writers are stimulated by personal feelings—resentments—admiration—obligations. Historians, who come after, in absolute ignorance of circumstances, and often of the characters and connections of their authorities, can only take what they find, or pick and cull, and must give to events that tone which depends on their own judgments and convictions. These may be good or bad—sagacious or simple; and generally, though there are conspicuous exceptions, it may be said, from their actual position in society, or their necessary retirements, they are fairly excluded from the means and opportunities of measuring the motives and rules of action of influential persons, and are disposed with a marvellous tenacity to judge of public men by the rules of romance instead of humanity—giving them credit for pure patriotism and undisturbed rectitude, because, in their uncorrected simplicity, they persuade themselves official persons are too high-minded to suffer private bias to influence public action.

It is not one in a hundred, who writes with a free spirit, bent upon penetrating into secret and real motives, and exhibiting uncoloured truth, whomsoever it may offend, or with whatever theory or favourite fancy the results may conflict. Who write the lives of great men? Sometimes their very *protégés*; and the world—which has always more regard for conventional proprieties than facts—would brand with infamy the man, who so circumstanced should venture to do any thing but applaud his protector. Even

those who undertake the office, apparently from their station, independent of all artificial shackles—must often trust for materials to family descendants; and which of them has ever ventured to expose obliquities in the ancestor of the very person perhaps who has furnished the evidence—has Archdeacon Coxe or Dr. Nares? Facts will speak. There are no bounds to the insinuations of patronage—lies lurk under compliments, and collusions are shielded and sanctioned by personal favours.

The papers which we are thus prefacing, are not strictly however of the authoritative kind. The correspondence is, for the most part, anonymous, though evidently very much of it is from persons in immediate contact with office, and familiar with the current of events, and the gossip of the town and court. They are all of them, however, addressed to one person, and his respectability will, of course, to some extent, answer for his correspondents—some of them pretty obviously are his own brothers. The reader must not anticipate large additions of new intelligence, but rather confirmations of old—mixed up still with a multitude of allusions and circumstances, that help admirably to fill up the outline. Mr. Ellis, the person to whom the correspondence is addressed, was secretary to the commissioners of public revenue for Ireland at the time of the correspondence, which extends from the beginning of 1686 to the end of 1688, and of course embraces almost the whole period of James's reign, detailing or hinting throughout at all the leading incidents of the period, especially the process and progress of *conversion* among the courtiers and aspirants for office. This is indeed by far the most interesting part of the papers, and shews more distinctly than any thing we have seen the headlong zeal of the infatuated monarch. There is a gap of seven months about the middle of the period, apparently from Mr. Ellis being himself in London. Many of the letters, particularly towards the latter part, are strictly *news-letters*, that is, letters written by persons in town for pay, whose profession it was to gather and communicate intelligence—the frequenters of coffee-houses—at a period when newspapers did not abound, and when the editors of them, if they ventured a little too far, had no protection against broken heads and slit noses.

This Mr. Ellis, with four or five brothers, were the sons of a clergyman of some distinction in a turbulent period, and all educated at Westminster, and then apparently thrown upon the public to struggle for office—some of them taking the shortest course to it. The eldest, the one more particularly connected with this correspondence, was, as we have said, secretary to the Irish revenue, and after the revolution became under secretary of state:—the second was knighted, and following the fortunes of James, was his secretary of state, and finally treasurer to the

old Pretender, and of course a Catholic. The third was Philip, who was kidnapped while at Westminster by the Jesuits, and brought up a priest of the Catholic church at St. Omer. He was in great favour with James, and actually consecrated bishop of the English Catholic church at St. James's; and after he was compelled to quit the country, was made bishop of Segni, in Italy. The fourth was Welbore, a Protestant bishop, successively of Kildare and Meath; and the fifth, Samuel, was marshal of the King's Bench; and a sixth, in orders, of whom nothing more is known. Of all these, Welbore was the only one who left a family—from him have descended the Lords Mendip and Clifden; and Mr. Agar Ellis, the heir of the latter nobleman, is the editor of the present papers. They were found by him among the Birch MSS. in the British Museum, and considered, very justly, worthy of publication; and he has taken great pains to supply notes, elucidating, briefly, obscure passages, explaining personages, and occasionally sketching characters—discharging his office in a manner highly commendable to his industry and liberal spirit.

The thousand events, significant and insignificant, scattered over the volumes, are too little connected, and too little detailed, to admit of any condensing;—but we will give a specimen of the correspondence.

London, April 6th, 1686.

Yours of the 5th of last month came on Saturday hither per the boat we concluded lost. The busy time of devotion is now over here: his Majesty, God bless him, one of the zealous; ten hours in a day sometimes. The Court returns from St. James's to Whitehall to-morrow, and goes not to Windsor till the middle of May, when also the camp opens at Hounslow. Our sparks all go for Hungary to-morrow. Duke of Hamilton, Lieutenant-General Drummond, &c., come to town this evening, sent for; I imagine it will end in his Grace's becoming Commissioner of Scotland, though the common vogue is, he was sent for to be chidden for the method of his management, since he became a Commissioner of the Treasury there. Our ministers of state have all retired likewise this holy season; Lord Chancellor\* to his country-house near Uxbridge, Lord Treasurer† to Twitnam, Lord Sunderland to Althrope, either for the private satisfaction in their consciences, or to avoid showing in town whether they had any or no.

I imagine your Countess of Dorchester (*Mariborough's sister*) will speedily move hitherward, for her house is furnishing very fine in St. James's-square, and a seat taken for her in the new consecrated St. Ann's Church. The French King is not right yet, though little is said of him. Madame de Maintenon makes all the applications to him that he stands in need of. I hear poor Princess Ann is sadly teased about a new declaration in matter of faith, so that at last it is agreed to after lying in: but I hope it may not be thus, say nothing of it.

\* Lord Jeffries. His country-house was Bulstrode, afterwards belonging to the Dukes of Portland and Somerset.

† Lord Rochester.

New equipage in great splendour is every where to be seen; especially their Majesty's. Her Majesty is wonderful glorious in her own apparel. Here is arrived an Italian Prince of Piombino,\* the greatest spendthrift in the world reckoned, for he has consumed the greatest part of a patrimonial estate of £150,000 per annum, and the treasure of three Popes. So it seems not that we need fear his politics. This next term I am like to be confined hither, and then what I shall do I know not. Lords Ormonde and Ossory come next week; if their favour help not, I will see you for a little, to wind up a mean bottom very indifferently worth my while, and so go for Paris, and with my Lord Denbigh† into Italy in the winter. I hope you will succeed in your design of removal hither; but these lords keeping thus out of town, puts us both out of our way. Phil.‡ has many wonderful kind expressions from the King, so that I imagine some room in the navy (where they roll in money) might be found; so I advise you to solicit hard and court kindly. Sure Pepys would value Lord Ossory's recommendation at no mean rate, though Eure and he together neglect all where money chinks not. You may be sure of me upon all occasions.

Your new Chancellor (*Porter*) is on the road; and I am going to sup with Will Legg, Governor of Kingsale, who follows him to-morrow.

Sir G. Hewet is dying. The Graces Grafton and Northumberland (*two of Charles's sons*) are returned from Newport.§ and put the lady (*a widow lady whom Northumberland had married, and wished to get rid of*) in a monastery; but the King says, it is not fit she should stay, nor is it believed she will.

Now, though here is nothing very memorable, yet it is very agreeable gossip, and familiarizes with the times, and recalls old acquaintances.

One of the letters notices the death of the Duke of Buckingham in these terms. "The Duke of Bucks, who hath some time supported himself with artificial spirits, on Friday fell to a more manifest decay, and on Sunday yielded up the ghost, at Helmsley in Yorkshire, in a little alehouse, where these eight months he hath been without either meat or money, deserted of all his servants almost." To this Mr. Ellis adds the following note:—

This contemporary account of the death of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, is curious, as showing the grounds upon which Pope wrote his pathetic description of the decease of this nobleman; and yet it would appear that the statement of his extreme penury and desertion was much exaggerated. He died not "in the worst inn's worst room," but in the house of one of his tenants, in the town of Kirby Moorside, which still exists, and must have been at the time

one of the best houses in the place. He had caught cold by sitting on the ground after fox-hunting, which brought on internal inflammation. A letter from Lord Arran, afterwards Duke of Hamilton (to Dr. Sprat, who had been chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham), which appeared in the *Whitehall Evening Post*, January 3d, 1784, and has every appearance of being authentic, gives the most credible and detailed account of the death of the conspicuous nobleman in question.

The letter itself is too long to quote, though very interesting.

We do not remember to have heard of this medal, struck on the acquittal of the bishops.

A medal is said to run about with the seven bishops on one side, with these words: "*Wisdom hath built her house, and chosen out seven pillars*;" on the other side, a church undermined by a Jesuit and a fanatic, with these words, "*The gates of Hell shall not prevail against her*."

What would be thought of this, now, in the Alley?

Among other Policies of Assurance which appear at the Exchange, there is one of no ordinary nature; which is, that Esqr Neale, who hath for some time been a suitor to the rich Welsh Widow Floyd, offers as many guineas as people will take to ensure thirty for each one, in case he marry the said widow. He hath already laid out as much as will bring him in 10 or 12,000 guineas; he intends to make it 30,000, and then to present it to the lady in case she marry him; and any one that will accept of guineas on that condition, may find as many as he pleases at Garraway's Coffee House.

*Tales and Confessions, by Leitch Ritchie, 1829.*—Once upon a time, when a new writer appeared, it was with a name; and the inquiry was, what's the performance?—now, the name scarcely ever appears, and the sole question is, *whose* is it? The manœuvre, for manœuvre it is, is often a successful one; for if the writer announced himself John Smith, or William Tomkins, no soul would care about him; but a book with no name at all, may be, now-a-days, a *patrician* performance—curiosity is consequently on tip-toe; for the sooner the secret is discovered, the sooner is the discoverer in possession of something to communicate. It is always worth something to know what others, no matter how insignificant, do not. But if, after all, the name, upon inquiry, prove the writer to be nobody,—one which goes in at one ear and out at the other, and, of course, never likely to extend beyond his own immediate circle, he *himself* throws off the incognito, and uncovers. Nothing, therefore, finally goes unclaimed. Even the periodicals give up their dead, and we ourselves have some faint thoughts of re-publishing in a *justum volumen*, and with our own names at full length, all these our doings and misdoings—but who is to pay the printer's bill? But seriously, these re-printings and collectings

\* Buoncompagni Ludovisi, Prince of Piombino, who had inherited the fortunes of the Popes Gregory XIII. and Gregory XV.

† Basil (Fielding) fourth Earl of Denbigh, who was going on his travels, not being yet of age. He had succeeded his father in the title of 1685. He became Master of the Horse to Prince George of Denmark, and subsequently one of the Tellers of the Exchequer. He died March 18th, 1717.

‡ Philip Ellis.

§ Nieuport in Flanders.



must be extremely annoying and confounding—first, to those who build a reputation upon what does not belong to them; and next, to those who know what every body writes, especially in periodicals, and venture at a glance, to name the scribbler. This will soon become a very hazardous speculation.

The collection before us, for the most part, has appeared, partly in our own excellent miscellany, and partly in the *New Monthly* and a *Weekly Review*, and is, on the whole, certainly, as deserving of this species of conservation, as any of the small curiosities usually locked up in amber. They consist chiefly of rough and striking incidents, ambitiously, but not unsuccessfully detailed. The wonderful is the writer's point, and surprise the immediate aim, and this occasionally at the expense of all probability, or the pretence of it. The "*Strange Ormonds*" is an attempt to raise an interest in a family succession, where the proprietors succeed each other, all of the same qualities and characters—pursuing the same career, and terminating the same way—so as to produce the effect of a marvellous identity upon the minds of the neighbourhood. The "*Last of the Ormonds*" is scarcely intelligible—and, we shall only blunder by attempting to detail it. "*The Midshipman*" has a *real* ghost in it. Occasion is sometimes taken from actual occurrence, as the narrative of "*John Williams*," supposed to be one of the persons buried alive in the ruins of the Brunswick Theatre, carrying with it an air of reality, enough almost to confound a reviewer. But the "*Life of Allen Grey*," is, in this respect, perhaps the most successful. He is a Scotch peasant, who took to rhyming—fell in love with a *lady*, who admired his verses—slighted for her a simple maiden of his own cast—was jilted by the patrician—fled to sea, as a refuge from misery—cooled back to his senses—returned home to marry Mary—found her dead of neglect—and then ran mad, and died. His verses are shortly to be published. Here is no bad specimen, sung by the widow of a drowned fisherman:—

Oh softly sleep, my bonnie bairn,  
Rock'd on this breast o' mine;  
The heart that beats sae sair within,  
Will not awaken thine.

Lie still, lie still, ye canker'd thoughts  
That such late watches keep,  
Ah! if ye break the mother's heart,  
Yet let the baby sleep.

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn,  
Nor look sae wae on me,  
As if ye felt the bitter tear,  
That blins thy mother's e'e.

Dry up, dry up, ye saut, saut tears,  
Lest on my bairn ye dreep,  
An' break in silence, waefu' heart,  
An' let my baby sleep.

But among the most appalling are the "*Confessions of William Jones*." He was

a Welch grocer, well to do in the world, whose wife being in ill-health, was indulged with a cottage at some distance from home, where, by degrees, she became too intimately acquainted with an idle neighbour. Taffy's suspicions were awakened, and more than once expressed; but, being present once at the representation of *Othello*, he took a vigorous resolution to shake off his own, perhaps unfounded suspicions, confess his folly, and offer reconciliation. Unluckily, on his arrival at home, he detected the parties in each other's arms. In the frenzy of his rage, he seized the wife, beat her violently, and drove her, more than half naked, out of doors, in the middle of the night, in the most inclement season of the year—which severity was quickly the death of her. The grocer sold off, and quitted the neighbourhood. But revenge was rankling—duelling was not to his taste—assassination was perilous—but the offender was a gentleman, haughty, fastidious, and sensitive; and the Welchman, with a sort of Medea-like malignity resolved to strike where he was most vulnerable—he determined upon *disgracing* him. He found him at Bristol; and contriving to put the plate of the house into the gentleman's trunk, he left the thing to work its own effect. The gentleman was arrested, tried, condemned, and brought to the scaffold. The Welchman presented himself, and whispered in his ear, "This is my doing—I am William Jones." The victim shouted out to seize him; but the cap was over his eyes, and he could not identify the man. The grocer still looked calmly on, and enjoyed his sensations, till the last moment, when, suddenly, by a violent revulsion of feeling, he screamed out, "*Stop!—stop—he is innocent.*" The cords which bound the arms of the unhappy man burst like a thread, and he tore off the cap from his head; but on the instant the drop fell—the body swung round, and the eyes glared on *the demon*.

*Autographs, by John Gough Nicholls; 1829.*—This is a very complete collection—comprising most of the royal, noble, learned, and remarkable personages of English history, from the reign of Richard II. to that of Charles II.—including also some illustrious foreigners, as the title page has it. The editor accompanies the autographs with brief sketches of the characters and circumstances of the individuals; and, occasionally, whole letters are inserted; and pains have been taken to select such specimens as are characteristic of the writers; or, he says, from having been penned at remarkable periods in their lives, exhibit the influence of some extraordinary mental excitement. We have no doubt the collection will prove an acceptable present to many curious persons; and, at all events, will admirably suit a drawing-room table—calculated as it is to suggest topics for chit-chat, where they are often most wanted. We do not ourselves

quite enter into the *science* of the thing, nor quite understand the editor, when he talks of the taste for autographs being no longer in its infancy—nor his anticipations of its further advance as a prevalent and even fashionable pursuit. The following remark was less puzzling :—“ It (the collection) will also be a great assistance in reading, and, in some instances, in *appropriating* those annotations, which the learned of other days have so frequently left in the books which once constituted part of their libraries.” The whole will be completed (perhaps is already completed) in ten monthly numbers, each containing five plates.

*The Last Days, by the Rev. Edward Irving, 1828.*—Whatever be the bent or the prejudice of the reader—whether he thinks Mr. Irving a fanatic or a quack—whether he be indisposed to theological reading, or leans to a party, or is bound up with one, or starts free of all—let him, for the sake of the sound stuff, which we assure him he will find, take up this volume of sermons—it will abundantly repay him, if he can be repaid by independence and boldness of conception, by sagacity and depth of remark, by generous and even liberal sentiments, by touches of great moral beauty, by flashes of lofty eloquence, and floods of vigorous writing.

The author's purpose is to establish his own interpretation of the prophetic declarations of the Scriptures. Our days, according to him, are the ‘*Last Days*’—the periods and characteristics of which, he contends, are generally mistaken. Every class of religionists, established or sectarian, are representing the present age as an improving one—Christianity as extending—religion as better understood, felt, and practised, and, of course, approaching, and soon it may be, to the state of the Millenium—though they may not exactly use the term. Mr. Irving contests both the conclusion and the grounds of it. The ‘*Last Times*,’ or ‘*Days*,’ are not synonymous with the Millenium, but are destined to precede them. The characteristics, again, of the ‘*Last Times*’ are not good, but bad. They are perilous times—for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetors, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God—*having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.*

These characteristics, which the author carefully and ably specificates, it is the object of the volume to establish, as peculiarly and pre-eminently marking the existing state of society, in all classes, high and low, cleric and laic. Now, whatever we may think of the theory—whether we concern ourselves with his interpretation, or not—*nine-tenths of the book is full of mat-*

*ter of great plth and substance*—quite independently of the application he makes of it. Facts are facts; and he has clenched them with a firm grasp. He looks abroad upon society—especially on the middle classes—where, if there is more decorum, there is more sordid, grubbing, demoralizing conduct—more vices degrading human qualities, than in any other, high or low—with a clear and comprehensive eye; and denounces their obliquities with a courage and simplicity we have never seen equalled, and almost wonder to see tolerated, for his admirers and hearers are chiefly of these classes—the truth must be, they scarcely *take* him. Worldliness is the game he delights to hunt down—and he detects it especially among religionists and the clergy; and without mercy lays bare profession and ostentation wherever he finds them—assumption, pretension, thirst for gain, and selfishness—and a rich harvest he gathers, in the city and the court—the church and the chapel. *He* has no disguises; he shews himself, his views, and his principles, without desire or attempt to conceal, or withhold. Bigotted he undoubtedly is, though we employ the word unwillingly—for he is not so, in a thousand instances, where others, professing liberality, are habitually so: he cannot tolerate catholics, nor socinians—they are blasphemers; he cannot bear radicals, and especially, and we join him, newspaper-radicals; and he has the profoundest reverence, not hypocritically, but on principle, of power, and all that are in authority. But he is an honest man, if ever there was one—no hypocrite could sustain the noble tone—and we should as soon doubt *Latimer* himself.

One of the characteristics on which he dilates is disobedience to parents—this he assigns, with every justice, to the ‘relaxation of discipline on the part of parents, or rather to the general dissolution, and breaking up of that most natural and most venerable relationship,’ of which he produces, what he considers, four memorable signs. The first is, that the legislature has been forced to interfere with an enactment, in order to prevent the children of the laborious poor from being over-wrought, to the injury of their health and growth, a thing which, I suppose, says he, is unparalleled in the history of Christendom. The second, is the number of young men, who take up with young women in the same circumstances, live in concubinage, form irregular marriages, or otherwise come together in a wicked, hasty, and inconsiderate manner, cast off their parents, and leave them to be supported by public charity—and why? merely because *they* entwined no affections round their children's hearts, who laboured not, who suffered not for them more than they could avoid. The third is the amazing increase of juvenile depredations and felonies, not only in town, but over the whole country—a proof that children have

no longer that reverence for their parents' commands, nor parents that command over their children, which, in times past, was sufficient to keep them from the open ways of iniquity. The fourth is the frequency of infant schools and Sunday schools. These, he considers, as they truly are, indications of a diseased and disorganized state of family ties. These, which are regarded as improvements of the age, he justly describes as the best proof of its decline. He is glad such remedies for parental neglect exist—but would be more so if there were no diseases calling for such remedies.

But the pious efforts of the religious world are the especial object of his scrutiny. In the sermon on the covetous, he suddenly asks—"What is the first subject of conversation in all their meetings, and the great theme of their delight? Is it not the state of their funds? What the great end of their speeches? The increase of donations and subscriptions. What the great labour of their travellers, and what the proof of their success? The amount of their in-gatherings. What the qualification for honourable office? The amount of your contributions. What the great fear and apprehension? Lest the funds should fall off. If these things do not betray a covetous spirit, I know not where it is to be met with elsewhere," &c.

Again:—

Outside, indeed, as in the reports of societies, they are truly spiritual; but, inside, in the management, they are truly carnal and legal. Any body knows this, who will be at the pains to examine. So also it is in the management of churches and chapels—the pulpit must be evangelical, but behind the scenes the management is legal. Look, for example, at the Sunday-school institutions—be present in their public meetings—read their reports—their published books—and you will find nothing but the most holy, evangelical spirit. In the Bible Society, to take another example, which assumeth such a holy, Catholic appearance—it is not long since it was applauded as the true doctrine, and may, perhaps, be so accounted still, that it really was not a religious society at all—and certes this seemeth to be truth, whereas they contend to the uttermost against their meeting with prayer. I am quite willing to go the round of every other evangelical, spiritual work, which hath given so much celebrity to these latter days, and to shew that they are *legal*, worldly, yea, and often hard-hearted in their administrations—inasmuch, that after much experience, I do uniformly dissuade, when asked advice upon the subject, from entering into their service. Not that I love the missionary cause less than they, but because I do not love that the evangelical and legal spirit should be mingled and confused. *And so exceeding overwhelming in its influence is this spirit become, that it seems to change the very aspect of womanhood itself; yea, even of tender-hearted mothers, whom, when clubbed into a committee, I have known guilty of the cruellest things towards even the most deserving of their own sex.*

"Love we good men?" he asks, in another place:—

I think it is departed wholly, for the love of *gifted men*, men of talents and of understanding, on the one hand; and for the love of benevolent, and charitable, and useful men, on the other. Instead of dreading unsanctified talent, as the most adverse unto God, and friendly unto satan, of all the possessions of man, and keeping by the good old maxim of our forefathers, that gifts are not graces, the men of these times set their affections, and pay their respects to men of great talents, of great eloquence in the senate, of great wealth, of great skill in affairs, of great weight and influence in the state. I myself have had opportunities of witnessing this, which made me weep. I have seen good men rush into the arms of open reprobates; nay, sue them and woo them unto the unnatural and hideous alliance; entreat them to become their patrons, and the patrons of their societies, and the patrons of their seats of learning; for all which they should have looked out for *good men*, and accepted of good men only. You know, my brethren, without my going about to enumerate the instances, to what an awful height this love, this endurance of unsanctified talent, hath arisen. For once I have been entreated to serve any society for the worth or integrity of my character, I have been a thousand times, without exaggeration, for the talents which they supposed me to possess, or for the popularity, the transient popularity, which I might chance to have at the time, &c.

In the sermon—lovers of pleasure—where he glances at the literature of the day, there are some admirable morsels.

The poetical justice, the moral of the tale, the purity of the sentiment, and, in one word, the moral and spiritual of the composition, are all lost sight of, in the entertainment, the power, the fertility, or in one word, the pleasure which is set before us. They call it an intellectual age; but they should call the age of the love of pleasure, in which the intellect is constrained to contribute its share to the great banquet of pleasure that is served up. It is not for the discovery of the truth, it is for the admiration of moral worth, not for the discernment and taste of what is beautiful, but for the gratifications of our likings and dislikings, that we write and read in these times.—I think it is not many years since we first had a book entitled the Pleasures of the Imagination; and now, I may say, that we have Pleasures of Hope, of Memory, and even of Religion—every thing brought to contribute its portion to the love of pleasure, rather than to the love of God.—If, again, we look to the lust of the eye—we find that men seem no longer to dread any evil in this quarter, nor to guard against it; but rather to think that the elegance and beauty of the object seen, is a complete justification of the time, the expense, and the honour bestowed upon it. For example, of beautiful pictures and precious statues, of ornamental objects in our apartments, of outward decorations in our habitations, and of every other thing pleasant to the eye, the increase which hath taken place within these thirty years, abstracting the minds of our nobility and gentry, and well conditioned people, from the study of homely household economy, from family cares,



from noble and charitable pursuits, which hath increased the vanity and the expense of living, and propagated so much the more toil and speculation of every kind—this increase, I say, of the lust of the eye, within my own remembrance, is not to be reckoned up.—Take up a book of travels into foreign parts, of older date than fifty parts—for example, Burnett, or even Moore, or Coxe—and you find the religious, and moral, and social aspect of men and things to have been what they chiefly reported; but now what have ye but the description of lakes and waterfalls, of mountains, and avalanches of snow, of pictures and statues, interlarded with a gazing admiration of the abomination of the papacy, &c.—If I direct my attention to public entertainments, I can hardly keep my indignation within bounds. A rout, a ball, a conversazione for the exhibition of rarities and shows—to what do they amount but foolish spectacle? To speak, is out of the question—to discourse, madness—to breathe, oft difficult enough.—And, again, if I turn to look at the character of our theatrical exhibitions, the same love of show—the same gratification of the sight—splendid scenery, wonderful machinery, which now will open to you the mouth of hell, now present you with airy congregations of the gods, and now with the mockery of a battle; and, in short, with every thing which addresseth the eye, which sparkles and flames, and flares, and thunders—an endless round of sights, signifying nothing—or if any thing, something very evil, &c.

Sometimes the reader will find something approaching to humour:—

Men speak of a sermon (says he) in the same language, and perhaps with the same gesture of the hand, smiting the body in the same place, with which they speak of a dinner—it did me good, Sir, I felt the better for it.

Again:—

Between the oppression of business and the oppression of fashion, the tender, and delicate, and blessed abode of our natural affections, which our fathers called *Home*, hath been almost crushed to pieces, and the very word hath changed its meaning; so that *at home* now signifies being surrounded with a multitude; and *not at home*, almost signifies being alone with your children.

Of the common intercourse of man and wife, this is a very happy morsel, and the volume has many such:—

To speak of one another with good-natured gaiety—to neglect one another with easy good breeding—to let one another go their several ways unchecked—to make sprightly allusions and sparkling witticisms on the relation of husband and wife—this, even this, is the present state of that everlasting covenant, &c.

To do any thing like justice is, with our limits, quite impracticable—we have thought of Mr. Irving with contempt—he has won our respect.

*Biographical Magazine*, No. II. 1828.—The first number of this publication escaped us. We have glanced over the second, and venture to pronounce it a valuable addition to our periodical literature. Something of the kind was evidently re-

quisite to keep up with the current of mortality. Every body feels the defects of biographical dictionaries—their value is perpetually oozing away, and in a few years they become comparatively and painfully useless. Every year numbers pass off the stage, of whom it is desirable to know something more, and more authoritatively than can generally be learnt from the ordinary *on dits* that float in common conversation, of distinguished individuals. Their origin and connexions—the steps of their progress—the development of their abilities—the growth of their reputation—the aids and friends they have made, and met with—the order and succession of their publications—all these matters are subjects of interest, and the earlier they can be obtained the more welcome they are. A man's death is the time when his merits are most minutely scanned—for his memory soon gets washed away by succeeding waves. Few things will be more acceptable than a register of this continuous and cotemporaneous kind—well done or ill done.

The specimens before us, however, are, some of them, very well done; while others are conspicuously meagre—too much so to be of any use.—Lemot, for instance, or Mark Noble. The personages are Mitford, the historian—Thiebault de Leveau—Madame Guizot—Beethoven—Professor Jardine—Holloway, Raffaell's engraver—Lemot—Mark Noble—Dawbeny—Clive—Laplace—Clapperton, and Canning. All cannot, of course, be of equal interest—the editor must trust to the chapter of accidents; but it is of no use to give obviously inadequate accounts—he should wait for further information. The most agreeable article is *Madame Guizot*. By the way, it is surprising how little is known in this country of this indefatigable and intelligent lady's exertions—the Miss Edgeworth of France. Too much is made of Archdeacon Dawbeny, who was merely a polemic, and not a very successful one. Too much, also, we venture to add, is made of Mr. Canning, of whose *classical* attainments it is quite sickening to hear, for obviously they amounted to nothing beyond an Eton school-boy's flippancies; and as to his claims as a statesman—as to any measures which may be regarded as personally *his*—as to any disposition he ever shewed to check corruption—as to any actual benefit conferred upon the country—as to any assistance contributed to useful reforms—the less his friends, old or new, say about him the better. He was a man of words—words! When shall we have done with babbling?

*A Pronouncing Dictionary*; Whittaker, 1829.—This, we confess, is entirely out of our beat. When we venture a dictum, we like to place it upon some acknowledged basis. The matter of pronunciation has none. In the little work before us, which is evidently very respectable, words are to

be pronounced so and so, because it is correct—and correct, because it is fashionable, or polite, or learned, or according to analogy and usage, or sanctioned by the stage; or, again, such and such pronunciations are to be shunned, because they are too learned, or vulgar, &c. The compiler has manifestly taken great pains, and consulted carefully and critically all the established—orthoepests we find they are called—and we have no doubt is as well deserving of confidence—to all who place confidence in such things—as any of them—with these special advantages, that the book is a small one, embracing *only*, which is surely all that is demanded, the doubtful words, and that the price cannot be considerable.

If we were to give our opinion on certain pronunciations here recommended, we might object—but then our objections are mere matter of taste, and depend more on habit than inquiry—to the substitution of *e* for *i* in *ad-me-ra-bl*, *ep-e-cu-re'-an*, *be-tu'-men*, &c.—to *pre-zhum'-tshu-us*, *rit'-tshu-al*, *sat'-tshu-rate*, &c.—to *ad'-ju-la-tur'-re*, *ed'-ju-kate*—to *in-nish'-al*, *luk'-shu-re*, *naw'-she-ate*. Where has the writer heard of *pad'-jun-tre*? Is not *padg'-en-tre* nearer the mark? Is not *o-rawn'-zher-e* (orangery) a queer-looking word, and would it not be a queer-sounding one? And is not *spur'-it* queerer still? To pronounce this latter word, as if written *spe-rit*, is declared, as we suppose it is, vulgar—but is not *spur-it*, if possible, more so—and is not *spir-it* both more according to analogy, literality, and even fashion? But enough of this.

*Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy*, 2 vols. 12mo.; 1829.—This is wholly Dr. Brown; and as every thing must get into the crucible of “*Conversations*,” we are heartily glad the very able framer of these has chosen to melt *him* down rather than Dugald Stewart—not so much because we think ill of Stewart, and well of Brown, as, because, though Brown be not, perhaps, essentially better, he is so circumstantially. In all respects his equal—save only in the very equivocal advantage of knowing other people's opinions—in subtlety of intellect and flexibility of power—in easy and effective discrimination—in brilliant and vivifying development he is immensely his superior.

It is more difficult, we take it, in this country than in any part of the world when once a man is seated at the top of his profession, to dispossess him. It is the most prevailing conviction among us, shewn more by deeds, if possible, than by words, that the man who has by any means attained a sort of supremacy in *any* department, can have no equal—no other person's opinion in that line can be worth a rush; and hence it is, we see every body running after one doctor, one surgeon, one lawyer, one chemist, one astronomer, one mathematician, one artist, one *statesman*, even though they are scores of men of M.M. New Series.—VOL. VII. No. 39.

equal powers, and, in the case of professions, starving for want of employment—while the fashionable individual is overwhelmed, and compelled, be his honesty what it will, to sacrifice the interests of his employers to their caprices, and pocket the difference.

But the worst effect of this foolish and baby-like confidence is, that if a man find reason for contending with the principles or practice of the favourite, and venture to give expression to his conviction, he raises a nest of hornets about his ears—the friends of the idol unite to repel the invader, and as it is much easier to revile than refute, no scruples are spared to depreciate him, not merely as a mistaken man, but as a mischievous person, as one actuated by jealousy, or prompted by a restless spirit of opposition, and altogether unworthy of attention. Mr. D. Stewart, the acknowledged head of his branch of study, had prosecuted his class of researches, in which others had taken great liberties, with so much reticence and respect for all existing institutions as to secure the suffrage of all, and more especially of those who knew nothing of the subject. Dr. Brown succeeded him in the philosophical chair, and from the first moment opposed his views with little or no consideration for his *authority*—scarcely indeed noticing him—and ventured upon novel statements and bold expressions, which threw certain good people into a frenzy of alarm. He was young, ardent, something of a poet, adventurous, and with a little dash of the coxcomb in his composition; he manifestly took pains to make the differences of doctrine as glaring as possible, and certainly made no attempt to conciliate. At the bottom we do not believe the differences are at all essential—but consist almost wholly in form and language. We like Brown—both in form and language—because his statements, generally, are at least as satisfactory, and have much less of pedantry and assumption about them.

Dugald Stewart distinguishes a thought, from the act of thinking—memory, from the thing remembered—judgment, from the thing judged—consciousness and conscience, from the subject of consciousness, &c. Where is the harm of this? He called memory, judgment, conscience, &c., faculties; but then he did not suppose them a something *different* from the mind itself. They were not new, or separate entities—it was merely his mode of expressing the feeling and phenomena. They were not, even in his representation of them, *parts* of the mind; or, if they were, they were only metaphorically so. Dr. Brown will have no faculties at all—he extinguishes them all—the thing remembered is the memory, and nothing else—nothing of it exists, but what is present—no storehouses—no receptacles. Still the memory is *distinguishable*, at least from consciousness, for instance—and to mark this distinction in whatever it consists, was all that Stewart aimed at. These very distinc-

tions Brown acknowledges, by terming them states or affections of the mind; but if any body likes to speak of them as faculties, we do not immediately see the mischief that will result from it. While Stewart talks of faculties, he means nothing but mind; and while Brown admits of nothing but states and affections, he all the while means different things—distinguishable feelings.

Though admiring Brown's mode of exhibiting his sentiments, more than we can readily express, we still think he chose to fix upon Stewart, and men of his school, a meaning which they could not recognize; and that Stewart, in return, jealous, piqued, and sulky, affected a contempt which could not be sincere, and secretly felt his pupil had beaten him on his own ground. There was some littleness in Stewart with respect to Brown, but there was also some provocation.

Every thing with Brown rests upon experience—every thing is phenomena—we know nothing of the nature of the mind—we can only *observe* its operations; but how does all this differ from Stewart? Not a jot. The fault with Stewart, if fault there be, is, that with all his horror of materialism, he is perpetually running a parallel between the properties of matter and those of mind, which, of course, has a tendency to defeat his ultimate object, the distinguishing of one from the other—while he proves we can know nothing of the nature of either. What, again, know we of *power*—the relation of cause and effect? Nothing, but that one thing precedes another. But this was shewn distinctly long before, by Hume; and Stewart, though not using precisely the same language, is essentially of the same opinion. Brown will have nothing to do with associations, of which Stewart is eternally talking; but then his "suggestions" do not at all differ from them, as to their application to facts. Though specifying, in some measure, we wish to speak generally—for there are still many small points on which the parties really clash, and there we, for the most part, incline to Brown—the differences between these potent rivals, to our conception, are equally more in manner than matter.

But as to power of clear statement—of easy and flowing expression—as to simplicity, directness, and natural coupling of thought—as to the detection of misleading terms, and the selection of more appropriate ones—as to subtlety of discrimination—as to native force and penetration—as to real genius—as to generous and liberal sentiments—freedom from prejudice, and contempt of mere authority—Brown is immeasurably his master's superior.

We have not forgotten the "Conversations" all this while. We find them expressly representing Brown's sentiments, and adopting his language and arrangements; and they do so with great distinctness and ability. They will attract some,

where the name of Brown might deter. The writer carefully and even painfully guards against all deductions, conflicting apparently with morals and doctrines sanctioned by general and public adoption.

*Chemical Catechism, by Dr. Thomas John Graham; 1829.*—Is this intended to supersede Mr. Parkes' well-known book—and why? Yes; because, first, the science is every day enlarging its domains—its arrangements, by the accumulation of new facts, require frequent shifting, and Mr. Parkes is gone, where he can no longer for us revise and correct; because, secondly, Mr. Parkes' book, independently of recent discoveries, which change the aspect, or at least exact a change in the nomenclature of many previous matters, contains numerous recognised errors; because, thirdly, Mr. Parkes' arrangement originally was radically bad, and the work itself not sufficiently elementary, for he treats of compound substances before he gives the details of the simple ones, and instead of laying down affinity, or attraction, as the foundation, which it truly is, of chemistry, and of course making it the first object of his consideration, happens to have made it the last, apparently from not thoroughly grasping its important and all-pervasive influence; because, fourthly, he has almost wholly overlooked two pre-eminently important matters, vegetable and animal chemistry; because, fifthly, in the same manner, he has barely alluded to the atomic theory, by which alone is an adequate explanation obtained relative to the uniformity of the proportions of chemical compounds, and the cause which renders combination, in other combinations, impossible: and finally, because Mr. Parkes' book has neither plates nor cuts.

These defects it is the object of the author to supply, and we believe he has accomplished that object very completely. The more important facts are exhibited in the text briefly, but with remarkable clearness, while the less important matter, together with all requisite details, are thrown into the form of notes at the foot of each page. Every thing is written up to the latest date, and the work cannot fail, we think, of being found eminently useful.

In turning over the pages, to ascertain how particular facts were stated, we dropped upon the article Sugar. This, every body knows, is extractable not merely from the cane, but in considerable quantities from maple, beet-root, skirret, parsnips, dried grapes, &c.; but it is not every body who knows that old rags are even *convertible*, every thread of them, into sugar. Yet this is represented as an indubitable matter:—

It is a remarkable fact (says Dr. Graham) that a pound of rags may be converted into more than a pound of sugar, merely by the action of sulphuric acid. When shreds of linen are triturated in a glass mortar, with sulphuric acid, they yield a gummy matter on evaporation, and if this mat-



ter be boiled for some time with dilute sulphuric acid, we obtain a crystallisable sugar.

Nitric acid, too, it appears, has the same power and privilege of converting rags into sugar. Even wood, for instance, well-dried elm-dust, may be converted into sugar by sulphuric acid. Truly this is a matter to be remembered against the seizure of the

West Indies by the Americans—the President has lately hinted very broadly that they already *geographically* belong to them. Our own rags and saw-pits must then supply sugar, and Cobbet has just made the timely discovery that the husks of his corn will furnish paper in abundance.

#### VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*Fall of a Hill in India.*—The following circumstance is communicated in the *Asiatic Journal*, in an extract of a letter dated Colabah, in the Southern Concan, August 21, 1828. The hamlet of Cathenera, consisting of twenty-one dwellings, situated at the foot of a hill about two miles south of Berrowavva, in the direction of Kongoory fort, had, on the evening of the 20th July, after the inmates had collected their cattle, been completely destroyed by what may be called an avalanche of earth from the adjoining hill. I found the place silent: an old man in a cow-hut was all I could see; the destruction had been complete, and left but this cowshed and three other huts standing. The hill was neither very high nor remarkably steep. The heavy and incessant rain on the above day had penetrated the side of the hill and worked a passage to the rock under the earth, which, from appearance, lay from fifteen to sixteen feet in depth. The unfortunate beings could have had no warning, for at the same instant themselves, their cattle, and homes, were buried in the same graves: sixty-five human beings, eighty-six cows and buffaloes, twenty-three goats, and eighteen dwellings, are the numbers I collected as swept off by this catastrophe. This bank of earth broke from the hill in form of a cone, the apex having loosened perhaps about sixty feet up the hill, and the base about forty yards in breadth, no doubt rested almost against the houses: in the velocity of its progress part of it reached a rivulet eight hundred yards down the plain, and scattered fragments of rafters and posts over a considerable space of batty ground, which it completely destroyed for this season. At the village the avalanche lay deep. I attempted to go across the end of it, and got up to my knees the first step. I then was nearly overpowered by a smell, doubtless similar to such as may always be found at those places yecept fields of glory, a few days after the carnage.

*Experiments on Friction.*—An account of a series of experiments on the friction and resistance of fluid and solid bodies retarded by the attrition of their surfaces when rubbing against each other, has been communicated by Mr. Rennie to the Royal Society. Nearly fifty years have elapsed since the labours of mechanicians were directed to this subject: the progress of knowledge consequently in this department of science has been slow and unsatisfactory,

and a wide field is still left open to experimental investigation. The following are the principal conclusions deduced by Mr. Rennie. The friction of ice rubbing upon ice diminishes with an increase of weight, but without observing any regular law of decrease. When dry leather is made to move along a plate of cast iron, the resistance is but little influenced by the extent of surface. With fibrous substances, such as cloth, the friction diminishes by an increase of pressure, but is greatly increased by the surfaces remaining for a certain time in contact; it is greater *ceteris paribus* with fine than with coarse cloths: the resistance is also much increased by an increase of surface. With regard to the friction of different woods against each other, great diversity and irregularity prevail in the results obtained in general, the soft woods give more resistance than the hard woods, thus yellow deal affords the greatest and red teake the least friction; the friction of different metals also varies principally according to their respective hardness, the soft metals producing greater friction, under similar circumstances, than those which are hard. Within the limits of abrasion, however, the amount of friction is nearly the same in all the metals, and may in general be estimated at one-sixth of the pressure. The power which unguents have in diminishing friction varies according to the kind, and the fluidity of the particular unguent employed, and to the pressure applied.

*Natural History.*—On the second of February, Dr. Ovid Lallemand presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, a monster, which, from particular circumstances, he was induced to regard as the issue of a dog and an ewe. Upon examination, however, it was rather considered as belonging to a genus already known, and which M. Geoffrey-Saint-Hilaire has pointed out under the name of *Polyotus*, a monstrosity observable among several animals and even among the human species.

*Experiments on Coal Gas.*—The Rev. W. Taylor, of York, in performing some experiments on the combustion of coal gas, has obtained results which promise to be of public importance. He has discovered very simple means by which the illuminating effect of a common argand gas burner may be much increased, while its flame is proportionally enlarged. The following statement will show the nature of the experi-

ments. A piece of wire-gauze being laid upon the glass chimney of a common argand gas burner, the flame is immediately enlarged to twice its former dimensions, and its light fully doubled. (A similar experiment being tried with a common argand oil lamp or reading lamp with a flat wick, the flame is often enlarged, but so discoloured as to yield less light). Place the finger or a bit of cork, so as to close the lower opening of the interior air passage of a common argand gas burner: the flame experiences a sudden enlargement with an increase of light nearly equal to that in Exp. 1. (the inner air passage of an argand oil lamp being closed, the flame is greatly deteriorated and darkened.) The air tube of an argand gas burner being stopped as in Ex. 2. and the flame consequently enlarged no further change happens when wire gauze is laid on the top of the glass chimney. Over the glass chimney of a single jet gas burner, wire gauze being laid, produced no enlargement of the flame and no increase of the light. In an experiment at the rooms of the Mechanics' Institute, York, it was found that one hundred feet of gas were consumed in three hours and twenty-five minutes by six argand gas burners in the ordinary state, while the same gas burners provided with wire gauze caps to their chimneys yielded an equal light for an equal time, but consumed only about fifty feet of gas.—*Phil. Mag.*

*The Apotheosis of Travellers.*—The beams of light seen at times to issue from the sun through the interstices of dense clouds when that luminary is near the horizon, appear by the laws of perspective, to diverge from the sun, but are, in fact parallel; and when seen of considerable length, they of course appear arcs of great circles. When the sun is in, or a little below the horizon, they are often seen to converge to a point diametrically opposite, and are seldom seen far from the vanishing point. These beams are produced in the same manner as those in a room where there is smoke or dust and the sun shining in through the window. The vanishing point of the solar beams is seen in the sea when transparent and smooth, and the sun shining at least 60° or 70° above the horizon. Then by looking over a vessel's side opposite to the sun, the spectator will see around the shadow of his own head only a kind of corona: the same phenomenon may likewise be observed in a stratum of fog, when the sun and observer are in certain positions. This has been called the apotheosis of travellers. The appearance is caused either by rain, fog, or spray, on the same principles as the common rainbow. A line drawn from the centre of the sun passing through the eye of the spectator, who has his back to the sun, passes through the centre of the bow; consequently if the spectator be elevated above the horizon, as when on a high mountain, he may see the entire

bow, encircling like a corona, the head of his shadow projected on the subjacent plain or upon the clouds.

*Crystal Bed.*—Immediately before the late war broke out between the Russians and the Persians, a bed of massive crystal was made in the imperial manufactory of Petersburg to be sent as a present to the Shah of Persia, by the Emperor of Russia. This magnificent bed, the only one of the kind perhaps in the world, is resplendent with silver, ornamented with columns of crystal, and ascended by steps of blue glass. It is constructed in such a manner that there can be made to issue from it on each side jets of odoriferous water, the murmuring sounds of which may excite an agreeable slumber. It reflects by the light of flambeaux a dazzling splendour, resembling myriads of diamonds. There is no doubt that this piece of furniture would have astonished even eastern luxury and magnificence.

*Steam Artillery.*—In a memoir on the comparison of the mechanical effects of gunpowder and steam, as applied to artillery, a German author, Herr Prechtel, concludes, from a series of analytical deductions from facts and experiments, that steam artillery will never offer practical advantages over powder ordnance, and that it is an invention to be ranked among the number of discoveries more curious than useful or applicable.

*Earthquake in India.*—A smart shock of an earthquake was felt at Bhooj, in Cutch, on Sunday, July 20, 1828, about 1 p. m., and although it does not appear that any accident has happened there or in the surrounding neighbourhood, the vibration was so great as nearly to spill water from a tumbler half full. The day was dull and somewhat close, and in the evening there was a heavy shower of rain. The shock, as far as could be judged, was from East to West.

*Natural History.*—An account has been communicated to the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, of a case of singular malconformation observed in the teeth of the *Arctomys Monax*. In this individual there had been a cavity in the lower jaw, which had prevented the growth of the incisor on that side. Its antagonist in the upper jaw having nothing to oppose it, had continued to be developed until it had described more than one complete spiral revolution. There is in England, in the possession of an eminent scientific surgeon dentist, Mr. Snell, the head of a rabbit, in which the grinding surfaces of the inside teeth of the upper and lower jaw, not being in contact, the teeth had described more than half a spiral revolution.

*Drinking Ice Water.*—It has long been known that ice water debilitates the stomach much more than spring water of nearly the same temperature. On two very hot days in the month of June 1828, some experiments were made in America, with ice

water and cold spring water. As much difference in the effect, as has usually been represented, was experienced when the difference in temperature was scarcely perceptible by the hand or tongue. These trials led to the following inquiry by Professor Eaton. The experiments of Black and others have shown, that when water is brought to the freezing point, a quantity of caloric sufficient to carry the thermometer through many degrees, may be imbibed or given off without affecting the thermometer or the sense of feeling. May not the state of ice water be such, that though it seems to be but little colder than spring water, it will take much more caloric from the stomach? Would not this inquiry afford ample materials for a medical graduate's dissertation?

**New Salt Pans.**—A patent has been obtained for an admirable improvement in the construction of salt pans, which consists in raising what might be called the bottom of the boiler up to an angular form in the middle, like the two upper sides of a prism, in order that the crystals of salt as they become concentrated by the evaporation of the water, may descend down the inclined planes, thereby preventing an inconvenience called or known to salt makers by the name of pan scratch, and fall into boxes or troughs placed in recesses below the fire, and may thus allow the salt to become cool. Which boxes or troughs when they are full, may be drawn up by the cords or chains attached to them, and the salt discharged without drawing off the brine from the interior.

**New Constant of Aberration.**—From a mean of 4119 observations made at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, during the years 1825-6-7-8, with the two mural circles of Troughton and Jones, on the stars most affected by aberration and the least affected by refraction, whereby the errors of observation have the least possible influence on the result, Mr. Richardson has determined 20.5035 as the most probable value of the constant of the aberration of light.

A medical fellow of the Royal Society, much distinguished by his ingenious researches regarding mummies, was detailing at one of the meetings of that society, the celebrated characters who had attended to witness his labours. Among others Dr. Wollaston was mentioned; the latter although in a different group, was within hearing, and briefly inquired "What is it you say, Sir?" "Only that you were present at my last examination of the mummy." "Sir, I was not present." "Yes you were, Dr. Wollaston, and made such and such remarks." "Sir, I never was in your house in my life—Sir, I do not even know where your house is situated," said Dr. W., turning his back with indignant astonishment at the other's singular misconception or unparalleled effrontery.

**Intense Light.**—The intense light produced by igniting lime in the oxy-alcohol

flame is well known, and has been beautifully applied in the construction of geodesical signals, by Lieut. Drummond. It is said that an easy mode of exhibiting it on a small scale, is to place a small piece of lime on charcoal, lighted at the spot by a little piece of tinder, and throw a jet of oxygen from an ordinary blow-pipe aperture upon it.

**Antiquities.**—The report just published by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, at Copenhagen, giving an account of its labours for the years 1825-6-7, makes mention of a discovery of some interest for the history of northern navigation. A stone, engraved with Runic characters, was found in 1824 in the island of Kingiktorsoak, on the western coasts of Greenland, bearing an inscription, of which the following is a translation by Dr. Ragn, secretary to the society. "Erling Sigvatson, Bjarne Thor-darson, and Enride Oddson, erected these heaps of stones, the Saturday before the day called Gagndag (April 25) and they cleaned the place in 1135." M. Kragh, a Greenland missionary, saw three heaps of stones on the spot where this inscription was found, each of these three individuals having apparently erected his own. This stone, according to Dr. Ragn, is of great historical importance, as it proves that so early as the twelfth century our ancestors had pushed their navigation on the western coast of Greenland up to so high a latitude.

**Meteoric Phenomenon.**—An uncommon phenomenon appeared at Malacca, on the evening of May 14, 1828, between seven and eight o'clock, which produced a curious sensation among the inhabitants. A meteoric globe of fire, of about the size of the full moon when seen in the horizon, approached from the south-east and passed over the town in a north-west direction, at a height apparently not much above the tallest trees. It was followed by a rattling, rumbling noise, somewhat resembling that of thunder, produced, we suppose by the bursting of the ball, which took place at some distance from the town. The oldest people in Malacca say they never witnessed such a thing before, and many, not knowing its real nature, consider it a portentous omen for evil.

**Fossil Osteology.**—Among the fossil bones discovered by Mr. Mantell, of Lewes, during the present year in the Hastings strata of Sussex, are two specimens, which M. Cuvier has determined to be the unequal bones, or those which support the nails of the Iguanodon. The largest is four inches in length; while the corresponding part in a recent Iguana three feet long, is but two fifths of an inch.

**Antiquities.**—At a recent sitting of the Société de Géographie at Paris, M. Warden communicated an extract from a letter, addressed to the Marquis de Fortia, by M. le Comte Saqui, from which it appeared, that in digging a well in Cuba, about twelve leagues from the Havannah, at the depth of about one hundred French feet, a vase was



found in perfect preservation covered with hieroglyphics, and bearing several figures, one of which resembles the Sagittarius of our Zodiac, and is represented drawing his bow at two individuals, who appear chained together or holding each other by the hand. These figures resemble those found in Egypt. The vase has been presented to the city of Orleans.

*The Italian Language.*—Prizes are continually offered in Italy for discoveries regarding the formation of the Italian tongue; hitherto but imperfect success has attended the inquiry; but one point appears to be unquestionably settled, namely, that the Sicilians were the first who wrote Italian, and no compositions remain of a date anterior to Frederic II. who was Emperor in 1230.

*Russian Trophies.*—Among the trophies brought by the Russians from Persia, is the library of Ardebil, which fell into the hands of General Count Suchtelen. This library was founded in the year 1013 of the hegira, 1635 of our own. Shah Abbas I. who reigned at that time, deposited the manuscripts which he had collected in the mosque erected in memory of his ancestor Sheikh Sofi, on the very spot where that founder of the dynasty was buried.

*New Carronade.*—A deputation from the navy board, with several officers of the royal artillery, lately inspected a sixty-eight pounder carronade, fitted on a new principle, on board the *Blenheim*, at Woolwich. It is placed on the poop, and the carriage is so constructed as to allow the gun to traverse

both sides, and to fire down upon any object along side the ship.

*Oriental Antiquities.*—An eminent Orientalist, Mr. Wilson, of Calcutta, speaking of the carved temples of the Indian peninsula, considers the fact as nearly established, that these excavations, which are in general Saiva and Baudhdha are comparatively recent, or that none of them bear a high antiquity. There is nothing in their construction which Hindu architects of the present day would not be as well qualified as ever to accomplish. The sculptured works are equally destitute of pretensions to antiquity as well as many of the great temples of Southern India, which, though genuine Hindoo monuments, and probably of the same style of architecture as when first erected, are modern constructions, in spite of the testimony of the local Purānas, which are impudent fabrications.

*Schools in the State of New York.*—There are in the State of New York, 50 incorporated academies, numerous private schools, and between 8 and 9,000 school districts, in which, last year, instruction was given regularly to 441,850 children, besides 9 or 10,000 more in the higher seminaries, without including the colleges; so that the whole number of young persons at this moment under instruction in that State probably falls little short of half a million, which is between a fourth and a third of the whole population of the State.—*Public Report, Dec. 1828.*

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

*British Institution.*—OUR limits caution us to avoid all introductory matter under the above head, and proceed at once to the immediate subject of our notice—the Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists, at the rooms of the British Institution. The collection of this year is, generally speaking, a good one; but in the highest department of the art—that which takes a poetical character, by blending the ideal with the historical—we find a marked deficiency. In fact, we do not observe in this department a single work calling for high or unqualified commendation; and only two or three that merit a detailed notice at all. These latter are all on scriptural subjects; and the best is the veteran Northcote's *Adoration of the Shepherds*, (No. 1 in the North Room). The subject is treated with that simplicity, both in the composition and the expressions, which is the best characteristic of this painter; and which, while it is the source of much merit in his works, is also not free from the charge of originating some of their faults. In the present picture, for example, the desire to be natural and simple, has led to what we cannot but look upon as the error of being common-place, and conse-

quently unimpressive. Surely, if we have a right to demand an *ideal* character any where, it is in the virgin mother of the Saviour of the world; and yet in this picture she is a mother merely—a sweet and touching one, but no more so than may be seen every day among ourselves. It is the same with all the other persons in the picture. Moreover, they are all *English*, which we cannot but look upon as another fault, in a work of this class. Nevertheless, the picture is a pure, and, upon the whole, a very meritorious one. The colouring of it, in particular, is more to our taste than this artist's usually is. The two other historical attempts are, *The Deluge*, by W. BRACKEDON, (251); and *Satan*, by S. PARTRIDGE, (474). The first of these is dark, dreary, and desolate, without being either mysterious, fearful, or impressive; and the second is ambitious and conspicuous, without being either grand, striking, or original. Among what may perhaps be called the second class of historical composition—that which has for its object simply to illustrate or commemorate known events, in connection with which (on account of their proximity to our own times, and the exact know-

ledge we possess relative to them) the *ideal* cannot with safety or propriety be introduced—we have two excellent productions, one of them by *J. Jones, R. A.*, and the other by *H. P. Briggs, A. R. A.* These works are the joint result of an order given to the artists respectively, by the British Institution, and are intended as presents to Greenwich Hospital; and the subjects chosen are of course commemorative of events in our naval history. Mr. Jones's work represents a particular moment in the battle of Saint Vincent,—when Nelson (the commodore) and Captain Berry, are leading a party of boarders over the deck of one of the Spanish vessels. We have never seen Nelson so well represented, with a view to pictorial effect—his historical character (if we may so speak) never so skilfully and impressively blended with the actual traits of his countenance—as in this work. There is also great spirit and effect given to the whole scene,—which is one of the best we could any where point to on so extremely intractable a subject. Mr. Briggs's picture, which is a sort of companion to the above, and of the same size, represents the late king presenting a sword to Lord Howe, on the 1st of June, 1794, on board the Queen Charlotte; her Majesty and some of the Court being present. This is a still more intractable subject than the last, with a view to any thing like dignity or grandeur of historic effect. The odious costumes, and “not to speak it profanely,” the no less odious physiognomies of our gold-loving (the antithesis of “golden”) age, defy the pencil in this respect. All we can say, therefore, is, that Mr. Briggs has not only escaped unhurt from his task, but has produced a work highly creditable to his taste and execution. Descending (if it must be looked upon as a descent) one step lower in the scale of composition, we meet with some exquisite works—works on which the value and beauty of this exhibition may be said almost entirely to depend. We allude to those having for their object at once to move, to elevate, and to gratify the intellectual faculties and affections of the spectator, by illustrating matters connected with, or growing out of, the events of actual life and manners, or depicting actual scenery as modified and coloured by that life and manners. At the head of this class of works we must place two little cabinet gems, by Newton.—*The Letter*, (166) and a *Dutch Girl* (255). As a piece of execution,—resulting jointly from skill of hand, force of imagination, and delicacy of taste and feeling,—we know of very few things indeed, that are superior to the first named of these works. Yet the whole picture is simplicity itself. A single female, not a vestige of whose face you are permitted to see, has just opened and read a letter, which evidently contains some fatal news, for she has dropped it on the floor—buried her face in her hands—bent her frail form half way to the earth—and, in brief,

seems stricken into a new Niobe, for she is “all tears.” We look upon this picture as, without exception, the best repetition we have ever seen of the antique painter's idea, of hiding the face of an afflicted person, in despair of duly expressing the depth of human sorrow. Here, however, the attempt has evidently been made with the view, not of escaping from the artist's admitted want of power, but of proving his possession of it—of shewing the possibility not merely of making inanimate things conform to and assist in the production of an expression that we look for from the human face alone, but of actually drawing the whole effect from these inanimate accessories. And the attempt has been singularly successful: so much so, that we scarcely think any expression of face could have added to the pathetic effect of the picture. The other work exhibited by Mr. Newton, is, we imagine, a portrait; and it is, in point of style and execution, not inferior to the foregoing. It represents a Dutch Girl, dressed in the national costume, and standing at an open window, the curtain of which she has just withdrawn with one hand, while she leans on the ledge of the window with the other. This work small as it is, (scarcely bigger than the page the reader is perusing) may be pronounced a capital production, no less for the force and spirit of its execution, than for the delicacy of taste displayed in the air and attitude, and the refinement of tact in the intellectual expression.—But we must stop here, we shall, however, return to the subject next month.

*Portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Charles Lindsay.*—We verily believe there is no end to the progress of improvement, in the department of Art to which this charming little portrait belongs. It forms the new number of the series of “Portraits of the English Female Nobility,” which grace the opening page of *La Belle Assemblée*; and though we lately pronounced an opinion that the portrait of the Marchioness Wellesley, which formed the last number of that series, had reached the acme of the art in such matters, yet we cannot but think that the present portrait surpasses it in some particulars at least. This praise, however, is intended to apply entirely to the accessories of the picture—the dress, furniture, &c.; for we must still consider the face of the former portrait as maintaining the supremacy over any of the series that we have seen. In the white satin dress of the present picture, we have an effect produced not greatly inferior to that of an oil painting by Netscher, Terbourg, or F. Meires: yet with not half the “appliances and means,” employed by those artists; and the rich curtain which forms the back ground, the ornamented antique chair in front, the hair, &c. are of corresponding merit; and the whole forms a most agreeable and tasty production. The painter is Mrs. James Robertson, and Mr. Wright the engraver.

*Interior of York Minster.*—This large engraving of the interior of York Minster (just published by Messrs. Colnaghi) is one to which late circumstances have given an unexpected and permanent interest. It is slightly executed, but with sufficient skill and effect, especially in the perspective—

which is well preserved, and conveys a fine and imposing idea of this magnificent edifice. The engraving is executed by Mr. W. Woolnoth, from a painting by Mr. Harwood, and it forms a pendant to one lately produced by the same artists, representing the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral.

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— Jonathan Ridgeway, Manchester, for metallic types, and a mode of fixing them on cylinders for printing cotton or linen cloth.

— Thomas Potts, Rickmansworth, for a mode of applying principles already known for producing pure fresh warm air.

18. Henry Houldsworth, Glasgow, for a mode of discharging air or condensed steam, or both, from pipes used for the conveyance of steam for the purposes of heating blindings or other places.

21. Charles Gent, and Square Clarke, Congleton, for a swift, and other apparatus belonging to it, for winding silk.

29. Richard Smith, Stafford, for an improved method of smelting and refining all metallic substances.



## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF RUSSIA.

Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress Maria Feodorowna, was a Princess of Wirtemberg, sister of Frederick, late King of Wirtemberg Stuttgart, who married the Princess Royal of England, and niece to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. Her baptismal name was Sophia Dorothea; but on her marriage, at an early age, about the year 1766-7, to the Grand Duke Paul, afterwards Emperor of Russia, she assumed, in compliance with the custom of the court, that of Maria Feodorowna, as descriptive of her alliance with the Imperial family. On the death of the Empress Catherine II. Paul ascended the throne. The events of the short reign of that unhappy prince, and the tragical termination on the 11th of March, 1801, are still remembered. Whatsoever may have been the political faults of the Emperor, historians are unanimous in attesting his amiable qualities in domestic life. The virtues of his accomplished consort were fully estimated by him, and towards her he at all times evinced the greatest tenderness and affection. Kotzebue relates an affecting instance of his attachment, which occurred the night before his assassination, and describes the last and affectionate leave which he at the same time took of the Empress and of his youngest children.

In the various relations of life, as daughter, wife, and mother, the Empress shewed herself possessed of every virtue that can adorn the female character. She superintended the education of her children, with the most sedulous attention; and, to her instructions, and to the principles of morality and religion, which she from infancy instilled into his mind, may be attributed the numerous acts of goodness and philanthropy by which the reign of her eldest son, the late Emperor Alexander, was distinguished. Nor were her exertions less successful in forming the characters of her younger children. The present Emperor Nicholas appears to sympathize, as did his brother, with the noble feelings of his mother. Of the talents and graces of her daughters, a specimen was offered by the Duchess of Oldenburgh, during her visit to England; and a similar example presents itself in the character of the Grand Duchess Anne, who is married to the Prince of Orange.—Her exertions were not, however, confined to her own family, but were beneficially felt throughout the empire. She established schools for the education of the poor, and, in almost all the large provinces, female colleges, on the model of the celebrated St. Cyr. These institutions she repeatedly visited and inspected. She was also a munificent benefactress and patroness of every charitable foundation in the empire.

The Empress, on the marriage of the Princess Royal of England to her brother, the King of Wirtemberg, presented her with the Order of St. Catherine; and the Princess frequently displayed, on Windsor Terrace, the insignia of the order—a magnificent collar and star of jewels.

Her Imperial Majesty expired, after a short illness, at St. Petersburg, on the 5th of November. The terms in which this event is officially announced in the St. Petersburg Gazette, strongly indicate the warm and kind feelings with which she was regarded by all ranks.

## MR. BEWICK.

Mr. Thomas Bewick, the celebrated wood-engraver, was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, about the year 1754. He was a pupil of Mr. Beilby's, a gentleman who was employed by Dr. Hutton in engraving some plates for his Mensuration, his Theory of Bridges, and his Diarian Miscellany. Under Mr. Beilby's auspices, Mr. Bewick proved himself to be the best wood-cutter of his time. He is universally allowed to have carried the art to a greater height of excellence than it had ever before attained in this country. In partnership with Mr. Beilby, he, in 1793, published a General History of British Quadrupeds, the figures of which, on wood, were executed with unprecedented neatness, precision, and truth. In 1797, he published, in two volumes, a History of British Birds, similarly illustrated; and, just before his death, he was employed upon a work of the same character, relating to Fishes. Amongst many other valuable performances, Mr. Bewick prepared the wood-cuts for a system of economical and useful Botany, to include 450 plants, the text of which was furnished by Dr. Thoroton.

Mr. Bewick was a man apparently of a strong and durable frame; but he had been many years subject to attacks of the gout, a spasm of which is thought to have caused his death on the 8th of November.

## PROFESSOR BONTERWEK.

Francis Bonterwek, a distinguished Professor of the University of Gottingen, was born at Goslar, in Germany, in the year 1766. He was at once a poet, a philosopher, and a philologist. In the course of his life, he produced nearly thirty literary works, filled several public offices in his native country, and was indefatigable in promulgating and commenting upon, the doctrines of Kant. He acquired, by his General History of Poetry and Eloquence, since the End of the Thirteenth Century—a stupendous work relating to French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, English, and German literature—the reputation of one of the most eminent writers on the Continent.

Amongst his other works are—*Mænæus*, or *Thebes saved*, a Tragedy;—*Count Donamar*, a Metaphysical Romance;—*Poems*, &c.

Professor Bonterwek died, greatly lamented, about the month of September or October last.

JAMES WEBSTER, ESQ.

James Webster, of the Inner Temple, fifth son of the late Rev. John Webster, of Inverary, in the county of Forfar, and brother of George Webster, Esq., of the firm of Moncrieff and Webster, of Palace Yard, Westminster, was born in the year 1802. His education was completed at the University of St. Andrews, where his merits and acquirements obtained for him distinguished notice. His imagination was vivid, his reason strong, and his devotion to study indefatigable. He laboured with equal success in the respective departments of literature, as in those of the exact sciences. His amiable manners, his unimpeachable moral character, the chivalrous warmth of his heart, had, even in early youth, secured for him a place in the affection of all his friends.

Intended for the English bar, Mr. Webster entered himself of the Inner Temple; but, previously to his commencing the arduous duties of his profession, he resolved to devote a few years to the improvement of his mind, and the acquisition of a knowledge of the world, by visiting the principal countries of Europe. For that purpose he left England more than three years since. Subsequently, his views and objects were enlarged; he traversed the Crimea, and, after visiting Constantinople, he proceeded to Egypt—ascended the Nile to the confines of Nubia—examined the ruins of Thebes, &c.—returned to Grand Cairo—and, intending afterwards to visit Jerusalem, made an excursion, in company with his friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. F. Newnham, to Mount Sinai. From that excursion, his friend endeavoured to dissuade him, as he had for some time been subject to feverish attacks, and a determination of blood to the head. To Mr. Newnham's remonstrances, he answered:—"To you, perhaps, it may not be so interesting as to me; but if I could stand on the top of Sinai—on the spot where the Commandments were given, which are, as it were, the fountain of all law—it would be a day which I should remember with satisfaction all my life. Will you wait for me here? I am almost inclined to go alone." Mr. Newnham, however, accompanied him. Mr. Webster accomplished his object, but experienced much indisposition in the course of his journey; and, after his return to Cairo, his debilitated frame sinking beneath a renewal of fever, he died on the 1st of August. He was interred at Old Cairo, in the Greek burial ground. An accacia tree overshadows his grave, over which is to be erected a plain

monument, with a marble tablet, recording his name, age, and death. The funeral service was performed by the Rev. William Cruser, a clergyman stationed at Cairo, by the Missionary Society.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DENHAM.

Our information respecting this lamented individual, the late—and we hope it may prove the last—Governor of Sierra Leone, is very scanty. Lieutenant Colonel Dixon Denham, the associate of Captain Clapperton (whose melancholy fate it was lately our duty to record\*) in his memorable expedition for penetrating the interior of Africa, was a native of London, where he was born in 1785; consequently, he was only in his 43d year. After much and varied military service, he was appointed to the office of Commissioner of Inquiry into the state of the settlement of Sierra Leone; and, upon the death of Sir Niel Campbell, a short time since, he succeeded that officer in the government. This appointment gave great satisfaction to all ranks of persons; and the most sanguine hopes were entertained, that a new era was about to commence in the colony. Amongst other sound and judicious regulations, he took measures for inviting the native chiefs to come down to the seat of government to trade—to promote the interchange of good offices between them and the people—and for the establishment of savings' banks amongst the poorer classes of the inhabitants. The excellence of Colonel Denham's constitution had enabled him to encounter, and to triumph over, all the rigours of a life in Africa; even the pestilential climate of Sierra Leone—that insatiable grave of Europeans, the very existence of which, as a settlement, is a disgrace to the British government—did not seem to affect him; and, down to the 29th of May, his letters to his friends in England show him to have been in high health and excellent spirits: they were full of sanguine promise respecting his plans for the prosperity of the colony, and the advancement of the salutary and benevolent objects that he had in view. Alas, how sudden was the reverse! a very short illness terminated his valuable existence at the government house, early in June. His death is thus affectingly recorded in a letter from Sierra Leone of the 10th of month:—"Exactly four weeks ago, this day, I had the honour of being presented to him on his assuming the command of Sierra Leone. His levee was most numerously attended by all the military and civil officers of this station—by its magistrates and merchants. This gallant officer and celebrated traveller was surrounded by his staff and friends—all eyes were turned upon him with looks of admiration and regard; he had escaped the dangers of battle and travel—the field of Waterloo and the

\* Vide page 321.

deserts of Africa. He returned here to rest after his many perils and enterprizes—he now rests in his silent grave. This day the same hands bore the pall of his coffin which a little month ago grasped his in congratulation and joy. In the freshness of his fame, and in the vigour of his manhood, even he succumbs to the destiny which awaits all who have the temerity to intrude upon this awful spot, where death sits high enthroned. He was interred with all the military honours of a soldier, and with the still more precious honours of tears and of sorrow poured over his grave.”

#### DR. O'CONNOR.

The Rev. Charles O'Connor, D.D., was a Roman Catholic clergyman, librarian to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, at Stow, and confessor to the late Marchioness. He had acquired considerable eminence in the literary world. By the violent members of the Romish faith, he had the misfortune to be reproached as an apostate; but, in truth, he appears to have been a moderate and sensible man. He declared against papal influence, and the lofty pretensions of the Irish prelates; and he contended that a veto ought to be allowed to the government, in return for any concessions which it might make.

Dr. O'Connor was the author of Columbanus's Letters, with an Historical Address on the Calamities occasioned by Foreign Influence in the Nomination of Bishops to Irish Sees, in two volumes 8vo., published in the years 1810-13; and, in 1812, of a Narrative of the most Interesting Events in Modern Irish History, in one volume. Some years since, he announced for publication a work to be entitled *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*, which was to comprise, in four 4to volumes, the Irish annals, and a variety of documents connected with them; but the volumes have never appeared, though they are understood to be in the library of the Duke of Buckingham.

Dr. O'Connor died on the 29th of July, at Belinagar, the seat of his brother, Mr. O'Connor Don.

#### GENERAL MACK.

General Mack, the scion of a poor family, was born in Franconia, in the year 1752. Having received an excellent education, he entered the army as a soldier. During the war with the Turks, he was placed upon the staff, and obtained a captaincy from Marshal Lascy. Laudohn, the successor of Lascy, disliked, and grossly insulted Captain Mack, as a creature of Lascy's. Mack replied, "Sir, I have the honour to tell you, that here I serve neither M. de Lascy, nor you, but the emperor, to whom my life is devoted." Two days after this unpleasant rencontre, Laudohn having hesitated to attack Lissa, under the idea that it was defended by a garrison of 30,000 Turks, Mack swam across the Danube, in the night, accompanied by a single hulan, pene-

trated into the suburb of Lissa, between twenty and thirty miles from his own camp, seized, and carried off a Turkish officer, and, early on the ensuing morning, informed his general, that the town was garrisoned by only six thousand, instead of thirty thousand men. This bold action won the esteem of Laudohn, who made him his aid-de-camp, and on his death-bed recommended him to the emperor.

In 1793, Mack, as quarter-master-general in the army of the Prince of Saxe Cobourg, directed the operations of the campaign. Early in 1794, he was sent to England to confer with ministers; and on his return to the Netherlands, he drew up a plan for a general attack on the republican forces, which, however, proved unsuccessful. Not being upon good terms with the Prince of Saxe Cobourg, he obtained his recall. In 1797, he was employed in the army of the Rhine; and, on the renewal of the war between France and Naples, in 1798, he was appointed to the command of the Neapolitan army. Having sustained a succession of defeats, he was suspected of treachery, and, to avoid the fury of the Neapolitans, compelled to throw himself upon the mercy of the French. Treated as a prisoner of war, he remained in captivity till 1800, when he effected his escape. In 1804, he was appointed to the command of the Austrian forces in the Tyrol, Dalmatia, and Italy. He then drew up a scheme, executed by the Arch-Duke Charles, for organizing the troops. In 1805, he commanded the Austrian army in Bavaria. Whether he were bribed, or out-manœuvred by Bonaparte, was a point much contested at the time. Certain it is, that he was shut up in the fortress of Ulm, upon the Danube, where, though forty-thousand men were under his orders, he surrendered his troops as prisoners of war without an effort for their relief.

On his return to Austria, General Mack was arrested, and sent to the citadel of Brunn, in Moravia, whence he was transferred to the fortress of Josephstadt, in Bohemia. He was tried by a military commission, and condemned to death; but the emperor was pleased to mitigate the sentence, and his actual punishment was the loss of rank, and two years' imprisonment. Candour and probability now favour the idea, that his judgment, rather than his loyalty and honour, had failed him. It by no means followed that, because he had been an able tactician, and had distinguished himself in various minor commands, that his talents—his mind—should be such as to qualify him for a first-rate station. However, he published a memoir in justification of his conduct.

Subsequently to his release, General Mack lived in retirement, on a small estate in Bohemia, and, we believe, with a pension from the Austrian court. More recently, his residence was at Vienna, where he died, on the twenty-second of October last.



## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

REPORTING since the commencement of last autumn, on the weather, the condition of the lands, the forwardness of every agricultural process, the prosperous state of the crops, and the well-doing of every kind of live stock, has proved to us a very satisfactory and pleasing task. It would be even difficult to conceive a state of greater prosperity and of promise. We cannot, however, say so much in favour of the accounts that we are constantly receiving from our farming friends, which are of the most gloomy, desponding, and even reproachful nature; nor are we well able to reconcile or digest the discrepancies; for how would it be possible for a tenantry *in re*, and actually ruined, beggared, and pauperized, as so many of them declare themselves to be, to find the ability to cultivate their farms in the superior state wherein they are found, sow such vast breadths of corn and agricultural productions of all kinds, and feed such immense numbers of live stock, in the depressed circumstances under which they are said to groan?

The late frost atoned for the shortness of its duration, by its remarkably intense severity; and the lands, on its commencement, being generally in a dry and favourable state, it had a very speedy and salubrious effect; and although its dissolution was succeeded by a renewal of hard weather, an alternation generally dangerous to the crops on the ground, yet the second frost lasting but a short time, no visible ill effects, to any extent, have ensued. The wheats were checked in their ultra-exuberance, as also was the foliage and stem of the turnips; and the former at present, having taken a fresh start since the frost, wear perhaps as promising an appearance as any man can recollect to have witnessed. In course, we speak of the aggregate, for upon poor, low, and wet lands, where the slug had been most active, the wheats appear thin, weak, and not, thus far, of a healthy complexion; but a warm and moderately dry spring may do much for such lands.

Never was there a more rapid and effective destruction of the slugs and vermin than appears in those parts of our country which we have lately gone over, and a similar good report seems universal. This speedy destruction, it may be apprehended, was the result of the suddenness and intensity of the frost, and the want of a deep cover of snow. An infinity, too, of the mischief workers of the feathered race, are said to have perished from the same cause. Few of the common turnips escaped some damage, and most of them upon improper soils were completely rotted, and unfit for sheep; especially as so many flocks must yet be regarded as only in a state of convalescence. No season, however, can be better calculated to encounter a loss of this kind than the present. The Swedes have not been much, or at all affected; and the few Scotch (Aberdeen) turnips, some very excellent seed of which several of our friends purchased last year of Messrs. Gibbs, have stood the frost nearly or equally well as the Rutabaga. A friend of ours, against sound advice, left two acres of mangel abroad, when it was totally destroyed by the frost, for any other purpose than that of manure. The young clovers are in a flourishing state, and we may hope for a better crop than the late, both of clover and sanfoin seed, in the present year. The frost is said to have had the further happy effect of checking, and, we trust, in this fine season, of putting an end to an endemic febrile disease, which has prevailed in certain low and damp situations, since the incessant rains and floods of the last summer.

The clays have been in a most favourable degree freeable, and the lands in general have worked admirably well; a dry March will put a good spoke in the wheel of prosperity to the crops of the season. Farmers in forward districts have nearly got through with their bean and oat sowing; and under a continuance of the present favourable weather, the present will be an early seed season, always the harbinger of good expectation. On Wool there is nothing novel, far less favourable, to advance. Complaints still prevail against the excessive price of store stock, and asseverations are continued of the losses, or, in other words, the no profit of the graziers and feeders. Yet fat stock and meat certainly make high prices; at least, the consumers deem them such. Mutton must continue dear, from the late prevalence of rot in the low lands; but we have good hope of a repair for our losses, in the present successful lambing season; in which, perhaps, as few ewes have warped (slunk their lambs) as has been remembered. In Lincolnshire, and the fen districts, the Pigs have been almost as unhealthy as the Sheep; and from the same cause, superabundant moisture, numbers have died, and still greater numbers have been killed in a state of unsoundness. This disease, in swine, has not been hitherto generally understood; but we have long since known it, to our cost, having lost great numbers, even from damp lodging, the disease usually commencing from the symptom called the "heavings." The inflammation was so great in some of them, that their skins, after death, were red as morocco leather. Of Horses there is nothing new to report; the dearest season for them is immediately at hand.

A considerable decline in the price of Wheat has taken place at the Corn Exchange, though the home supply has been on a very narrow scale throughout, and the quantity of the last crop is now estimated lower than before. But the foreign supply has been much more plentiful than was expected, and it is now ascertained, will continue sufficiently ample, both from the north, the Mediterranean, and, in all probability, from America. Barley is much lower, even the best samples; the maltsters having been, for some time, large purchasers, and the malting season being far advanced. There can be now no expectation of much advance in the price of wheat; but there may well be of its further decline, for various reasons. It may be presumed that, the large cultivators of our best lands have held their wheats on the speculation of great spring demands. Those wheats must come to market, and they are in considerable quantities, and the best of the year. A promising crop on the ground will have its effect.

We have already remarked on the extremely gloomy tone of the letters received from various parts of the country, and several such are now open before us. They assert, in a mood of irritation and despair, that their tradesmen's bills and taxes are in arrear, and that they have not wherewith to pay, their funds, in produce and cattle, being nearly, or entirely exhausted; that tithes are exorbitant, and that the money squandered in building new churches ought to have been applied to the support of their pauper labourers; and that the diatress and criminal conduct of these last are entirely owing to the intolerable weight of taxation. They deprecate violently the importation of untaxed and untithed wheat, and even of wheat and provisions from Ireland, and of Irish labourers; complain bitterly of the export of our currency, yet acknowledge the necessity of our poor having bread at a moderate price.

Letters also, of a directly opposite tendency, are in our hands from the best corn countries. With respect to the farmers of poor lands in these days, we can sensibly feel for them, having ourselves farmed poor land, in much better times, with sometimes at a little, and at others with no profit. But this account, in the gross, cannot be balanced without serious and various considerations. If rents be too high, the tenantry cannot in reason expect to be excused their share of the blame, since it is well known the competition for farms is at present as eager as in the most prosperous times, and even among those already holders of land, and with respect to the weight of taxation, the interest of the national debt must be paid; and also, it seems, other heavy public charges, which have not so fair a claim. Now, it is a material question, what particular class or description of the people was it who were most urgently instrumental in forwarding those measures, in pursuance of which our enormous and unpayable debt originated? and who have since been most opposed to all attempts at investigation and reform? Surely a shilling for a loaf of bread, and perhaps that is cheaper than the inferior bread, is full as much as our best paid labourers are able to afford. But, without an ample import of wheat and flour, what might have been the advance? As we neither grow wheat, nor various other provisions sufficient for the national supply, can there be aught of common sense or justice in this everlasting declamation against import? Of this also Ireland, a part of ourselves, has its share; but we are not aware of what could be done in this country, independently of Irish provisions and Irish labour.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.—Mutton, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 10d.—Veal, 4s. 6d.—Pork, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 8d. to 6s.—Raw fat, 2s. 7d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 60s. to 75s.—Barley, 20s. to 34s.—Oats, 18s. to 32s.—Bread, London 4 lb. fine loaf, 1s.—Hay, 45s.—Clover, ditto, 50s. to 105s.—Straw, 30s. to 38s.

Coals in the Pool, 26s. 7d. to 35s. 3d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, February 23d.*

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*Corrigenda in the last Report.*—For "*Flaminica*" read "*U. S. America.*"—For "*are yet*" read "*yield.*"

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—The request for Muscavadoes was not so general and extensive last week, as during the preceding weeks; yet the actual purchase reached 2,500 hogsheads and tierces. There was a heaviness about the soft and low brown descriptions, and in some instances prices a shade lower were submitted to. All sugars 58s. and upwards, fully supported the previous currency; they are still scarce. In the refined market there were no supplies of goods to any extent; the purchase of lumps were limited, but they were so scarce that a further advance of of 1s. per cwt. must be stated.—Molasses were 6d. higher.

**COFFEE.**—The Coffee market continued languid till Friday, when 1,388 bags Cheribon, and 140 bags Brazil, were brought forward at public sale; nearly the whole went off with briskness, at prices 1s. higher than what had been obtained early in the week.

The few parcels of British plantation Coffee sold last week, went off at very full prices; Jamaica fine old, 52s. to 54s.; good old coloured, but very rank, 43s. and 44s.

**RUM, BRANDY, AND HOLLANDS.**—The rum market continues heavy, the few sales reported are small parcels for shipping, at prices equal to 2s. 3s. and 2s. 4d. for proofs.—Brandy is neglected, but the prices are not lower.—Geneva is without inquiry.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The demand for Tallow early in last week, rather improved, and the prices were firm; but the market is again rather heavy.—In Flax and Hemp there is little variation;—the letters from St. Petersburg, dated 30th January, state large sales of Tallow exchange a shade under 11d.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 1½.—Rotterdam, 12. 2.—Antwerp, 12. 2.—Hamburg 13. 12½.—Paris, 25. 40.—Bordeaux, 25. 90.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main 151.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 2.—Madrid, 37½.—Cadiz, 37½.—Bilboa, 37½.—Barcelona, 36¾.—Seville, 37.—Gibraltar, 49½.—Leghorn, 48.—Genoa, 25. 45.—Venice, 47½.—Malta, 47.—Naples, 39¾.—Palermo, 1. 19.—Lisbon, 45¾.—Oporto, 46½.—Rio Janeiro, 28.—Bahia, 34.—Buenos Ayres, 0.—Dublin 1½.—Cork, 1½.—Canton, 0.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 5s. 0d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 295½.—Coven-try, 1,080½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 111½.—Grand Junction, 295½.—Kennet and Avon, 27½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 460½.—Oxford, 700½.—Regent's, 25½.—Trent and Mersey, (½ sh.), 792½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 255½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 88½.—West India (Stock), 195½.—East London WATER WORKS, 115½.—Grand Junction, 50½.—West Middlesex, 67½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½.—Globe, 151½.—Guardian, 23½.—Hope Life, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 105½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Char-tered Company, 51½.—City, 185½.—British, 17 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from the 22d of January, to the 21st of February 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.*

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPER-SEDED.

W. Harker, Cropton, York, grocer  
J. and T. R. Oakes, Carnarvon, grocers  
C. Cunningham, Bryanstone street, money-scrivener  
R. T. Cotton, Worthing, and Great St. Helena, surveyor  
W. Fulwood, Birmingham, victualler  
J. Wright, Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton manufacturer.

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 159.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.*

Atkin, J. Greenwich, draper. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Hadfield and Co., Manchester)  
Appleby, J. R. Bath, soap-maker. (Keene, Furnival's-inn; Gaby, Bath)  
Appleton, J. Mansel-street, spirit-

merchant. (Evitt and Co., Haydon-square)

Allen, T. Mile End-road, tailor. (Chitton and Son, Chancery-lane; Eagles, Beauford)

Allen, J. E. Aldersgate-street, drug-gist. (Lane and Son, Lawrence Pountney-lane)

Archer, R. Jun., Upper East Smith-field, corn dealer. (Sarson, Bridge-street, Southwark)

Armitage, John and Joseph, and Isaac, Emley Park, York, fancy-manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's Inn; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield)

Brock, J. St. James's-street, silk-mercer and hosier. (Stokes and Co., Cateaton-street)

Elincow, N. Holborn-bridge, grocer and tea-dealer. (King, Castle-street, Holborn)

Briggs, S. Grantham, tailor and draper. (Young, Great Tichfield-street; White, Grantham)

Berridge, J. George-yard, Whit-combe-street, stable-keeper. (Clut-ton and Co., High-street, South-wark)

Barehead, J. New Malton, corn and coal merchant. (Wilson, South-ampton-street; Allen, Malton)

Burleigh, R. B. Bishopsgate-street, wine-merchant. (Parton, Bow Church yard)

Boulton, T. Painter's-court, Bury-street, tailor. (Wood, Richmond-buildings, Soho)

Balch, J. Evercrech, Somerset-baker. (Burfoot, Temple; Russ, Castle-Carcy)

Baxter, W. Oxford, printer. (Holmes and Co., Great James-street; Taunton, Oxford)

Buckland, J. W. Great Tower-street, tailor. (Young and Co., Mark-lane)

Brown, N. Bristol, druggist. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Peters and Habersfield, Bristol)

Brown, P. Blandford-Forum, victualler.



- (Chisholme and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Moore, Rlandford-Forum Bannister; J. Knightsbridge, picture-dealer. (Popkin, Dean-street
- Burton, B. Huddersfield, woollen-draper. (Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn; Sutcliffe, Hebdon-bridge
- Bishop, J. Sheffield, miller. (Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row; Eadger, Wotherham
- Borswood, T. Norwich, brewer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Dye, Norwich
- Bennison, H. New-road, and High Holborn, iron-fence maker. (Rhodes, Chancery-lane
- Braddock, S. Leek, innholder. (Jennings and Co., Temple; Cruso, Leek
- Banks R. and A. Richardson, Boston, shipwrights. (Taylor, Clement's-inn; Tuxford, Boston
- Bennet, J. and R. Cerne-Abbas, Dorset, grocers, ironmongers, and butter-factors. (Warry, New-inn; Cockeram, jun., Cerne-Abbas
- Carey, W. Leamington Priors, and Stourport, perfumer, victualler, and hair dresser. (Worham and Co., Castle-street, Holborn; Kitchen, Barford
- Cardinal, J. Halsted, currier. (Hewitt, Token-house-yard
- Cock, E. Eastcheap, stationer. (Stratton and Co., Shoreditch
- Cowper, S. High-street, Wapping, victualler. (Matanie, Pancras-lane
- Cooper, J. Lancing, grocer. (Vaugh, Great James-street; Edmunds, Worthing
- Caspar, E. Bevis-Marks, watch-manufacturer. (Spyer, Austin-Friars
- Cass, Jane, Kennington-lane, schoolmistress. (Walker, Austin-friars
- Clapham, C. Wakefield, wine-merchant. (Leigh, George-street, Mansion-house
- Cockerell, J. Blackman-street, pawnbroker. (Eaton, New-inn
- Cartwright, T. and W. Langston, Wolverhampton, factors. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Corser, Wolverhampton
- Crane, J. Warrington, butcher. (Hammonds, Furnival's-inn; Croxon, Oswestry
- Candlin, J. J. Fenchurch-street, merchant. (Perry, Gray's-inn
- Clarke, P. Manchester, grocer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
- Chisman, T. Castle-court, Birchington, insurance-broker. (Hindman and Co., Basinghall-street
- Cock, A. and M. J. Wellard, Shadwell, sugar-refiners. (Stratton and Co., Shoreditch
- Copley, J. Luton-upon-Trent, cabinet-maker. (Turnley, White Hart-court
- Chapman, W. and T. Fairclough, Harrington and Liverpool, timber-merchants. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Ramsbottom, and Co., Liverpool
- Clarke, S. and Isaac, Fenchurch-street, bricklayers. (Laing, Fenchurch-street
- Dunn, B. Pimlico, appraiser. (Eaton, New-inn
- Drew, T. Exeter, linen-draper, and silk-merc. (Burt, Mitre-Court, Cheapside
- Everiste, J. and Smith, R. Kent-road, coal-merchants. (Wright, Little Aytle-street
- Edwards, T. Liverpool, victualler. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Holden, Liverpool
- Fack, J. Chatham, builder. (Robinson, Pancras-lane
- Farr, G. Exeter, silversmith. (Britton and Co., New Broad-street; Hugo, Exeter
- Ferrett, M. Bristol, victualler. (Hamilton and Co., Berwick-street; Clarke, Bath
- Freitas, M. A. de, and A. de Costa, Tokenhouse, merchants. (Gates, Lombard street
- Griffin, J. Paisgrave-place, wine-merchant. (Davies, Paisgrave-place
- Greenwood, Jane Eliza, Bath, milliner. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Mackey, Bath
- Goatley, D. Nun-court, Aldermanbury, ironmonger and bill-broker. (Hyde, Ely-place
- Getting, J. Lime-street, wine-merchant. (Miller, Ely-place
- Garbutt, T. Manchester, linen-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Buckley, Manchester
- Glover, E. Jun., Leicester, silversmith. (Toller, Gray's-inn; Toller, Leicester
- Greenwood, J. Marsden, calico manufacturer. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hadfield and Co., Manchester
- Green, W. Sheffield, grocer. (Duncan, Gray's-inn; Broomhead, Sheffield
- Horden, J. and J. Wood, and J. Crosse, Lad-lane, warehouseman. (Mangnall, Aldermanbury
- Hedgson, J. Staindrop, draper a d grocer. (Griffith, Gray's-inn; Trotter, Bishops-Auckland
- Hall, W. Ollerton, grocer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Greasley, Nottingham
- Hart, F. T. Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road, tailor. (Stafford, Buckingham-street
- Herapath, S. Oat-lane, Wood-street, hat-manufacturer. (Hemman, Walbrook
- Hopper, S. Luton, Hereford, mason. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Coates and Co., Leominster
- Hanks, H. Great Surrey-street, shoemaker. (Russell and Son, Lant-street, southwark
- Hare, W. Marchmont-street, draper. (Athurst, Newgate-street
- Hibbert, J. Little Bolton, shop-keeper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Cross and Co., Bolton-le-moor
- Higginbotham, J. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. (Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard; Grimsditch and Co., Macclesfield
- Hill, J. Jun., Stoke Lacy, dealer. (Auxten and Co., Gray's-inn; Milnes, Leominster
- Hale, J. Bromley, Middlesex, mealman. (Young and Co., Mark-lane
- Heslop, G. Himlico, cheesemonger. (Dodds, Northumberland-street
- Hatton, T. Stockport, painter. (John and Co., Paisgrave-place; Boothroyd, Stockport
- Hurst, T. Louth, victualler. (Hicks and Co., Gray's-inn; Anison, Louth
- Irwin, E. Gracechurch-street, victualler. (Pelham, Paradise-street, Rotherhithe
- Inman, J. Tower-street, wine and spirit broker. (Dillon, Furnival's-inn
- Jones, J. and H. Grafton-street, brass-founders. (Ullithorne and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields
- Jones, J. and J. Fereday, Dudley, pig iron-maker. (Barber, Fetter-lane; Fellowes, jun., Dudley
- Joyce, C. Thavet-inn, jeweller. (Whitehouse and Co., Gray's-inn
- Jacques, J. and W. Wright, Newington Butts, booksellers. (Dashwood, Southwark
- Jeffries, W. and W. M. Spirling, Aylesford, and Newnham, smelters. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Chodborn, Newnham
- Jones, J. Swansea, linen-draper. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Harrington and Co., Swansea
- Jerard, J. Halesworth, chymist. (Ayton, Milman-street; Braine, Ipswich
- Jones, F. Jun., Bristol, builder. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Haberfield, Bristol
- King, M. D., and King Henre, Fulcon-treet. (Gates, Lombard-street
- Knowing, J. Exeter, builder. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Furlong Northenay, Exeter
- Kirby, M. of the Wood, Hawkshead, butcher. (Cavelje, Staple-inn; Armistead, Lancaster
- Lyceyt, P. E. Worcester, and Gerard's Hall, Basing-lane, glove-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Inner Temple; Hadfield and Co., Manchester
- Lawes, S. New Sarum, victualler. (Nettleford, Clement's-inn; Wilmot and Son, Salisbury
- Lee, J. Derby, draper. (Knowles, New-inn; Hurst, Nottingham
- Lomax, W. Bolton, auctioneer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Boardman, Bolton
- Langford, W. Manchester, machine-maker. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Morris, Manchester
- Leeds, T. Manchester, spinner. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Lewtas, Manchester
- Lodge, G. Tower-street, wine-merchant. (Hill, Cross-lane, Tower-street
- Mackenzie, J. Watling-street, warehouseman. (Kemp, Lincoln's-inn-fields
- Martin, M. and S. Barnard, Regent-street, paper stainer. (Pope, Gray's-inn
- Meyer, J. Lawrence Fountain-lane, and Quebec, North America, merchant. (Borradaile and Co., King's Arms-yard
- Mores, W. G. Old Bond-street, auctioneer. (Withy, Buckingham-street
- Mutrie, R. Manchester, chemist. (Chester, Staple-inn; Tindall and Co., Manchester
- Milton, M. Piccadilly, horse-dealer. (Archer, Percy-street
- Nixey, T. Oxford-street, hosier. (Hamilton and Co., Berwick-street
- Nicholson, T. Hertford, scrivener and paper manufacturer. (Temple, Great Tower-street
- Nelson, A. Deptford, draper. (Chester, Staple-inn; Lewtas, Manchester
- Odfield, F. Norton-street, wine-merchant. (Spurr and Co., Warrford-court
- Ogle, A. Ollerton, seedsman. (Hall and Co., New Boswell-court; Maw, Mansfield
- Pue, J. Harp-lane, and Lambeth, flour dealer. (Devereil, Gray's-inn
- Pear, J. Coleman-street, horse-dealer. (Gates, Lombard-street
- Palin, G. F. Goswell-street, rope manufacturer. (Willet and Co., Essex-street
- Pitman, C. F. Butcherhall-lane, stationer. (Foudriner, Angel-court
- Price, J. and Unwin, William, Highbury, victuallers. (Shave, Fenchurch-street
- Primett, T. Jun., Beccles, butcher. (Bromley, Gray's-inn; Bohun and Son, Beccles
- Parker, D. Chester, hop-merchant. (Austin and Co., Gray's-inn; Arnold and Co., Birmingham
- Pearson, S. Birmingham, cabinet-maker. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Hawkins and Co., Birmingham
- Pace, W. Hastings, surgeon. (Miller, Bedford-row; Miller, Rye
- Porter, J. and N. N. Clark, Frampton-upon-Severn, edge-tool-makers. (Britten, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol
- Parsons, J. Leamington Priors, victualler. (Meyrick and Co., Red Lion-square; Burbury, Warwick
- Powell, W. Cheltenham, coach-builder. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Walter and Co., Cheltenham
- Parkes, H. W. Pimlico, spirit-merchant. (Henson, Upper Stamford-street
- Powlett, D. Nottingham, grocer. (Gregory, Clement's-inn; Wise and Co., Nottingham
- Rose, A. M. Stock Exchange, coal-merchant and broker. (Bebb and Ganning, Bloomsbury and Co.
- Rayner, W. Fartown, coal-master and surveyor. (Walker, Exchequer Office; Allison, Huddersfield
- Robson, R. Manchester, victualler.

(Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Temperley, Manchester.  
 Richmond, W. Stockton, mercer. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Wilson and Co., Stockton.  
 Rowland, H. Chaworth, paper-manufacturer. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.  
 Stabler, R. Leed, chymist. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hall and Co., Beverley, and Scotchburn, Driffield.  
 Stanfield, R. and J. G. Rigby, Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton-spinners. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester.  
 Spedding, B. J. and R. A. Lambeth, coal-merchants. (Thomas, Fencourt.  
 Sims, R. King-street, Snow-hill, leather-seller. (Richardson, ironmonger-lane.  
 Smallbone, J. Berner's-street, auctioneer. (Pupkin, Dean-street.  
 Stephenson, H. Lombard-street, banker. (Barrow and Co., Basinghall-street.  
 Sanders, J. Epsom, coach-master. (Davison, Bread-street.  
 Smith, T. Manchester, publican. (Capes, Gray's-inn; Smith, Manchester.  
 Shewring, L. Bristol, ironmonger. (Pocle and Co., Gray's-inn; Cornish and Son, Bristol.

Sawdon, R. Ashton-under-Lyne, and Manchester, innkeeper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Chew, Manchester.  
 Smith, W. Leeds, corn-dealer. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Moore, Leeds.  
 Seymour, R. Princess-street, Lion-grove, builder. (Carlton, High-street, Marylebone.  
 Smalman, J. F. Basinghall-street, Blackwell-hall, factor. (Fisher, Queen-street, Cheapside.  
 Salt, J. Stafford, grocer and ironmonger. (Clowes and Co., Temple; Webb, Stafford.  
 Shires, or Shiers, T. Sheffield, grocer. (Tattershall, Temple; Tattershall and Co., Sheffield.  
 Thompson, J. Great Quebec-street, Marylebone, merchant. (Noy, Cannon-street.  
 Toms, A. High-street, Shadwell, chessmanger. (Burford, Cannon-street.  
 Tonge, J. Grappenhall, dealer and chapman. (Appleby and Co. Gray's-inn; Whitehead and Co., Manchester.  
 Turner, W. R. Great Dover Road, Surrey, carver and gilder. (Kearsey and Co., Louthbury.  
 Thompson, J. Fox Ordinary-court, tailor. (Whiting, London-bridge-foot.  
 Traynor, P. A. Salisbury-court, fea-

ther-merchant. (Burrard and Co., King-street, Cheapside.  
 Turner, G. Bognor, innkeeper. (Becke, Devonshire-street; Dally, Bognor.  
 Vaughan, J. Lamb's Conduit-street, linendraper. (Turner, Basinghall-street.  
 Webb, R. Ledbury, coal-merchant. Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Higgins, Ledbury.  
 Wilkin on, J. Barge-yard, Bucklers-bury, merchant. (Nicol, Queen-street, Cheapside.  
 Wade, J. Wood-street, warehouseman. (Burt, Mitre-court, Milk-street.  
 Whitehead, J. Leeds, victualler. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Foden, Leeds.  
 Wilcock, J. Nottingham, grocer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham.  
 White, G. H. Ipswich, linendraper. (Jones, Size-lane.  
 Wood, J. Horncastle, tailor. Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Parker, Horncastle.  
 Young, W. Lambeth, currier. (Sundom, Donster-court.  
 Young, J. Shepherd's-place, Brook-street, plumber and glazier. (Harris, Bruton-street.  
 Young, Ann, Rochester, corn-factor. (Collins, Great Knight, Wider-street.

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. W. Nicholson, to the Rectory of Bramshot, Hants.—Rev. W. Church, to be Chaplain to Dowager Countess of Erne.—Rev. W. R. Taylor, to the Perpetual Curacy of West Beckham, Norfolk.—Rev. W. H. R. Birch, to the Vicarage of Reydon, and Perpetual Curacy of Southwold, Suffolk.—Rev. C. Craven, to be Lecturer of St. Philips, Birmingham.—Rev. J. Graham has been installed into the prebend of Sancta Crucis, in Lincoln cathedral.—Rev. R. T. Singleton, to be a Prebendary of Worcester cathedral.—Rev. W. Harding, to the Chapelry of Bubbenhall, near Coventry.—Rev. R. Messiter, to the Rectory of Purse Caundle, and to the Perpetual Curacy of Stourton Caundle.—Rev. C. Webber, jun., is elected Canon-residentary of Chichester.—Rev. J. Crane, to be Chaplain to Lord Lyttleton.—Rev. C. Nairne, to the Curacy of Carrington, Cheshire.—Rev. R. Bloxam, to be Chaplain to the naval yard, Milford Haven.—Rev. T. Robinson, sen., to be Archdeacon of Madras.—Rev. D. G. Morris, to the Rectory of Belaugh, with Scotow annexed, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Prowett, to the Rectory of Helgham, next Norwich.—Rev. A. Clive, to the Rectory of Solihall, Warwickshire.—Rev. R. Messiter, to the Rectory of Bratton.—

Rev. J. H. Seymour to the vacant stall in Gloucester cathedral.—Rev. J. K. Whish, to the Perpetual Curacy of Christ Church at the Spa, near Gloucester.—Rev. J. Lubbock, to be Chaplain to the County Lunatic Asylum, Norwich.—Rev. F. Rouch, to the Livings of St. George the Martyr, and St. Mary Magdalen, Bristol.—Rev. E. P. New, to the Perpetual Curacy of Northmore, Oxon.—Rev. J. W. Hughes, to be Chaplain to Lord Colville.—Rev. G. P. Richards, to the Rectory of Sampford Courtenay, Devon.—Rev. T. Jones, to the Rectory of Creaton, Northampton.—Rev. M. Wridiek, to be Curate of Milbrook.—Rev. J. Bond, to the Rectory of Romansleigh, Devon.—Rev. T. Moseley, will succeed the Rev. C. Curtis, as Rector of St. Martin's, Birmingham. (*Worcester Journal*).—Rev. J. M. Turner, nominated to the See of Calcutta.—Rev. J. B. Frowd, to the Rectory of Letcombe Basset, Berks.—Rev. W. Mousley, to the vicarage of Cold Ashby, Northampton.—Rev. J. James, to the Canonry of Peterborough.—Rev. R. Foot, to the Rectory of Longbrady, Dorset.—Rev. J. Davies, to the Vicarage of Windrush and Sherborne, Gloucester.

### CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, ETC.

#### CHRONOLOGY.

January 27.—His Excellency Count de Matuszewicz, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Emperor of all the Russias, arrived in London on a special mission.

Feb. 3.—The Spitalfields weavers went in procession to deliver a memorial to the Duke of Wellington, expressive of their miserable state. It was a long and melancholy line, about ten thousand persons, extending from St. Paul's to Charing-cross, eight or ten deep.—They moved

slowly and in a most orderly manner—and their appearance was sufficient to shew that they were indeed in great distress; it was a moving mass of misery from which not a single word of dissatisfaction against Government was heard. They had banners with inscriptions upon them—*Victims of Free Trade*.—*We only wish to live by our Labour*.—*British Artisans reduced to Starvation*.—*Free Trade and Pauperism*.—*We pray for Restoration of our Trade*. And there were looms and other instruments enveloped

with crape carried by weak hands, and emaciated bodies, in behalf of thirty thousand poor creatures out of employ !!!

Feb. 5.—Parliament opened, and his Majesty's speech read by commission, by the Lord Chancellor as follows :—

"My Lords and Gentlemen : His Majesty commands us to inform you, that he continues to receive from his Allies, and generally from all Princes and States, the assurance of their unabated desire to cultivate the most friendly relations with his Majesty.—Under the mediation of his Majesty, the preliminaries of a treaty of peace between his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Brazil and the Republic of the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, have been signed and ratified.—His Majesty has concluded a convention with the King of Spain for the final settlement of the claims of British and Spanish subjects preferred under the Treaty, signed at Madrid, on the 12th of March, 1823.—His Majesty has directed a copy of this Convention to be laid before you ; and his Majesty relies upon your assistance to enable him to execute some of its provisions.—His Majesty laments that his diplomatic relations with Portugal are still necessarily suspended.—Deeply interested in the prosperity of the Portuguese Monarchy, his Majesty has entered into negotiations with the head of the House of Braganza, in the hope of terminating a state of affairs which is incompatible with the permanent tranquillity and welfare of Portugal.—His Majesty commands us to assure you, that he has laboured unremittingly to fulfil the stipulations of the Treaty of the 6th of July, 1827 ; and to effect, in concert with his Allies, the pacification of Greece.—The Morea has been liberated from the presence of the Egyptian and Turkish forces.—This important object has been accomplished by the successful exertion of the naval forces of his Majesty and of his Allies, which led to a convention with the Pacha of Egypt ; and finally, by the skilful disposition and exemplary conduct of the French army, acting by the commands of his Most Christian Majesty, on the behalf of the Alliance.—The troops of his Most Christian Majesty having completed the task assigned to them by the Allies, have commenced their return to France.—It is with great satisfaction that his Majesty informs you, that during the whole of these operations, the most cordial union has subsisted between the forces of the three powers by sea and land.—His Majesty deplors the continuance of hostilities between the Emperor of Russia and the Ottoman Porte.—His Imperial Majesty, in the prosecution of those hostilities, has considered it necessary to resume the exercise of his belligerent rights in the Mediterranean, and has established a blockade of the Dardenelles.—From the operation of this blockade, those commercial enterprizes of his Majesty's subjects have been exempted which were undertaken upon the faith of his Majesty's declaration to his Parliament respecting the neutrality of the Mediterranean Sea.—Although it has become indispensable for his Majesty and the King of France to suspend the co-operation of their forces with those of his Imperial Majesty, in consequence of this resumption of the exercise of his belligerent rights, the best understanding prevails between the three powers in their endeavours to accomplish the remaining objects of the treaty of London.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons : We are commanded by his Majesty to acquaint you that the estimates for the current year will forthwith be laid before you. His Majesty relies on your readiness to grant the necessary supplies, with a just regard to the exigencies of the public service, and to the economy which his Majesty is anxious to enforce in every department of the state. His Majesty has the satisfaction to announce to you the continued improvement of the revenue. The progressive increase in that branch of it which is derived from articles of internal consumption, is peculiarly gratifying to his Majesty, as affording a decisive indication of the stability of the national resources, and of the increased comfort and prosperity of his people.

"My Lords and Gentlemen : The state of Ireland has been the object of his Majesty's continued solicitude.—His Majesty laments that in that part of the United Kingdom an association should still exist, which is dangerous to the public peace, and inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution ; which keeps alive discord and ill-will amongst his Majesty's subjects, and which must, if permitted to continue, effectually obstruct every effort permanently to improve the condition of Ireland.—His Majesty confidently relies on the wisdom and on the support of his Parliament ; and his Majesty feels assured that you will commit to him such powers as may enable his Majesty to maintain his just authority.—His Majesty recommends that when this essential object shall have been accomplished, you should take into your deliberate consideration the whole condition of Ireland ; and that you should review the laws which impose civil disabilities on his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects.—You will consider whether the removal of those disabilities can be effected consistently with the full and permanent security of our establishments in church and state, with the maintenance of the reformed religion established by law, and of the rights and privileges of the Bishops, and of the Clergy of this realm, and of the churches committed to their charge.—These are institutions which must ever be held sacred in this Protestant kingdom, and which it is the duty and the determination of his Majesty to preserve inviolate.—His Majesty most earnestly recommends to you to enter upon the consideration of a subject of such paramount importance, deeply interesting to the best feelings of his people, and involving the tranquillity and concord of the United Kingdom, with the temper and the moderation which will best ensure the successful issue of your deliberations."

10.—Protestant Petition from the county of Leicester presented to Parliament signed by 17,035 persons ; it measured 52 yards in length, and consisted of 154 skins of parchment.

11.—The Recorder made his report to his Majesty at Windsor, of the 16 prisoners capitally convicted at the last Old Bailey Sessions, when all were respited except two who were ordered for execution on the 17th instant.

—His Majesty appointed Lord Willoughby de Eresby to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Carnarvon.

15.—News arrived of a revolution happening in Mexico ; a general pillage and a great massacre in the streets of that town, and all commerce at a total stand.



15.—The Duke of Cumberland arrived in town from the Continent.

17.—Two culprits executed at the Old Bailey.

19.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

20.—News arrived of the disastrous intelligence that a most ruinous fire had broken out in George Town, Demerara, which occasioned an immense destruction of property, calculated at no less than £2,000,000 sterling.

21.—Prince Polignac arrived in London from Paris, and had a conference of two hours with the Duke of Wellington; he likewise had an interview with the Earl of Aberdeen.

—Duke of Wellington's answer to the Spitalfield's weaver's petition is, "that the Government will do every thing in its power, short of returning to the prohibitory laws, during the present session of Parliament, for the alleviation and removal of the existing distresses in the silk-trade;" and that his Grace had it in command from his Majesty to contribute to their present relief.

#### MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Montague Cholmeley, esq., M.P. Grantham, to Lady Georgiana Beauclerk, sister to the Duke of St. Albans.—At St. James's, Rev. W. D. Bromley, to Lady Louisa Dawson, daughter of the late Earl of Portarlington.—At Marylebone Church, T. J. Ireland, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir W. E. Welby, Bart.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, C. S. Dickens, esq., to Lady Frances Elizabeth Compton, sister to the Marquess of Northampton.—At Marylebone church, the Hon. Stafford Jerningham, eldest son of Lord Stafford, to Miss Howard, niece to the Duke of Norfolk.—At Marylebone, Trinity Church, J. Wainwright, esq., to Miss Elizabeth Powell.—At Thetford, Rev. F. Leighton, son of the late Major General Leighton, to Miss Catherine Severne.—S. Newton, esq., to Charlotte, daughter of General Onslow.—Rev. R. Anderson, to the Hon. Caroline Dorothea Shore, third daughter of Lord Teignmouth.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut. Col. Fremantle, to Miss Agnes Lyon.

#### DEATHS.

Rev. M. Wilks, minister of the Tabernacle, Moorfields, upwards of half a century, and successor to the celebrated George Whitfield.—At Heathill, Stafford, Mrs. Elizabeth Tooth, 102, in possession of all her faculties: she had been 80 years tenant to the Marquess of Stafford, on the same farm, and the family, for time immemorial.—Hon. Margaret Emma, wife of J. H. Langham, esq., and daughter of Lord Kenyon.—In Weymouth-street, R. K. Cox, esq., 84.—At Evesham, aged 98, Mrs. E. Horne; she left upwards of 3,000 guineas to various public charities.—At Worcester, Mrs. M. Bevin, 94; and Mrs. E. Griffiths, 100; at Frampton-upon-Severn, Sarah Frape, 98; at Bromyard, Mrs. Boar, 101, and at Madeley, J. Crump, 103.—In Pall-Mall, Sir Mark Wood, Bart., 82.—At Yarmouth, Dowager Lady Lacon.—At Harefield, Lieut. General Lawrence, 74.—In St. James's-square, Amelia Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry.—At Clontarf, the Rev. Dr. Usher, 100, formerly rector of Clontarf.—In Queen-square, Rev. W. Crowe, 83, public orator of the University of Oxford.—At Bury St. Ed-

munda, James Oakes, esq., 87; he had served the office of chief magistrate in 1771, 1785, 1798, 1802 and 1810.—At the advanced age of 87, Mr. John Pratt, the oldest person connected with the turf in Newmarket, and the most eminent rider of his day.—At Kenilworth, the Hon. T. R. Arundel, brother to the late Lord Arundel, of Wardour.—At Brixton, S. F. Waddington, esq., 70.—At Edinburgh, Lady Ann Wharton Duff, sister to the Earl of Fife, and wife to R. W. Duff, esq.—At Bath, Lieut. Gen. Dickson, 84.—At Arundell, Lady Caroline Sidney Kerr.—At Minehead, Capt. Murdoch Mackenzie, 86; he was the last surviving officer who sailed round the world with Admiral Byron.—In Lincoln's-inn-fields, the Baroness Le Despencer.—At Newton Priory, the Hon. Jane Estcourt, relict of T. Estcourt, esq., and eldest daughter of James and Viscount Grimston.—Foxton, *alias* Jack Ketch, in a *natural*, not a *professional* way, aged 61.—At Dalston, B. Flower, esq., 74, formerly editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*.—At Brighton, Mr. W. Bradford, 96; he started the first coach from Brighton to London.—At Ashley Park, Frances Charlotte Fletcher, only daughter of the late Sir Henry Fletcher, Bart.—Mrs. Riggs, 100, of Kingston, Isle of Wight.—In Regent-street, Lieut. General Sir P. K. Roche.—At Mardynewyd, Mr. E. Thomas, 101; he served in the first militia in Glamorganshire; and his name was inserted in a lease for 99 years determinable by three lives, the second instance of the kind on record in the kingdom.—At Kingston (Surrey) Mr. J. Astin, a celebrated florist.—At Bath, D. H. Dallas, esq., only son of Lieut. General Sir T. Dallas.—At Starston, Anne, wife of the Rev. J. Aldershaw, Archdeacon of Norfolk.—At Lincoln, the Dowager Lady Nelthorpe.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

In India, Sir Edward West, Chief Justice of Bombay, and Lucretia, his widow; and Lieut. General Sir T. Bradford, Commander-in-Chief at Bombay.—At Naples, J. Maberley, esq., and son of J. Maberley, esq., M.P. Abingdon.—At Dieppe, Rev. T. Hartcup, son of the late General Hartcup.—At Berlin, the celebrated writer Von Schlegel.—At Paris, Paul Barras, 72, formerly President of the Directory during the French Revolution.—At Vienna, the beautiful Princess Meternich, 23, wife of the great diplomatist.—At Rio de Janeiro, the Hon. G. J. Stanhope, son of Earl Stanhope.—At Bayonne, a widow named Prado, 108.—At Prades, in the Eastern Pyrenees, Anne Bennet, at the extraordinary age of 114, wanting 2 months.—At Paris, the Rev. Francis Henry Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, and a prebendary of Durham.—At Brussels, Lady Whitefoord.—At Borno, in Moravia, the learned and erudite Abbé Dobrowsky, 70, well known by his "Institutes of the Old Slavonian," "History of the Bohemian Tongue," &c. &c.—At Paris, Mme. la Comtesse de Bruce, a descendant of Robert and David Bruce, Kings of Scotland.—At Rome, his Holiness Pope Leo XII.—At Pisa, Grace, third daughter of the late Admiral Sir C. Hardy, Bart.—At Passy, M. de Gossec, 95; he composed the music to the celebrated *Hymne des Marsevillois* in the French Revolution, and which was the national hymn performed at all the atrocities during the reigns of Robespierre and the Goddess of Reason, as well in the armies as in the interior of France.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—A meeting has been held at North Shields for the establishment of an Asylum for Decayed Master Mariners, and a committee formed and subscriptions entered into for that purpose.

A woman has been committed for trial at Newcastle, on a charge of having wilfully murdered her own mother, Margaret Jameson, widow, by thrusting the point of an old iron poker, through the breast-bone into her heart.

A public meeting has been held in Newcastle, for the purpose of facilitating the intended railroad between that town and Carlisle. It was determined to petition Parliament in favour of the measure.

**DURHAM.**—The ship-owners of Sunderland have resolved, at a general meeting, not to take any freights below a certain rate; and they have published a list of the freights to be taken, which are all rather higher than last year. They express their decided conviction, that the great cause of the depression is the ruinous competition which the ship-owner has been drawn into with foreigners; and they have resolved to present another memorial to government praying for relief.

It is in contemplation to build a bridge over the Tees, at Whorlton, with roads leading to it from Stainton and Barnard-castle. The estimated expense is £2,400; which is to be raised by subscriptions of £50 each—repayment and interest to be secured, on the tolls; and donations of smaller sums.

**YORKSHIRE.**—A meeting of the ship-owners of Hull has been held at their Mansion House for the establishment of an association for the mutual insurance of vessels at that port, when resolutions were voted for purpose.

In the last week but one of January, a severe frost, with a heavy fall of snow, visited Yorkshire. On this occasion, a species of carriages, much used in winter in the United States, as well as in the North of Europe, were introduced at Hull, viz. sleighs. The thermometer, at York, between 7 and 8 o'clock on the evening of the 26th, stood at 12.

One of the most lamentable events that ever occurred in Yorkshire, took place on the morning of the 2d of February. On that day, about half past two o'clock, an incendiary, of the name of Jonathan Martin, who had concealed himself behind a tomb, in the north transept of the Minster, during service in the afternoon, set fire to that sacred pile, by collecting the clergymen's and singing-men's surplices, &c., and placing them in a heap, in the vestry, on the north side of the choir, usually called the clergymen's robing-room, and applying a candle to them, which he had lighted by means of a flint and steel he carried in his pocket. Having seen the flames fairly take their hold of the elegant tabernacle wood-work by which the choir is surrounded, he made his escape through a window in the north transept, by means of a piece of rope cut from the

one attached to the prayer-bell. The fire was not discovered till 7 o'clock the next morning. It had then extended nearly the whole of one side of the choir, and was making a rapid progress. Had there been a few active firemen present at that period, we have little doubt but the whole of the south side of the choir might have been saved. However, the flames communicated to the organ, from thence to the roof; and the latter being soon burnt through, the timbers fell upon the hitherto unburnt part of the choir, and that was also set on fire, and every thing combustible was consumed from the southern tower to the east end, including the noble organ, and a quantity of music. The greatest efforts were made to subdue the flames, and the utmost anxiety was displayed by all classes of persons. All the engines in York were soon on the spot, and more were sent for from Leeds, from which place four arrived in the afternoon; but the fire was then completely prevented from doing any more danger, by having exhausted the materials on which it had to feed. An engine arrived from Tadcaster, and another from B. Thomson's, Esq., of Escrick. After the roof had completely fallen in, which was about half-past eleven o'clock, the whole floor of the choir and chancel resembled an immense furnace, and continued burning for hours after. An immense torrent of water was directed upon it from the engines. The rope, by which Martin escaped, being left suspended from the window, led to an inquiry, which terminated in his apprehension, near Hexham, the following Friday. He is a brother to Martin the historical painter, according to his own account, and was born at Hexham; and has been a sailor, but has lately obtained his living, hawking about a pamphlet called "The Life of Jonathan Martin."

The subscription entered into for the restoration of the choir of York Minster amounts to upwards of £10,000. Mr. Smirke, the architect, has just concluded a survey: and a public meeting of the subscribers will shortly be held, at which the ulterior measures to be adopted will be determined upon.

The Festival of Bishop Blaize, the patron Saint of wool-combers, was celebrated at Wakefield, by a public procession, on the 3d of February.

The project of carrying a railway from Leeds to Hull is abandoned. The application to Parliament will only be for powers to construct a railway from Leeds to Selby.

A fine specimen of that very rare bird the Waxen Chatterer, was taken a few days ago by Mr. Westoley, of Humbleton, in Holderness.

A meeting has been held at Doncaster, for the purpose of considering of a plan for warping and draining the level of Hatfield Chase. It will require about £110,000, to carry this plan into execution, which will forthwith be raised.

The trade of Leeds and neighbourhood has been very bad during the month; so has that of the West Riding generally. Sheffield is not much better. Indeed, all over the county there are great complaints.

**LANCASHIRE.**—A society has been established at Bolton, in conjunction with the parent society in Manchester, for protecting children employed in the cotton factories, by enforcing the provisions of 6 Geo. IV. "for regulating the hours of working children in cotton manufactories." Subscriptions were entered into for its support.

A very numerous meeting of the merchants and principal inhabitants of Liverpool was lately held at Liverpool, presided by the mayor, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of removing the restrictions imposed upon commerce by the present charter of the East India Company, and for prevailing on the legislature to secure to the public all those benefits which a free commercial intercourse with India and China is capable of affording; when several resolutions were unanimously passed, by the last of which the mayor is requested to transmit copies of them to all sheriffs of counties, and chief magistrates of the principal trading and manufacturing towns in the United Kingdom, requesting the consideration of all their inhabitants to the important subject.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—The expenditure for that part of the county of Lincoln called "Parts of Lindsey" for the year 1828, amounted to no less a sum than nearly £22,000—deducting about £4,000 for bridges, &c.; the rest was swallowed up entirely for the administration of justice, and its attendants, gaols, houses of correction, &c. &c.!!! In addition to which, £1,356. 4s. 6d. was likewise expended for the borough of Stamford! Notwithstanding these heavy expenses for punishing crime, sheep-stealing, in the south-east division of the county, where some considerable works are executing, is arrived at a pitch that calls for preventive measures of severity and vigour commensurate to the evil, and to do away the discredit which attaches to the police of the county; Independent of the numerous burglaries and other daring robberies which have been almost without a parallel!

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—Two more incendiary fires have taken place in the neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon. At one farm, the barns and a valuable wheat-rick were destroyed; at another, a rick of hay was consumed. During the last twelve months there have been fourteen fires of a similar kind in the neighbourhood, all supposed to be the work of one miscreant. Rewards to the amount of £600 have been offered for his apprehension!

**SUSSEX.**—The gross amount of expenses for the better regulating, paving, improving, and managing the town of Brighthelmstone, for the last half year, was £13,317. 14s. 7d.!!! independent of the maintenance of the poor!

**CHESHIRE.**—A meeting has been held at the Guildhall, Congleton, of the inhabitants and tradesmen of that borough, at which it was unanimously resolved, that the alarming state of stagnation and distress in which the trade of this borough is now placed is unparalleled; and proceeds, in the opinion of this meeting, from the reduction which has taken place in wages, and the want of employment by the working classes, thereby rendering them incapable of purchasing a sufficiency either of food or clothing requisite for their subsistence and comfort—that the dis-

tress they suffer can only be improved by the improvement of the staple trade—which can only be effected by a return to the prohibitory system in the silk trade!!!

A meeting has been held at the Town Hall, in Macclesfield, of the principal inhabitants, to take into consideration the present distressed state of the working classes, as the relief found in the ordinary operations of private benevolence, had become utterly incapable of meeting the demands upon them!!!—A subscription was entered into, which we trust will be more effective, if supported by other resources in addition to those of the town. A petition has likewise been forwarded to Parliament, stating "that the deplorable state of the town is wholly attributable to the recent changes in the commercial policy of the country!!!"

**WILTSHIRE.**—The manufacturers of Trowbridge, we are sorry to say, are in a very dissatisfied state, and, to such an extent, that the trade of the town is suffering very severely; and the cavalry have received orders to be ready for prompt attendance whenever called on. The poor workmen are dreadfully oppressed by the bad system among the small manufacturers of paying in truck. Meetings of the Union are frequently held in different public-houses, and the magistrates have interfered to prevent it. Those who are employed in respectable establishments have still plenty of work, and are satisfied, it appears, with their wages; but it is to be feared, the steady course of trade will, with them, be disturbed, by the influence of the suffering thousands. We have heard it as a fact, that the workmen of a respectable firm in Wilts have been offered £1,000 to be paid weekly from the Union, if they would strike, but the men informed their employers, expressed their satisfaction, and would not comply with their request. It appears that the society above alluded to, extends throughout Yorkshire, and to many parts of the kingdom, containing more than 300,000 members.—*Trewman's Exeter Flying Post*, Jan. 29.

**DORSETSHIRE.**—Preparations are making to proceed with the Dorset County Lunatic Asylum early in the spring, and the utmost care will be taken to render it in every respect well adapted to its object, and ready as soon as may be for the reception of patients. From the central situation of Forston House, in respect of the whole county, an easy opportunity will be afforded to magistrates, and to overseers of the poor of parishes having patients in the asylum, as well as to other persons interested in the condition of lunatics, to inspect and judge of the merits of the establishment. There remains to be provided the accommodation for sixty pauper lunatics, towards which nearly £3,000 has been already subscribed. The vote of the Court of Quarter Session, just closed, reduces the burthen of the contributors to the county rates to the half only of that amount to which they are by law liable in this instance, but the most sanguine expectations may justly be entertained, that, through the operation of subscriptions, what may further be required will be raised, and that the county rate may be exonerated from the whole expense.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—A general meeting of the subscribers and friends to the newly formed institution for the diffusion of useful literary and



scientific information among the industrious classes of the community, was held at the Guildhall of Worcester, Feb. 9. A committee for the ensuing year having been appointed, thanks were voted to the mayor, for the use of the Guildhall, on the occasion. The object of this establishment is to afford to the labouring classes, by means of useful books, philosophical apparatus, and occasional lectures, an opportunity of employing their leisure hours in an agreeable and profitable manner; thereby partially removing one cause of a dissolute and immoral life, the want of an interesting occupation when not employed in their business.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—A numerous meeting of officers belonging to his Majesty's navy and marines was held, January 29, at Bath; when the report of the Bath Branch of the Royal Naval Annuitant Society was read, and exhibited a very gratifying improvement in the funds, more particularly in the general fund, which now amounts to no less than £41,621. 15s. 6d. Of officers enrolled, the number is 1,936, showing an increase of members during the past year, amounting to 266, and an augmentation of capital of £12,322! The report, after alluding to the investment of the capital in the Bank of England, &c., concludes by a congratulation from the committee to their friends for the eminent success which this institution has received.

Last year's expenses for this county (as published by the treasurer, and audited by the magistrates) amounted to nearly £18,000; upwards of £14,000 of which were paid for the dispensation of criminal jurisprudence, and about £2,000, of the remainder, for building bridges, treasurer's salary, &c. &c.

**WALES.**—There is now living at Penboyr, Carmarthenshire, a female of the patriarchal age of 108 years, in perfect possession of all her faculties, with the exception that her hearing is very slightly impaired. She frequently travels eight or even ten miles a day, generally barefooted, whilst her shoes and sandals are snugly lodged under her arm, until she approaches the precincts of a village, when her feelings of economy give way to her sense of propriety, and the aforesaid habiliments are transferred from under her arm to her feet. Two females died in that town within the last twelve months, whose united ages amounted to 208 years; and there are two women now living whose joint ages exceed 200 years.—*Northampton Mercury.*

**SCOTLAND.**—Wednesday, January 28, Burke, the monster of iniquity, whose offences are without parallel in the annals of human depravity, paid the last penalty of the law. The assemblage of spectators drawn together on this occasion was immense, and far surpassed all former example. The hardened insensibility of the wretch continued unshaken, until his "dead-clothes" (a suit of sables furnished him at the expense of the city) were produced, when he shewed considerable emotion. On Tuesday evening, long before the erection of the gibbet commenced, many people had collected; and crowds continued observing the progress of the operation until its completion; and when it was effected, the crowd gave three loud cheers. At a very early hour on Wednesday morning, while the rain fell in torrents, the people began to assemble; and by eight o'clock one of the densest crowds had collected ever witnessed

in the streets of Edinburgh. Every window and house-top from which a glimpse of the criminal could be obtained, was occupied. Burke walked to the scaffold with a firm step. As soon as the officers by whom the culprit was preceded made their appearance at the head of Libberton's Wynd, a loud and simultaneous shout was given by the crowd; and as soon as the culprit appeared ascending the stair towards the platform, the yells of execration were tremendous, and at the moment when he came full in view, they were redoubled, intermixed with maledictions. Arrived on the platform of the scaffold, the miserable wretch was apparently somewhat blenched by the appalling shouts and yells of execration with which he was assailed, and cast a look of fierce and even desperate defiance at the spectators, who reiterated their cries. At the time when he was observed to kneel, which he did with his back to the crowd, the shouts were repeated, with cries, to the persons on the scaffold, of "Stand out of the way!" "Turn him round!" Signals were made to the crowd by the magistrates to intimate that Burke was engaged in his devotions; but these were totally disregarded, and the clamour continued. The executioner then proceeded to untie his neckcloth. At this moment the yells which had been almost uninterrupted, became more tremendous. When every thing was ready, and the assistants of the executioner had withdrawn, he at once gave the signal, and was instantly launched into eternity, and the falling of the drop was accompanied with three savage shouts. After being suspended, he gave several convulsive heaves, to each of which the spectators responded by another shout of triumph!

**IRELAND.**—**CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION DISSOLVED.**—At a meeting of the Catholic Association in Dublin, Feb. 10, the predominant and almost universal feeling was in favour of its immediate dissolution—a result much promoted by a speech from Mr. Shiel, who urged "the fatal folly of continuing a single hour in an attitude of defiance or distrust towards a government which has, of its own accord, held out the olive branch, and pledged itself to the work of Emancipation." The dissolution was, in substance, and amidst loud plaudits, adopted by the numerous meeting. It would have passed in form as well as substance, but for a letter from Mr. O'Connell to Mr. Dwyer, entreating the Catholics not to dissolve until "complete and unconditional emancipation" should have been actually carried. In another paragraph, Mr. O'Connell tells his countrymen, that there is "reason to apprehend DELUSION or CONTRIVANCE;" and, therefore, to be upon their guard. Mr. Maurice O'Connell, son of the M.P. for Clare, declared that his own mind had been made up as to the necessity of dissolution, but requested that another meeting should take place, as he wished "his father should have time, by another, letter to share the credit of that salutary sentiment which actuated every distinguished friend of the cause in England, and every sound Irishman, including the Catholic bishops, to insist on a dissolution, frank, prompt, and final." The meeting was held on Thursday, as follows:—"Dublin, Feb. 12, 1829.—Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart, in the chair. Moved by Richard Shiel, Esq. Seconded by John Lawless, Esq., and carried unanimously, That the Catholic Association, at its rising this day, do stand totally dissolved.—Thomas Esmonde, chairman, Edward Dwyer, secretary.